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ADVICE TO A FRENCHMAN GOING TO AMERICA

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

To prepare for this trip, you have read a hundred books about America: forget them. When a traveler describes a foreign country, he is tempted to exaggerate its strangeness. But I, whose business it is not to please you but to instruct you, shall tell you that the beings with human faces whom, after your six days on the ocean, you will encounter on the other side are not as different from your friends in Europe, or from yourself, as you imagine. They are men who, like us, work, suffer, eat, drink, and make love; read the poets; build temples and destroy them; are born and die. When you have noticed that some of them, like yourself, are fond of Proust and Valéry, when you have seen in their houses pictures by Degas and Renoir, and heard in their concerts Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel, I am sure that you will abandon, shamefaced, the extravagant panoply of the spiritual explorer, in which I now behold you. You are going to America, not to the moon. Be natural.

Don't flatter yourself that you know American because you speak English. You would be deceived. You will understand New York women and Harvard professors. But when you encounter groups less impregnated with European culture, you will discover a new language. The presence in America of ethnic groups so important that they have preserved an independent racial existence has enriched this language with Italian, German, and Jewish words, which have mingled with the English, as Arabic with Spanish or French at the time of the Moorish invasions. When *Babbitt* was published for the first time in England, it called for a dictionary.

American is a much younger language than English. Its words still spring from images, as in primitive languages. Many of them are short-lived. In 1927, when I was in America for the first time, everything that charmed was 'cute.' In 1931, the word had become ridiculous, almost prohibited. You will tell me that 'awful' in England, *formidable* in France, have known a like vogue and decadence. But in the United States the cycle is briefer, and the vocabulary of each instant is more ephemeral.

You will be astonished to find, over there, the 'yes' of the English often replaced by a double grunt which is produced, without opening the mouth, by first expelling a delicate current of air through the nose, then by inhaling gently. One hears, thus, two very distinct notes, the second the higher, which, united, express a sort of approbation at once languid, passive, and

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kindly. Women, oftener than men, use these musical and barbarous sounds. I have long sought their origin. It is to be found, I believe, in the extreme nervous fatigue of human beings after an American metropolitan day. The double grunt has the advantage over an articulated sound in that it expresses polite indifference with physical effort reduced to the minimum.

It is a commonplace that there is no conversation in America. Like all commonplaces, this one may lack niceties of shading. An after-dinner conversation between professors from Princeton, Yale, or Cornell is very like a conversation among professors in France or England. In New York I attended a dinner of what is called the Round Table, where the political conversation was worthy of Léon Bérard or Briand. A tête-à-tête with an intelligent American woman is one of the greatest pleasures one can have in America. But such happy moments are rare. And why?

Americans do not give cooking 'considered as one of the fine arts' an important place in life. Lunch is for them a kind of gratuity paid to the body. They hurriedly toss it a fruit, a fish, and go back to work. Certain writers, in rebellion, have founded the club 'Three Hours for Lunch,' but they are an agreeable exception. Even at dinner, general conversation is rare. Everyone talks to his neighbor. After dinner the men linger at table, a custom inherited from England. In New York your host will often propose taking you to the theatre, or else he will provide a pianist, a singer, a lecturer. The idea of leaving his guests to themselves, and expecting them to get pleasure out of meeting one another, astonishes and even appalls him. His excessive modesty does not permit his imagining that his friends can be happy merely in being in his house, with him and one another. He treats them like children. On Christmas Eve you will see, in some of the pleasantest homes in New York, Christmas trees for grown people. In other places, after a dinner at which you have met remarkable men with whom you would like to exchange ideas, there will be a prestidigitator who will do his best to amuse the oldsters. Thus, you must realize that the absence of conversation in America comes, not from absence of ideas or lack of intelligence or understanding, but from an unconquerable shyness and a prodigious self-distrust. In no other country will you find such impotence in self-expression. It is your business to beat down these barriers and to give the great 'repressed' a chance for rest and confidence.

Alcohol will help you. I know that in France you drink little. In America you will find it hard to keep sober. Almost everywhere you will be offered something to drink; it will be difficult for you to refuse. In American eyes, prohibition has given to the offer of a drink an importance which never used to exist. The man who fills your glass sacrifices for you a portion of a reserve, of a limited stock. He will be hurt if you appear to take his sacrifice too lightly. You will have heard much of dangerous drinks, of poisoned wine; if you abstain, you will give the impression that you lack confidence or courage. Console yourself with the thought that in the houses of the Drys the cocktail is replaced by a glass of tomato sauce.

But you must understand that there is in this struggle over alcohol something profounder and more noble. It is an overture to liberty and the first revolt of the American against the tyranny of custom. The American has greater need of alcohol than the Frenchman or the Italian. First puritanism, then bourgeois respectability, have made of him a being who dares not surrender himself to his natural instincts. Drink sets him free from age-long repressions. 'It is only when I have had something to drink,' said one of them to me, 'that I can at last be myself.' The 'speak-easy' is the only place in New York where men and women come together for the mere pleasure of companionship, without the need of a show, and without counting the minutes. Conversation is better there than in the drawing-rooms, and the food is better than in the homes of the rich. There the father gets to know his son and daughter. There family life is revived. Don't miss it, and if you fear the confusion of mind that the cocktail begets in a Frenchman, do as I did: take a swallow, then forget your full glass on the table.

Of all the false ideas that you can bring with you, the most senseless is the legend of an American indifferent to the things of the mind. You will find in this country a literature and an architecture. A school of painting? I'm not so sure. What I have seen has seemed to me too much influenced by European modernism to be original. But America's books are among the best of our time. What ought you to read? Among novelists: Ernest Hemingway, — he has the style of a tube of nickeled steel, — John Dos Passos, Thomas Wolfe, Glenway Wescott, Michael Gold; or, if you prefer a more classic strain, Willa Cather, Thornton Wilder, Louis Bromfield, Christopher Morley. I don't need to mention the most famous: Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, whom you already know. Among poets: T. S. Eliot, Stephen Benét. Among essayists: Walter Lippmann, Thomas Beer. Among philosophers: Santayana, John Dewey. Among critics: Edmund Wilson, J. W. Krutch. Among dramatists: Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice. I mention them haphazard from memory and perhaps forget the best, but the length of this sketchy list may give you some idea of the riches that await you.

I am not acquainted with the intellectual life of Pittsburgh or Detroit, but I believe that you will find New York one of the cities most exciting to the mind that there are in the world. New York is the 'clearing house' for the ideas of the universe. All the important books of every country are translated there. One finds there a public for Virginia Woolf, for André Gide, for Thomas Mann. The book most read in America to-day may be by a Swede; to-morrow it will be by a Frenchman, a Russian.

This universal curiosity is, naturally, not without its dangers. The life of the mind suffers, in the United States, from ills which are those of our epoch; but over there they have taken on a virulent form. The gravest is a swift exhaustion of ideas. It has been said that the American people, as a whole, adopt a scientific idea as they adopt a fashion in footgear. To a certain extent this is true. Freudism, Behaviorism, the humanism of Irving Babbitt, the relativity of Einstein, have successively, and in an elementary form, penetrated the middle classes much more deeply than in Europe. But the American wearies of systems as quickly as he gobbles them up. With him, intellectual fashions are transitory. Because the most brilliant minds of Europe come here to parade their paradoxes, the American brain, blasé, demands that its spiritual viands be highly spiced. The critical mind is lacking, not among the best, but among the masses. You will retort that the masses in Europe are sufficiently destitute of it. That may be, but in France they have common sense not free from impatience, a traditional distrust; in England, a splendid indifference and a profound contempt for ideas, which go flying through the brain and keep the motors of the mind from stalling. In the United States there is a greater freshness of spirit — a more naïve curiosity. All that is congenial, but carries the danger of formidable mistakes.

So, if you wish to make a swift impression upon the crowd in this country, you can do it. Be brilliant, be cynical. Burn what others have worshiped and worship what others have burned. Criticize America savagely. There will be violent reactions; these will enhance your ephemeral glory. The newspapers will quote your words. You will be a celebrity, and, in three months, forgotten. But if you desire, as I hope you do, to bring to these strangers the best that is in you, behave in quite the opposite fashion. Be natural, don't press your ideas upon them, strive after precise and delicate shades of meaning, as you would if you were addressing the most cultivated and fastidious Frenchman. You will not make a great stir. The reporters, disappointed, not finding in your conversation the material for headlines, will write you up in three lines or not at all. But slowly shy, modest, impartial minds will find you out. There are many such in the United States. They will make you one of themselves. Though you may not be a man of genius, still you can give them what they lack, and what you owe to France: the taste for order in ideas, constructive skill, a long and skillful tradition in sentimental analysis. They will bring to you freshness of mind and a directness of approach to moral and metaphysical questions, as if these questions were quite new. You will show them what it means to be mature. To you they will reveal youth.

You have been told that the American does n't know how to eat. But all generalizations are untrue. The American cuisine is monotonous (you will eat chicken every evening and ice cream twice a day), but this cuisine is excellent when it is simple. Why complain, in a country where fruit is abundant and fresh, where the morning grapefruit is followed by the midday persimmon; where the botanists, by intricate graftings, have produced a super-vegetable, a melon which they have named 'honeydew'? In New England, ask for sea food. Boston has her fish, as Marseilles has hers. The clams of New York are tender, and melt in the mouth. In the roadhouses, ask for half a roast chicken and lima beans. Beware of salads. American salads are culinary heresies. In them you will find slices of fresh fruit criminally soaked in oil, cheese and cabbage gone astray, hearts of lettuce so tough that your knife makes no impression on them. The bread, almost always homemade, varies in form and flavor. You will miss the round French loaf, mildly salty, but you will like the rolls peppered with hard and fragrant caraway seeds. To conclude, do not be surprised to find many dishes decorated with strange and irrelevant trimmings. This young people has a taste for ornament keener than its appreciation of the pleasures of the palate.

Dress as you would in Paris. Suits sober and dark in New York and the large cities; tweeds, plus-fours, and golf stockings in the country. At the theatre, in the evening, a dinner coat is less necessary than in London. The roundabout does not offend, nor the light-colored overcoat. In the daytime, all the men assume that air of prosperous mechanics that permits the millionaires their soft collars. The American proletarian wears a soft hat, often a cap. At work he keeps it on his head and slips overalls over his suit. That gives him, in our European eyes, the appearance of an amateur who might by chance have been caught tinkering under his car.

But, you ask me, do not all Americans wear the same costume and the same hat at the same moment? So I have read. It may have been true once. It has not been my experience. I have seen caps, I have seen soft hats, and I have seen young people without hats. At Princeton, they told me of a time when to wear an open shirt collar, after the manner of Shelley or Byron, was a sign of revolt, punished by social ostracism. But these things happened three or four years ago — that is to say, in the far past. In 1930, a student was free to wear what he pleased. There were fashions, — a certain overcoat of beige cashmere, trousers of gray flannel, — but these were not more *de rigueur* than those of Cambridge or Oxford. Only, the freshman must observe a proper modesty; a dark cap was prescribed for him.

Because the United States is a democratic country, you imagine a life without restraint. This is because you have never studied the manners of primitive peoples. The younger a human group, the more rigid its formalism, because only by severe rules can men be tamed and made to conform to social life. It is in the most ancient aristocracies that we find the freest manners and the most gracious flexibility. In solitude, the pioneer becomes brutal. When he begins to live in society with his fellows, it is necessary to impose upon him a code of manners. The etiquette of Louis XIV was devised for the rude nobility of the Fronde. The formality of pioneers is astonishing.

If you should happen to live, as I have lived, in an American university town, the day after your arrival you will find at your door two hundred cards. The entire faculty calls upon you. Even those who find you at home put down a card on leaving; and you, in your turn, if you have the strength for it, must return those two hundred calls. An invitation by telephone is rare, and is considered contrary to good usage. If circumstances have made it necessary, it is followed by a letter of excuse. The smallest happenings are pretexts for letters of sympathy or congratulation. An American friend writes to tell you that the dinner, last evening, was pleasant, and that he will cherish a special memory of it. On every occasion people exchange gifts, small, without money value, but which foster friendly feelings. When you are tired and driven, you will find these attentions superfluous. On second thought, you will see how, in this young society, they help to sustain life.

Beware of thinking that, because it is a country without an hereditary nobility, America is without a hierarchy. I know few countries where the etiquette of contempt is so varied. The Anglo-Saxons despise the other races, and these despise one another. The Southerners scorn the Northerners; the Easterners, those of the Middle West. Those who have been in America three hundred years look down on the two-hundred-year-olds, and these again upon the Americans of a century, who in their turn refuse to recognize the new arrivals. In the old families, where the eldest son bears the Christian name of his father (there is always a Cornelius Vanderbilt, a Percy Pyne, as there is always a Corisande among the Gramonts and a François among the La Rochefoucaulds), a numeral follows the name. One day we shall be saying John Jacob Astor XVII, as we say Prince Henry XXII of Reuss. At Hollywood the old families are those of the silent films: Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford. They have English butlers, lace tablecloths, a chef in the kitchen, old wines. Charlie Chaplin is the Swann of this obsolescent world, where they speak in whispers, with regret, of the good old times when the screen was dumb.

American snobbery clings to very strange symbols of nobility which would have delighted Marcel Proust. To have a telephone number as low as possible is a social advantage. A new multimillionaire will be ready to pay the employee who distributes the license numbers of automobiles a fancy price to obtain some number in the first hundred, which has been set free by the extinction of a great name. A box at the Metropolitan Opera House has its history, like a seat in the French Academy. The names of the successive incumbents are printed on each programme. At performances given for charity, when all the boxes are for sale, some *nouveau riche* will think it glorious and flattering to occupy the Astor box, or the box of the Cuttings.

If you want to be happy, refuse yourself to society hostesses, who will devour your time and strength. Choose a few friends. There are, in New York, some delightful and simple homes; flee the others. If, for particular ends, you must storm the town, that is different. Be more snobbish than the snobs. Your hauteur will astonish them; your silence will disquiet them; your caprices will enchant them. These people suffer from too narrow an existence; break the bounds.

You arrive convinced by the tales of your fellow travelers that there is great latitude in morals in America. Be prudent. This is the country in which woman is most rigorously protected. Adultery is rare. Its place is filled by multiple divorce. Young girls, beautiful, often intelligent, have made up their minds to marry. What they call their 'technique' is an art of love very different from that of Ovid. It is true that you, as a stranger, will be granted some immunity. The European is desirable as a lover or a friend, not as a husband. He would not be, like the American, at once generous and without jealousy. The marriage of a Frenchman and an American girl is a marriage of two spoiled children — an unstable compound. People here are more simple than with us. Passion does not play so great a rôle. You will be surprised to see how some young man, arriving on the scene with a young girl who, in your eyes, is *his*, will quietly stand aside and watch while she gives her attention to another. They do not cling, as we do, to those who flee them. It is better to renounce than to suffer.

'How,' they said to me, 'can you picture in your novels men so occupied with women? Is it because your heroes have nothing to do?'

Theirs is a frank naïveté. But if you succeed in rousing one of these glorious creatures, the more unaccustomed she is to that uneasy love of Europe, the deeper her attachment to you will be. The American woman finds slaves; she seeks a master. If you are free, play the part. The stake is worth it.

I should like to speak to you further, of young men and sport, of colleges for young women which are paradise, and of party politics which are hell. But you are off; I can add but a word. You go to the land of timidity; forget not your sympathy. You go to the land of good will; never forget that you have a warm heart. You go to the land of youth; do not stifle your enthusiasm. A people is a mirror in which each traveler contemplates his own image. In America as elsewhere, remember, one finds what one brings. Create for yourself an America of which you may be worthy. That is the only one you will discover.

THE LAWLESS ARM OF THE LAW

BY ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

I

It was Commissioner Austin J. Roche of the Buffalo Police Department who phrased for me the contemporary doctrine of unlawful law enforcement in its most appealing form.

'My oath of office, as a chief of police,' said he, 'requires me to protect this community against crime. If I have to violate my oath of office or violate the Constitution, I'll violate the Constitution. Nobody thinks of hedging firemen about with a lot of restrictive laws that favor the fire. Crime is fully as dangerous to the public as fire, and the policeman and fireman ought to be equally free. If, in the process of enforcing the laws, I or my men infringe anyone's Constitutional rights, the law provides a remedy — let him sue.'

The sincerity of these utterances was as obvious to me as the Commissioner's gift of epigram. The attitude toward the basic law of the land so pithily conveyed may seem slightly surprising in a professional field agent of law and government; and the fallacy of comparing fire, which is chemical, with crime, which is human, may strike you at first glance as too clear to be taken seriously. But Commissioner Roche was speaking for a school of thought that is widely prevalent (though not quite universal) in American police circles to-day. Our devoted law enforcers in most municipalities are in a curiously open state of rebellion against those portions of the Constitution which outline the methods and set forth the principles of the American plan of criminal justice. Opinions of this same general tenor followed me across the country and back again last autumn and winter, when I was investigating unlawful law-enforcement practices for a division of the Wickersham Commission; and the opinions were so similarly phrased that a Hamilton Fish might easily have suspected the working of a malignant and secret propaganda — perhaps the Third Internationale itself — among our constables. Daily acts of lawbreaking, in the course of law-enforcement work, in virtually every city visited were giving this doctrine life. The 'arm of the law' is offending against a part — and that the better part — of the body of law it is assumed to protect.

Not mere technicalities, but the large essentials that are social no less than legal, are the favored objects of police violation. The Fourth Amendment of the Constitution, safeguarding us from unreasonable seizure of the person, is being violated by innumerable false arrests. The Fifth Amendment, protecting all persons against loss of liberty without due process of law, is commonly invaded by the holding of arrested persons varying lengths of time in police jails before even charging them with crime. Through continual clubbings and beatings of arrested persons, and clubbings and beatings having no connection with arrest, police are violating 'domestic tranquillity' and invading the first purpose of all government — the personal safety of individuals.

Kidnapping, and assault and battery, are forbidden to the police by statute, no less than to the ordinary citizen. But just as policemen may speak with impunity against the Constitution, so they may safely violate the statute law. False arrests, and illegally long imprisonments after arrest, are, however, only preliminary steps in the main unlawful process — the 'sweating' of suspects to secure confessions.

II

In every city our police hold what can only be called outlaw tribunals, — informal and secret inquisitions of arrested persons, — which are, terminology aside, actual and very vigorous trials for crime. The origin of the idea that it is a police function to try cases I do not know; but literally everywhere to-day these inquisitorial courts of pre-trial are in full operation behind locked doors in police stations and police headquarters. Devoid of form and rules, these outlaw sessions are alike as to the invariable main purpose of the police, detectives, or officials who hold them; and that one purpose is to make the arrested person *confess to guilt of crime.* Says the Fifth Amendment: 'Nor shall any person . . . be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself.' The legal courts, of course, obey this mandate. As a nation we are getting around it, for in practice the Constitutional guarantee is thoroughly dead — through this self-arrogated police privilege of star-chamber grilling, beginning usually with the formula: 'All right — we know you're guilty; come through and it'll be easier for you.'

It is normal, of course, that detectives should ask suspected persons about their whereabouts, activities, acquaintances, and the like, though even then the Constitutional right of silence cannot be denied. Historically, the pressure to obtain confessions has been such an abomination that the framers of the Constitution, and the English common law long before their time, expressly outlawed it. The British police are forbidden to ask the direct question: 'Are you guilty?' As a result, they have devised legitimate detective methods. But our whole American police profession has plunged, with extraordinary enthusiasm of late, into this business of compelling confessions. The lion's share of detective brains has gone into this task, to the neglect and detriment of legal investigative work. So we have many star confession getters, few star detectives. Our courts are deluged with confessions; in general, about three fourths of all felony cases that come into court have confessions submitted as evidence, or result in pleas of guilty based upon confessions. No one has the least doubt that 99 per cent of these confessions are 'compelled.' The secret grilling process itself reeks of compulsion, even though violence be avoided. (It is not always avoided; the third degree exists.) Centring all upon the confession, proud of it, staking everything upon it, the major canon of American police work is based upon the nullification of the most truly libertarian clause of the Fifth Amendment.

I dwell upon this because the outlaw pre-trial inquisition by police is by all odds our predominating trial court in point of fact. The police 'try' about five cases, and dispose of them through liberation (acquittal) or by getting confessions (conviction), to every one that is tried legally in an authorized court. This is the statistical indication for New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati — a fair cross section. And the police obtain confessions in about five cases to every one that is convicted in a court of law. The legal courts come into operation only after the police are through; they are reduced to the position of merely ratifying the plea of guilt which the police have obtained, or else holding trials over the minor percentage of arrested persons about whom the police could reach no conclusion. Let us not be deceived by appearances: the testing of guilt or innocence is being conducted in this country to-day outside the field of law and by police methods which are contrary to law. The inquisition held by the police before trial is the outstanding feature of American criminal justice, though no statute recognizes its existence.

III

Now the reason why the Constitution, and the common law before it, forbade secret trials was that history plainly showed the tendency of star-chamber sessions to engender the trial by ordeal. Our detectives and police officials not only have revived the ancient trial by ordeal, but have added torture to it. One hundred and three instances of torture, ranging from fatigue and hunger to blows, beatings, and abnormal acts of sadism, may be found in the records of State Supreme Courts and the United States Supreme Court since 1920. The Wickersham Commission gathered many more that had not reached the highest courts.

Of the fifteen cities studied by the Commission, only Boston (by long tradition), Philadelphia (since 1928), and Cincinnati (of late) showed a total absence of brutal violence from these pre-trial sessions. Violence was habitual in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; fairly frequent or occasional, though under control, in Cleveland, Detroit, Newark, Buffalo, Los Angeles; perhaps infrequent, though extreme when it did occur, in such smaller cities as Albany, Denver, and the like. Seattle's pre-trials were unique: they were held, not by detectives, but by the 'harness bulls' at the moment of arrest, confessions being sought and often obtained before the suspects even reached the station house. In San Francisco, and elsewhere, the street beating had the character of being a prefatorial warning of what would come if a confession was withheld. Conditions, as far as the use or the forms of violence are concerned, may vary in any given city at any moment, — there have been apparent variations, due to administrative changes, in both Detroit and Chicago since the investigation, — but the thing that shows no signs of changing is the secret grilling, the inquisition by police; and its star-chamber and extralegal character breeds violence and abuse at the whim of those who are the inquisitors. Having no legal status, having grown up *because* of the convenient absence of legal rules and guarantees, how can its results be otherwise?

One result may be briefly noted. The confessions obtained by the police, through threats, violence, long imprisonment, fatigue, fear, hunger, or merely by creating a menacing situation from which the suspect urgently desires to escape, would not be worth the paper they are written on, as evidence, if all were known to the court of law. 'A confession is voluntary in law if, and only if, it was in fact voluntarily made,' said the United States Supreme Court in the Wan case. Hence the final link in the chain of lawlessness is perjury; it is indulged in by the police as a routine matter, to get confession evidence accepted. Lawlessness must be covered up by lawlessness. This whole extralegal procedure violates, then, all the rules made to safeguard the integrity of evidence, all the Constitutional guarantees of fair trial, and the spirit of the Eighth Amendment forbidding cruel and unusual punishments.

IV

It is possible to describe the technique of American police in fairly harmless terms — as resting upon prompt arrest, the development of evidence after arrest rather than before, with the suspected person held in custody meanwhile, and the principal search for evidence centring upon the suspect's head. It is only by placing this system side by side with the law of the land that one can appreciate how genuinely usurpative and subversive it is. The Constitution forbids certain practices; they are brought back, under cover, by the police. That is what it amounts to, though the founders of this nation would have put it more strongly; they would have said: 'These outlawed practices are what we have defined as tyranny.'

One more root of police lawlessness, besides the usurped trial function, is the usurped punishment function. No law gives to constables any general disciplinary powers or any right of corporal punishment. 'What do they give us these night sticks for if they don't want us to use them?' queried a New York policeman in conversation with a worker for the Wickersham Commission. The same suggestion reposes in the service revolver. So we have continual assault and battery, mayhem, and even homicide committed by policemen on our streets; and that strange immunity from penalty, the curious feeling that somehow the policeman is not a citizen but is 'the law,' preserves the lawbreaking enforcement officer from punishment for his crimes.

The police have their arguments in justification. I have indicated the major point of the doctrine so epigrammatically put by Commissioner Roche. Behind it are a mass of tradition, a habit as to method that has become a sort of common law of police work, a resentment against shyster lawyers and hence against the law, a certain laziness, an ingrained notion that constabulary work is mainly fighting, excitement over an emergency of crime, a sad failure by lower-court judges and prosecuting attorneys to hold policemen within the law, a general lack of real police training, a fairly recent and greatly increasing withholding of public support from the police, a fundamental and quite genuine conviction — bred by daily contact with the outcast classes — that the 'criminal' is not really human and not to be included with general humanity in the sheltering guarantees of the Constitution.

And so we have a kind of law enforcement that is more akin to the vigilance committee than to the intention of American government. A highly important function becomes a struggle between two forces, both outside the law. The police could win that struggle — though they show few signs of doing it — without violating our legal system at all. The average citizen has the right to inquire: 'When is the establishment of *law* to begin?'

V

The extent of false arrests can be briefly indicated by an interesting set of statistics, compiled from a score of surveys of major cities and submitted to the Wickersham Commission by Mr. Alfred Bettman of Cincinnati. The tables, in general, showed the phenomenon of 'case mortality' — the tremendous discrepancy between the number of arrests made and the number of arrested persons finally convicted.

Mr. Bettman commented: 'A large percentage without conviction is as compatible with the conclusion that an excessive number of innocent persons were arrested as with the conclusion that an excessive number of guilty persons escaped punishment.' Or, I would add, if not 'innocent' persons, at least persons against whom the police, at the moment of arrest, had no sufficient evidence on which to base a reasonable suspicion of guilt.

Not to burden this column with figures, I shall merely state that in the cities of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and the four largest Pennsylvania cities, the police made, in one specimen year, 84,866 arrests on felony charges. And the police, or the first magistrate who had the chance, — that is, the arraigning judge, — let 39,861 of them go.

These figures indicate a possible factor of police error, in the arresting process, of 46 cases in each 100. True, such error might be genuine — as when a shot is heard upstairs, a man comes running downstairs, is arrested, but proves to be a frightened tenant. Or some cases might have been 'squared' — but not many, in this tabulation, for the usual way of squaring a felony charge is to reduce it to a misdemeanor, and these were outright releases. Again, there might have been evidence enough to legalize the arrest, but not enough to warrant holding for trial. In practice, however, arraigning magistrates will ordinarily pass cases on to the grand jury or trial court if there is any real indication of guilt at all. Deduct some from the 46 per cent, but not too much, for these considerations; what remains represents false arrests.

But false arrests undoubtedly occurred in many of the cases that were not discharged on arraignment — that were passed on higher up, and even convicted. In an unknowable number of the cases in the 54 per cent, the arrest was made on guesswork, but was 'made legal' — by investigation or by grilling the suspect — in the unlawful detention period before the formal charging. This being a matter of common observation, I have no hesitation in saying that the figures indicate false arrests in half, or more than half, of the total of felony charges.

This seemed so extraordinary a deduction that I followed it further. Taking annual police-department reports for 1929 from New York, Detroit, Washington, Baltimore, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Denver, I eliminated traffic citations and the like and found a total of 689,962 arrests for every class of crime, misdemeanor, and felony together. And the reports again showed that 338,702 of these persons were released by the police themselves, or by the first magistrate who had the chance. Since these are but a few cities, and since false arrests that were afterward 'made good' are not included, may it not be that the total of false arrests in this country runs in excess of a million a year?

A New York business man who owns an office building in Dallas, Texas, went thither in 1930 and, having a phone call to make, went into three telephone booths in succession. He was arrested by a patrolman on the charge of stealing nickels from pay telephones. They locked him up for forty-eight hours, and on his release he told his story to a local editor. Investigating, the editor found that in the first three months of 1930 there had been 1823 persons arrested and booked 'on suspicion' in Dallas; they had 'served' 41,000 hours in jail before being released.

Such kidnapping goes on recklessly. Patrolmen and detectives are not always to blame; usually they are ordered to keep up a certain 'record of arrests,' whether there be crimes or no. In Wichita, for a year past, there has been a 'drive' against 'floaters.' Scores of men whose clothes were n't fashionable have been thrown into jail for no legal offense whatever, merely to make them leave Wichita. Picture the usual concomitants of false arrest — the bullying, the verminous and crowded cells, the acquisition of the suspect's cash by a shyster lawyer, the grilling by detectives on a fishing expedition for evidence, often the attaching of a 'police record' to an innocent man's name — and it seems obvious that the system breeds anarchy, cynicism, hatred of the law, crime.

VI

Time to investigate — after the arrest, since not before — is essential to this hindside-before plan of police work. That arrested persons shall be taken before magistrates and formally charged, at the earliest available moment after arrest, is the mandate of the law. This being inconvenient, the police quite commonly delay the formality of producing their victims in court.

This practice is entering into the new common law. In many cities one extra day's delay is now considered legal; in others, two extra days arouse no comment. In New York, where night courts exist to speed the process, police at times do not 'arrest' the suspect, but merely force him to stay around for questioning. In Chicago, Leo V. Brothers was captured for the Lingle murder on December 21, 1930; but he was not 'arrested' until January 12, twenty-one days later. Meanwhile he was held captive at hotels.

In Philadelphia they call it 'putting a man in cold storage,' and cases of which I have a record show 'cold-storage' periods of four, six, nine, and sixteen days — the place of confinement being police headquarters. Detroit uses the term 'sending a man around the Loop,' which means shifting him from one to another outlying station house. The complete Loop journey takes a month, but it may be shortened by a man's confession, or his agreement to leave Detroit. Of late this practice seems declining in Detroit. Significantly enough, it bred a crop of shyster lawyers called 'writ attorneys,' who made their living by getting Loop prisoners free on writs of habeas corpus; and this, in turn, irritated Detroit's judges into uniformly delaying the operation of the writ of habeas corpus for twenty-four hours after its time of granting. Thus does police pressure bend the law.

In Buffalo, a girl witness was held thirty-six days in a gang case, then released without being used to testify. Four to six days' detention is not uncommon. So it is in most cities; San Francisco and Boston were the only cities, among those I visited for the Wickersham Commission, where the law requiring prompt production was strictly observed.

Illegal detention furnishes the time and place factors for the police inquisition. It is within the control of the local judges. Those who tolerate it are tolerating the third degree.

VII

If the term 'third degree' be applied only to cruel and abnormal forms and grades of torture, plenty of cases can be cited, but still they are exceptional. If it be taken to include any use of physical violence to make a man confess, — slaps, shoves, blows, kicks, beatings with soft weapons or with hard, — it is absent from a few cities, occasional in many, and current custom in the two largest. If it be taken also to cover threats, lies, display of weapons, exhausting grilling, and the like, it is the exceptional American city where it does not exist. If it be interpreted to refer — as I think it should — to the secret police inquisition of whatever type where the demand is made that the arrested person incriminate himself, and the Fifth Amendment is thereby breached, then the third degree is all but universal.

Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia have the non-violent type of inquisition. Boston's police, moreover, seldom delay the production of an arrested person in court, and lose the custody of him the moment that is done. Street beating, too, is at a minimum. Here is probably the most nearly law-abiding department in the country, and it shows what can be done virtually within the law. When police officials say that they cannot obtain confessions without either violence or extended custody, one may cite Boston, which obtains plenty of confessions without either abuse. The key to Boston's method is extreme promptitude. The moment an arrest on a serious charge is reported from a station house, detective officers of a certain skill in questioning go thither by automobile, and the questioning begins before the arrested man has time to think. Simultaneously there is outside work by detectives; if contradictions develop between the arrested man's statements and their findings, the trick is done. This plan has been in force for years, and it works so fairly that I wonder why other departments have not imitated it. However, the essential breach — the direct demand for the confession — remains.

Cincinnati and Philadelphia employ merciful and skillful methods of questioning; but this usually takes several days. Merely the elimination of violence is so unusual a gain, however, that one pays real tribute to the men — Inspector Kirgan in Cincinnati, and Inspector Connelly in Philadelphia — who have brought it about. The more one studies the American police picture, the more does one grow thankful for the mere replacement of brute violence by humanity and brains.

There are quite a large number of cities in which violence is applied only to the harder cases, and some assurance is felt that a man is guilty before he is roughly handled. These include Newark, Buffalo, Cleveland, apparently Detroit (though my information does not cover the recent change in administration), and probably Los Angeles, where violence has diminished of late under pressure by the Bar Association. This 'controlled third degree' is typical of the better-disciplined departments; the inquisitorial process is administered by officers rather than by ordinary detectives. Always, however, it has a strong color of threat. In Newark, a table may be piled with lengths of rubber hose or other weapons, put there for effect; frequently the method of working on a man's emotions to break him down is highly melodramatic.

So, in Buffalo, in the Bennett case, a private detective who had posed as this arson suspect's friend entered the cell, flung himself on his knees, and implored Bennett to confess so that he himself might go free. Buffalo's usual system is that of continued confinement in crowded cells where sleep is out of the question, coupled with harassment day and night by headquarters men who continually suggest to the suspect that he ought to confess. But in all these cities there have been instances of violence whenever resistance to confession was obstinate. And in the Colletti case, in Cleveland, the marks of a severe beating over the hips and kidneys were seen by five outside witnesses, who credited the lad's statement that he had been pounded into confession by the application of a soft weapon, presumably a rubber hose. In eighteen months' time the Los Angeles Bar Association committee investigated two hundred complaints of alleged violence, and considered that about fifty of them were well-grounded.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Seattle have, finally, the decentralized third degree, in which the inquisitorial beating is administered by detectives of minor rank on the various squads, or (in Seattle) by the uniformed police. And here is where the worst abuses enter. In New York, where station houses are used in preference to headquarters, a veteran reporter, Emanuel H. Lavine, and other investigators as well, tell of constant beatings, with weapons ranging from the rubber hose to the night stick and blackjack; the rhythmic kicking of shins or tapping of heads with clubs; the lifting of women by the hair. In Chicago, just prior to the recent change in régime, tear gas was used, and there were cases in which men were suspended upside down by steel shackles that cut their ankles. A favored Chicago device is that of knocking men reeling by blows of a telephone book upon the ear. It leaves no marks — which seems to be the major limitation in the decentralized third degree, as is illustrated by the San Francisco technique of striking the suspect with the fist in the pit of the stomach.

But I need not dwell upon horrors. The list of 103 appellate cases, in the law books, tells of arrested men flogged with whips, having their arms twisted, being made to hold the hands of murdered corpses in morgues. Such things occur, and have occurred all through history, whenever star-chamber inquisitions are held over defenseless persons by brutal men. They are, of course, exceptional. But the exceptions betray the potentialities of the essential malpractice, which is the secret pre-trial court of inquisition itself. It has no sanction in law.

Every confession that goes before a court of law begins with the formula: 'This statement is freely and voluntarily made, and is not made as the result of either threat, violence, or inducement.' That is nearly enough on the matter of police perjury; for the police usually write the confessions.

Where challenge occurs, perjury rises to the occasion. The suspect is declared, by files of detectives and officers who take the stand, to have 'fallen downstairs'; to have 'become quarrelsome in his cell and been beaten up by cell mates'; to have 'fallen off a bench and bumped his head.' A man in Detroit died, last November, from such a 'fall.'

There is routine perjury, too. In all drunken-driver cases in a certain city, it was noted that invariably 'the defendant's eyes were glassy, his speech was thick, he staggered as he dismounted from the car.' The court required such evidence to convict. Accordingly the evidence was forthcoming.

VIII

The police declare that we are at war with crime; that the makers of the Constitution could not have foreseen immigration, could not have foreseen unemployment, slums, prohibition, drug addiction, the automobile, the gangster, or any of the many factors that have created modern crime and made its detection difficult. The law, they argue, favors the criminal at every turn. Only by cutting through the law and using methods of direct action can they get results.

It is beyond question that our police — in certain cities, at any rate — are trying to cope with unspeakable conditions. Some criminals nowadays have an animal-like ferocity which puts the policeman's life perpetually in danger. Policemen are being killed at a rate without precedent. The public, itself afraid to become involved in gang vengeance, turns the other way and does not assist the police. Merely to wear the uniform nowadays requires heroism, and for individual bravery I think there is no group of men more notable than the American police.

As fighters, they are excellent; and it is as fighters that they speak in demanding war powers, vigilante freedom of action, the privilege of violating every tradition of civilized restraint or libertarian tenet, in the cause, as they express it, of 'putting down crime.' It is as fighters that they have helped themselves generously to usurped powers.

It is always hard to convince men on the firing line that they are but adjuncts, perhaps minor adjuncts, to the main army. Our police, of course, are venturing into dreamland when they conceive of police work as having at all the power to 'put down crime.' We have met before this simple belief in the virtues of force, among those gifted with force. And the same naïve faith that tries to club Communism out of Communists' heads tries, likewise, to induce the various American crime factories to shut down by bullying, jailing, and torturing their products.

Even the statistics of rising crime during the years of such activity (for the forms of police lawlessness here described are nothing new — only the public awareness of them is new) have failed so far to shake that faith. Police still believe, in spite of their lack of results, that if they can make enough arrests, compel enough confessions, lacerate enough scalps, and send enough men to prison, they will 'put down crime.' In this belief they ask us to suspend or countenance the already-effected suspension of highly important Constitutional guarantees. They press for leave to vindicate government by methods which are, in the language of a recent American Bar Association report, 'essentially anarchic.' They try to establish the reign of law by creating a governmental object lesson of its wholesale breach.

Yet in every city where there has been a renewal, even partial, of constitutionality in police work, there has been a corresponding renewal in public support and helpfulness to the police, and an increased efficiency in detective work and in coping with crime. The facts certainly seem to indicate that the Constitution is still quite capable of working, if given the chance, far better than the unconstitutional methods which the police have adopted. Normality, decency, and official integrity may command respect among delinquent classes, where brutality but drives it away. It is not safe for government to be at its ugliest in dealing with the half-assimilated, half-rebellious people whose loyalty it urgently needs to win.

'Make a friend of every business man and a bitter enemy of every crook,' advised an old-time police instructor to his class of new recruits. So public enemies are manufactured. We need faith in Constitutional justice ourselves, to counteract the faith of officialdom in lawless force. Organizations and individuals who are trying to bring police departments back into line with legal constabulary work, and end the excesses which are making the police our rulers rather than our fellow citizens and agents, find sanction for their concern in the words of Attorney-General William D. Mitchell: 'Nothing has a greater tendency to beget lawlessness than lawless methods of law enforcement.'

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

BY RODERICK MacEACHEN

I

Pope Pius XI, in his recent encyclical on labor, stresses particularly the importance of justice in social and industrial relations. This is not, indeed, a new note in such papal documents. Nor does it mean that charity and the other virtues are in any sense minimized. The venerable Pontiff professes merely to elaborate the social philosophy of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII, whom he quotes freely throughout the document.

Leo had defined the 'just wage' in the light of Christian teaching. The worker is entitled to a fair return for his labor. It should be sufficient to support him and his family in decency. Employers are urged to consider the human dignity of the workers when determining the wage they are to pay.

Pius XI develops the theme. Young children and ailing women should not be forced to do public work. Mothers should not be taken from the home circle to help earn a livelihood. 'Every effort, therefore, must be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs.' Is this but a reiteration of the exhortation that has become proverbial in every pulpit and trite in every volume on Christian sociology? From time immemorial employers have been exhorted, in the name of Christ, to pay a just wage, a living wage. It is their Christian duty. It is the law of the Gospel. It is humane.

But what has the modern mill owner, or manufacturer, or mine operator to do with the 'domestic needs' of his employees? Neither he nor his executives know, save by chance, which workmen have families and which are single. On the other hand, should he learn that some of his employees are not earning enough to support their families, what can he do about it? He must meet competition in his business. He must produce his commodities so as to be able to sell at a profit. This profit is necessary to pay dividends on the capital invested in his enterprise. This is a condition generally conceded.

Ask the modern business man to regulate his wage scale on the basis of Christian ideals and he will probably tell you that he is not running a charitable institution. For the most part he does not allow his religion to interfere with his business. He may be the most religious, the most charitable, the most philanthropic of men; yet, if his business is to succeed, he must meet competition. He must consider carefully the labor cost of his product if he is to survive among his competitors and show a profit on his operations.

To all this Pope Pius replies, 'If in the present state of society this [a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs] is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be immediately introduced which will guarantee every adult workman just such a wage.' This is a new approach to the wage problem. By one noble gesture the Pontiff transfers it from the economic to the social sphere. The question of wages is, indeed, a social problem.

II

It has been taken for granted in modern industrial countries that society rests upon an economic basis; the economic status of a nation largely reflects its social condition. We calculate backward. Markets and market values reflect wages and profits. When business prospers, the worker has more work and perhaps better wages; his social condition rises to higher standards. In the lean years of depression, the worker's social condition sinks with the decline of business.

Take a specific example. In a certain coal field, five or six years ago, coal was selling for approximately $2.50 a ton. The labor cost was then about $1.25 a ton. Since then the selling price of coal has gradually declined until it is as low as seventy-five or eighty cents a ton. With the fall of market prices, wages have been reduced apace. Then, to aggravate conditions further, the men have work but two or three days a week. The result is that many American workmen (employed, be it understood), with all the toil and drudgery of their lives, are unable to provide the bare necessities of life for their wives and children.

Nor are the operators, therefore, to be considered unjust or unfair. They too are victims of the economic law under which they serve. The law that brings hunger and destitution to their workers often brings bankruptcy to them. Business is poor, wages are low, work is scarce, many families are destitute, dividends are not declared. Such is the fate of a society that rests upon a purely economic basis.

But perhaps social justice demands a reversal of the equation. Man is more important than business, at least theoretically. Human values are above market values. In all reason, then, we should begin our calculations with human values, thence pass to market values. In short, our economic system should be governed by the rule of social justice.

Under this system the market value of coal, for instance, would be subservient to the human value of the miner. We might begin our calculation in this wise: Any miner, in these times, requires at least fifteen dollars a week to provide for the daily needs of his family. We will suppose that this represents about seventy-five cents labor cost per ton of coal produced. Naturally the operator can no longer sell his coal at the present low figure. When he counts his total production cost he may say to the buyer, 'I must have at least $1.50 a ton. You see, Mr. Purchasing Agent, we are now bound by the law of social justice. Formerly we reduced wages when it was necessary to meet a low market price. Now the market price must conform to a decent wage for our workmen.'

No doubt there are hard-headed business men who will consider this theory of social justice an economic heresy. Nevertheless, social justice is the only basis upon which civilization can survive, upon which the human race can develop and work out its destiny. The struggle for social justice is as old as history. It has resulted in the overthrow of tyranny in many lands; it has wiped the shameful blot of slavery from the Christian nations; it first transformed the workman from chattel-slave to serf, then from serf to citizen. Now workingmen are granted equality of political rights with others in most of our modern democracies. Our American Constitution is idealistic in proclaiming the equality and freedom of all our citizens; it professes to offer equal opportunity to all for the pursuit of happiness and well-being. We are proud of our Constitution and the idealism with which it estimates human worth.

We are also proud of our preëminence in the sphere of economics. It is our boast that we are the richest nation on the face of the earth to-day. Our financial and industrial achievements beggar the best that has been done in all other countries; our granaries are bursting with an excess of foodstuffs; our warehouses are packed to overflowing with unconsumed goods; our banks are glutted, as never before, with money, water-logged with an overabundance of non-circulating currency.

Withal, millions of hungry men are footsore, vainly and hopelessly and despairingly seeking bread for hungry wives and babes. Yet it is impossible to place the blame for their plight. Their only solace is to participate in some pale-faced form of relief. They may enter a bread line; they may be doled out a ladle of thin soup; they may receive a basket from a religious organization. And for these pitiful crumbs they must pay the price of self-respect. Those who have toiled to overfill the world with food and clothing and all the commodities which bring comfort and luxury are now objects of charity. The ox that treads the corn is muzzled.

What price liberty! Slaves, in other days, did the drudgery performed by our workingmen to-day, but they did not have to face the dread of recurrent destitution. They were fed by their masters — fed like the ox and the ass, indeed, to make strength for work. But to-day the unemployed workman is in a more pitiable plight. He must struggle on, haunted by the shadow of pauperism. In these times of economic depression strength, character, industriousness, are of no avail, if overproduction has made his services unnecessary. Ask such men what they think of social justice.

It is a pity that the Holy Father could not have walked through any of a thousand mining camps during the last winter. Would to God that by some supernatural vision he had been able to gaze into thousands of miners' hovels and see everywhere pale, weak mothers with undernourished babes struggling at unsatisfying breasts. Here he would have found evidence in bold relief of that sin which cries out to Heaven for vengeance. It is the scandal of the ages.

III

There is no sentimentalism in these facts; it is grim tragedy. This inhumanity is permitted to exist among us because its realism is unbelievable. Even those who live just across the hill among the conveniences of the city have no adequate comprehension of the situation. Our hearts are encrusted with our national vanity. We cannot admit that there are abject poverty and shameful destitution among those who are performing the drudgery that makes the rest of us comfortable. For generations we have been guided by a sort of economic justice.

We assume that all their ills are healed when they have a job. If they have a job and are in need, they must have wasted their money, presumably on illicit liquor. If they are too old or infirm, let them go to the poorhouse. Let their children go to the orphan asylum.

Most men are inclined to believe only what is agreeable; hence there are no beggars, there is no destitution in this glorious land of liberty and plenty. But, alas, too little distinction is made, in this economic paradise, between men and machines. Men are worn out more ruthlessly than the machine beside which they toil. If they labor not, neither shall they eat. They must be producers; production is the watchword of American greatness. Life is an industrial treadmill. The laborer is but a tool in the hands of his economic operators.

His worth is estimated by the standard of his economic productivity; his human dignity counts for little. There are upwards of forty million workers in America, who toil eight or ten hours a day. In this present depression it is said that there are as many as five or six millions of unemployed. Business is poor, and there are no markets for our products. Quite naturally the employers drop these millions from their pay roll. It is economic justice; it is good business. But it is not social justice; it is an inhuman system.

It is incredible that in a modern democracy there exists no official responsibility for forty million workmen as a class; their lot is left to the fortuitous need or whim of the individual employer. Neither the government nor the individual employer has any responsibility to provide work for all. If there is work for but thirty millions, the remaining ten millions are left without the vaunted opportunity to pursue happiness, without even the opportunity to make a living. Of course you cannot ask employers to hire men for whom they have no work. Such practice would wreck our industries. Nor can you expect the government to pay unemployment doles. That would degrade our men and make taxes unbearable.

How, then, apply social justice in this instance? Undoubtedly it demands that we recognize the worker's *right to work*. This follows because his right to live depends upon his right to work. Furthermore, all workers have the right to work at all times, since all have the right to live at all times. This is the application of social justice.

IV

From this point of view the workers of the country, be they forty millions or a hundred millions, have the right to the work of the country. The work which they as a class perform produces the means of livelihood for themselves and for the whole people, and every workman has a right to a just share in these products, provided he performs a due portion of the work. This might mean eight hours a day; it might mean four, or five, or six hours a day when the work has been distributed among all the workers. In every case each worker's share should afford a decent living for himself and his family. In modern industrial countries the products are always ample; we usually suffer from overproduction. No one need be reduced to beggary or destitution.

Under our present system the manufacturer pays the same amount of taxes on his property and continues to pay interest on his borrowed capital whether business is good or dull; it is only human values that are reduced or wiped out in times of depression. Captains of industry do not have such responsibility for the livelihood of their employees as they have for the payment of taxes and interest. If they fail in these payments, they are subject to legal prosecution. If the workers and their families are destitute, there are no laws to safeguard their right to live — to live in the decency of human beings.

Under our present system the custom is to work eight or ten hours a day. But why do some work eight or ten hours while other workers are idle? If 10 per cent are idle, reduce the working time 10 per cent and lo, all are employed. If 25 per cent are idle, reduce the working time to suit the case. But what of the wages? Are workers to receive the same wage for five or six hours as for eight or ten hours? By the economic rule, no; under no consideration. By the rule of social justice, they must receive under all conditions sufficient to live decently. Does not the farmer feed his idle horses? Can a modern democracy be less humane to its free-born citizens?

Of course this theorizing is stark madness when viewed from the purely economic point of view. It is false reasoning, indeed, unless we rate humanity higher than dollars. It is piffle and prattle if our present social system is sound. But it is not offered as a solution; it is merely put forward to illustrate an attitude of mind.

The encyclical which suggests these musings stresses the danger of too much concentrated wealth. The suggested flexible working day might indeed change some figures in the last three or four columns of some billionaires — this in their annual income. Yet some such measures might help to restore self-respect to our beloved country. Any serious movement of the kind might help save the world for democracy as against much-dreaded communism. Any honest attempt to establish our government on the basis of social justice would certainly make our people feel that modern civilization is at heart humane.

If social justice were introduced into our national life, if it were to supplant our economic standards, there would surely be less crime, better morality, and more religion among us. After all, crime, rampant as it is, is almost a necessary consequence of our commercialism. Religion thrives ill in a nation that does not respect human life. 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar,' says Saint John. Had even the vestige of social justice prevailed through the thousand years of tsarism, the Russians would not now be tearing down the temples of religion and driving its priests across the borders.

But the crimes of all the tsars of all the Russias are scarcely more heinous than the crime of social injustice that is being committed against American workmen to-day. It is a crime similar to those so often reported from coroners' inquests: 'Committed by the hands of persons unknown.'

THE CART

BY JAMES STANLEY HART

I

'Ere we go raound the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
'Ere we go raound the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty mornin'.'

The little, living circle — eight boys and girls with joined hands — moved slowly around on the cobbles of Number 2 Court, off Duke Street. But Nell Boyd was out of it. Everyone knew she had gone, but no one said anything. Only Sally Duckworth glanced over her shoulder a minute or two later, and saw Nell looking through the kitchen window from between the curtains.

When Nell was very small, the other girls used to tell her that one day the fingers would appear on her left hand. As it was, the hand ended in a rounded stump, with five little holes, as though the fingers had forgotten to come out.

It was all right when they played rallyo in Number 2 Court, or skipped rope. Nell could play jacks, too, with her good right hand, the stump hidden beneath her little pinafore. But when it came to games with hand-holding, she dropped out. The girls did not mind. They were not so sensitive. But the boys would not touch that stump. And rather than sacrifice the boys, the girls sacrificed Nell.

Nell understood. She quietly withdrew when they started to play mulberry bush or London Bridge. She went in her house, and always peered out through the kitchen window to watch.

Ann Boyd, Nell's mother, saw it every time it happened. But she never knew what Nell thought as the girl stared out at the others playing in the long English twilight. Nell had sad gray eyes that only added to her blonde beauty. She was a keen, quick-witted child, and very early she learned the reason for her mother's sorrowful face.

II

Nell Boyd, daughter of a West Lancashire miner, was just one more slap of the fates at Ann Boyd!

Twelve years ago, Duke Street had heard the cart coming from the mine. It rumbled over the cobbles, a springless wagon, and every jolt of its heavy body found answer in the thud of the hearts of women.

When they heard it, they rushed to their front windows and drew the shades. Then they waited, hands at their throats, trembling, dry-mouthed, but ready.

Where would it stop with its dreadful load?

'It's Ann Boyd's.'

'God 'elp 'er!'

Then the doors flew open and the women rushed out. Two of them clattered on their clogs down the entry to Number 2 Court. They would hold Ann Boyd in the back kitchen. Almost before the cart stopped at the front door on Duke Street, another woman had a big pot of water on the fire. Everyone moved as though part of a well-trained platoon.

'Is 'e bad, mester?'

Jody Duckworth, coatless, but with sweat streaking his coal-blackened face, climbed out of the wagon.

'Aye, missis, pretty bad. It's 'is show'der. 'E's 'ad 'is teeth clinched i' my coat sleeve all t' way up. Them bloody wagons is enow to kill a mon when t' pit doesna do it. Easy, naow, easy does it! 'Es tha geet a good grip, missis? A' reight, naow, easy does it!'

Boyd was back in the mine in a month, and within the year it happened again. This time he was taken to the Cottage Hospital, where the bones of his foot were sorted out. For years the Lancashire mines had been taking their toll, but even Boyd's mates at Deep Pit thought it was a bit thick on Jem. 'Two nasty uns reight close together,' Jody Duckworth said. ''E'd better watch hissel' in t' future. Third time pays for all, tha knows.'

Then Nell was born. Even as a little child, she was a clear-eyed, beautiful girl. There was not a child in the court with more flushed cheek or brighter glance at play, but the others, with the unthinking cruelty of children, named her 'Stump.'

Jem Boyd earned good pay in Deep Pit. Many times there was as much as sixteen pounds or more to share out among seven mates working in the one stall. But the taproom of the Britannia Vaults got its share of Jem's money. 'A mon corn't peil away daown theer a' day 'baout wettin' 'is w'istle w'en 'e comes up,' Jem used to say. 'It's on'y them as niver's bin daown an' gettin' their throats clogged up like a sink pipe full o' grease as talks abaout stoppin' a workin'man's bit o' beer.'

Not that Jem drank his pay. Far from it. Religiously he put Ann's housekeeping money on the kitchen table after the mates had shared up — twenty-five shillings before Nell came, and thirty shillings after, except when it was a bad week with plenty of stoppages and hard digging. 'But tha corn't get blood fra' a stone,' said Jem, at such times, 'an' a mon must ha'e 'is bit o' spend.'

Nell was growing up fast when Jem took his last ride in the cart. They brought him home for dead, but he was n't. A half ton of slag had caught him just inside the stall. They heard him groan, grabbed their lamps, and ran. Frantically they tore at the loose rock that held him down by the hips.

Jem gasped and rolled his eyes.

'W'ere's Jody?'

'Ah'm reight 'ere, Jem. W'at is it?'

Jem breathed heavily.

'Tha'd better get a move on thee and be tellin' 'er, Jody. Ah'm finished this time. Easy does it, Jody. Don't scare t' bloody wits aout on 'er.'

And so Jem came home on the layer of straw, two coats doubled under his head for a pillow. Jody Duckworth was nearly out of his mind.

'W'at 'ave Ah done to desarve a' this?' he asked, over a pint at the Britannia Vaults. 'Twice Ah fetched 'im whoam i' that bloody cart, a-joltin' araound, an' me 'eart playin' like joy bells o' Scotland inside o' me. An' then Ah 'ave t' job o' tellin' 'is missis when 'e's crocked up for good.'

Jem could not die. His barrel chest and stout heart kept him alive, but his loins were almost useless. With the help of two sticks, he dragged around the house like a dog with a broken spine. He brooded upon his fate. Deprived of his work, shut off from the life of his butties, he grew heavy in mind and body. His eyes were perpetually clouded and his brow was corrugated in an eternal frown.

Ann got a job. The union helped, appealing to the old parish church to take her on as cleaner.

Ann had to go and see the vestrymen, and they talked about her to the union official as though she were not there.

'Is it a deserving case?' they asked. 'Is the woman honest?'

'Nay, mon,' said the union man when he reported to the miners, 'tha'd a thowt Ah wuz axin' 'um to gi'e t' woman job o' passin' money plate o' a Sunday mornin'. Is she honest! W'at bloody chance 'as she to be owt else, sweepin' an' dustin' theer?'

III

Jem Boyd rarely stirred from his doorstep in good weather. He sat like some immobile Gibraltar, stony, gaunt, brooding. His eyes were always half closed, as though he saw too much daylight now. Through most of the year miners went down to their work before dawn and came up after dark. They lived through a night longer than the winter night of the Arctic.

He had been robbed, this man with the strong body and willing hands; robbed of his right to take his place among his kind of men; robbed of the right to work in the deep, dark recesses of a coal mine, grubbing with a pick and spade for a living. It was the only thing he had asked of life. When he had it, he was happy.

Nell would sit with him when her work in the house was done. She tried to teach him to read and write, but he could see no use for such things. Vainly she tried to tell him in her almost inarticulate way that reading would lighten his days, would take him away from Number 2 Court. He did not understand. He wanted to work, and his helpless loins would not let him. As for writing, it was easier to make a cross than to write 'James Boyd.'

'Aay, Fayther,' said Nell, 'tha art 'opeless. Si' thee, naow, it's as easy as pie.'

She steadied the slate with her stump, and then carefully designed the simple words of the first standard in a large, round hand.

But Jem was n't looking at the slate. His eyes were fixed on the deformed hand. She saw that, too, and bent lower.

'Lass,' he said, 'tha's geet a thankless task o' thy 'ands. Tha's better gi'e it up.'

Then he covered her fingerless hand with his thick, splayed fingers.

'Haow did it come abaout, Fayther,' she asked, 'that Ah was born wi' a 'and 'baout fingers?'

Jem's grip closed, as though he held a pick handle. Nell winced, but did not move.

'Wench,' he said, 'it's one o' them things as corn't be explained. Thy mother is made reight enow, an' there's none so much wrong wi' me. Before tha was born, Ah mean. There's enow wrong wi' me naow.'

Nell smiled up at him.

'Naow, Fayther,' she said, 'niver mind talkin' abaout it, or thysel' either. Tha art a' reight. Are ye not 'appy, bein' able to sit 'ere? We're fixed reight, wi' t' job as Mother's geet.'

'Ay,' said Jem, bitterly, 'an' Ah've geet to sit 'ere an' let a woman work for me.'

When Ann came, dusty and tired, to stand before them in the doorway, he resented it because she came home as the wage earner. His resentment was a form of shame, and it made him irritable and cross with the woman who toiled.

'Tha art late, eh!' he said, looking at her hands.

The expression in her eyes did not change.

'Ay,' she said, 'a weet wick makes a lot o' work, tha knows. A' them people i' t' church of a Sunday wi' damp clo'es. What con tha expect? Let me in w'ile Ah get thee summat to eat.'

He followed her in. He would never stay out when she came home.

'Th' 'taters are peeled, Mother,' said Nell, following behind the slow-moving figure of her father.

'A' reight, lass.'

Jem knew what he owed her. He sat in the kitchen and watched her swift efficiency. It was the same each night when he sat down to eat. He looked at the pair of them, and thought that he was responsible. Ann must toil as a church cleaner, and the little un must go through life with one hand. It would never have been so but for him. One he had married and brought to this. The other he had fathered.

IV

As Nell grew older, she watched the pairing off of the girls and boys of the Duke Street neighborhood. From her front doorstep, she saw them start off for long walks around Sandy Lane and Moss Bank, and in the years that followed it seemed to her as though those walks were symbolical of the unions that developed. People started out and walked together, just walking and talking — and not much talking, at that, because Lancashire folk of the Duke Street type were almost inarticulate. But the walks in the long twilight bred something that brought these people together, and they just walked off and kept going, most of them never separating until they reached the grave.

It was not long before Nell began walking, too. At first it seemed to her, as she sat with her father on the doorstep, that the unfinished left hand must ever be a bar to that sort of thing. Sally Duckworth told her that the first time ever she and John Willie Pease went around Sandy Lane, he held her hand before they got to the swing gate at the foot of Hard Lane that led past the cemetery. Something like that always made Nell slide her left hand beneath her apron.

Be that as it may, the older girls soon were whispering that a strange, dark man was walking Nell Boyd out, and they told their mothers about it.

'Aay, lass, tha doesna say! W'at does 'e look lahke?'

'Well, 'e works in t' pit, a' reight, but 'e doesna live araound 'ere.'

And then the women talked in the court.

'Tha can say w'at tha's a mind, but it ent fair to that young feller. Ah'll bet 'e doesna know abaout 'er 'and, an' it's a shame to let 'im come araound 'ere withaout tellin' 'im.'

'Aay, missis, wharrat talkin' abaout? All t' taown knows abaout Stump.'

And Jack Saunders knew, too. He knew before he came to Boyd's house, sent there by the miners' union to call on the helpless Jem. Young Jack worked in Deep Pit, and he came to tell Jem how things went there, because Jem still felt he was part of that black gang.

Once Jack caught a glimpse of the wide-eyed, fair Nell, he came back often. He knew about Stump, but he never expected to see anything like this. He spent evenings with Jem, hoping all the time that Nell would be called in to get things for the man who could move but very slowly.

One night Jack found her on the doorstep when he called. It was past eight o'clock. She sat staring down toward the corner.

'There's a bit o' damp i' th' air,' he said, as he came up and hesitated. 'Tha'd do weel to go insahde — Nell.'

He was glad it was almost dark.

But it was not too dark to see the wide gray eyes she turned up to him.

'Ah'm waitin' for my mother,' she said. ''Oo's late to-neet.'

Cautiously he sat down at her side.

'Ay,' he said, 'it's none such a job for a woman as keeps 'er aout as late as this of a neet.'

Nell sighed.

'It's a' we can do,' she said. 'Ah'd do t' job mysel', but she wouldna 'ear of it. She sez Ah mun stay 'ere and keep 'aouse an' look after Fayther.'

'An' reight enow, too,' said young Jack quickly. 'Ah wouldna want to think o' thee daown there i' yon church. . . .' And then he stopped in embarrassment.

Nell looked at him, then turned away. Her heart beat fast. There had been something in his tone.

Two nights later they went walking after her mother came home. And a week after that, just as they were passing the railroad crossing at Moss Bank, and the lights of City Gardens were a glow on the road before them, he took her hand — her left hand. They were walking close together when the uneven sandy ridges of the road threw him closer. Their swinging hands touched, and his caught hers.

She would have sworn afterward that for several steps her heart stopped beating, and that there was a great void in her breast. She saw herself again dropping out of mulberry bush in the court, hiding herself behind the curtains of the kitchen window.

But there was no need of that now. Young Jack's hand, worn to the haft of a pick, gripped the stump and held fast.

Five months later the court talked about Stump and Young Jack who were going to be married.

'An' it's th' 'and w'eer t' weddin' ring should be,' one woman said. 'Th' parson'll get a shock w'en 'e sees that.'

That stump of a hand was all they could see of Nell. It meant all of her to them. They could not see what Jack saw, nor what she saw, either.

On the doorstep, he took that hand when he asked her to marry him. There were children playing in the court behind, and the trams rattled on North Road a few blocks away. But they had eyes and ears only for each other.

'Say ay, Nell,' he pleaded, 'an' Ah'll 'ave summat to work for!'

'A' reight,' she said, after a pause, 'but Ah 'ope, Jack, tha'll ne'er be sorry. Accordin' to some folk araound 'ere, tha will.'

He gripped her hand hard.

'Nay,' he said, passionately, 'Ah niver shall. Tha's somethin' Ah've bin lookin' for to make lahfe wo'th livin'.'

They were married one cold Saturday morning. It was spring, but not springtime. The wind blew flurries of snow down Nell's neck. But it did not matter. She was radiant.

Nell said they would walk to church, although Jack wanted to spend ''aif a craown' for a hansom cab.

'Nay, Jackie boy,' she said. 'It's nowt but a 'op, skip, an' a jump.'

There were just Nell's cousin, who was coming to keep house for the Boyds when she left, and two of Jack's sisters, and the man one of them was going to marry. Nell wore a pale green dress, and she looked like a cornflower with her blonde head and her stem-like body. 'Nowt but a bit o' froth, t' lass is n't,' the court said that day.

Jack's sister and her intended stood for them, and if the parson got a shock it was only a mild one when Nell offered her right hand to Jack for the ring. Nell peeped out from under her Easter-looking bonnet when the man in black solemnly intoned: 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Jack was staring straight ahead, stiff in his best Sunday clothes, picturing to himself the boxes he would fill in the mine so that this fragile girl standing near him would never want.

'They say it's unlucky to wed i' green,' Nell said to him as they went out, but he whispered to her something that made her laugh and forget.

All the way back to the court, the gray streets rang with her laughter. They were breathless when they arrived, and he swore she would run him off his feet before they were married six months.

Nell left his side at the door to rush madly to her mother. Jack saw the two heads close together, one that had been fair and now was gray, and the other as fresh as an unplucked flower. Over his wife's shoulder, tired gray eyes looked at him, and he made them an unspoken promise.

They all sat down to the wedding breakfast — bacon and eggs. 'Let's ha'e summat solid, missis,' Jack had said. 'Ah'll need it, tha knows, w'en Ah geet back.' The fire in the small kitchen was banked high. Helpless Jem looked at the girl who had grown up to leave him. Jack fed his eyes on his fair bride.

That night, Jack and Nell went to the theatre, and later to the house they had taken a little way from Number 2 Court.

V

Before the first year was ended, Ann Boyd's hurrying clogs clattering over the cobbles of the court brought out the heads of neighbors from back doors and kitchen windows.

'Naow, w'at's up, missis?'

'Aay, it's aour Nell. She's in t' straw.'

'Dost need any 'elp?'

'Weel, tha might coom o'er in abaout 'aif an hour. Ah s'll lahkely need a 'and then.'

'A' reight. We'll say abaout 'leven o'clock.'

'Ay, if tha doesna mahnd.'

Nell, 'in t' straw,' looked as though a puff of wind would blow her away. Women shook their heads and were glad it was n't their daughter. There was nothing to the lass.

To Jack, she was his handful of sweetness and devotion. Never had he dreamed that a man could have such love lavished on him as he had known in that year. He was fearful now — fearful that she would be taken away. He refused to go to the mine that day. He was unlike most of his fellows, who were awkward, almost ashamed, at such times, and generally awaited the event in the bar parlor of the Black Horse.

When the baby was born and they let him come in, he had eyes only for her. It stabbed him to see her drawn, pale face, and he dropped to his knees at the bedside.

'Naow, lass,' he said, in agony, 'tell me tha art a' reight!'

She ran her hand through his thick, strong hair, the fingers of her right hand. He was clutching the left.

'Why, Jackie boy, of course Ah'm a' reight. Doesna want to see t' little un?'

He looked at the red-faced bundle under her arm.

'W'ich is it,' he asked, 'lad or wench?'

'W'ich does tha want?' she teased.

'Nowt but thee,' he said.

And she laughed and was happy.

All that day and for several days he lolled at the foot of her bed while the neighbors came in to see the child and the little mother. And in the days that followed he could scarcely tear himself away to go down the mine. When the shift was over and he came up each day, he rushed straight to the little house. The bar parlor never had held any attractions for Jack. Nell, his home, the kitchen fire, and now the baby she gave him to hold while she washed the dishes, they were his all. He was like a pilgrim each night going his way to his shrine, there to sink down in contentment and eternal adoration of his little goddess from Number 2 Court.

On money that might have been spent over the bar at the Black Horse, had Jack followed the way of his mates, he and Nell managed a week-end at Southport or New Brighton once a year. But it was not until nearly two years after the third baby was born that they went to Blackpool for five days. The rush and scurry of it delighted Nell; getting them ready — little Jack who was nearly five, and Ann who was going on three, and baby James.

'Naow, my little beauty,' said Jack, tying the baby's bonnet strings, 'we s'll be off in a minute. Art tha done i' theer, Nell, owd girl?'

''Owd thy 'urry, Jackie boy,' she said. 'Tha's done nowt a' mornin' but run araound lahke a 'en on 'ot bricks, axin me if Ah'm ready yet. We've geet an hour to train tahme.'

They got off at last, with a carriage all to themselves, for it was not yet the height of the holidaying season. Young Jack and Ann pressed their noses to the windowpanes and watched the flying telegraph poles and the signboards that flashed past, turning away from the miracle before them only to reach into the hamper basket for lemon cheese tarts.

Jack had written ahead for rooms. No one going to Blackpool — at least, no one who went from Duke Street and the courts — ever stayed at a hotel. There were scores of boarding houses where the meals were like those served at home, and there was a landlady with her inevitable daughters who looked after the children at night if the grown-ups went to dance in the pavilion on the pier.

No matter where in the years that lay ahead young Jack and Ann were to go, whether to the resorts of France, which was unlikely to the point of impossibility, or to the far-off shores of alluring America, which was more likely, they would never forget Blackpool — playground of the workers of Lancashire, who saved shilling by shilling for the fund that would take them to that magic spot on the shore of the Irish Sea. The sands of Blackpool! There was joy in the very phrase. The pier! The great tower, with its circus and its disappearing floor that let in tons of water for the polo match! The racing donkeys that fled across the ridges of the beach to spill screaming girls into the arms of their sweethearts! In the years to come, Jack and Ann would sigh for the lost glory of that first visit, and if they ever became wise they would know qualms of soft regret because they had had to exchange the inexpressible wonder of childhood for the doubtful advantages of adult years.

On that holiday, Jack courted his wife over again. With the children abed and under the care of the common mother of the boarding house, he took her to see the Pierrots far up on the North Shore. They walked back slowly together along the Promenade, with its rows of lamps that seemed to be there just to light the path for them.

Nell felt that never a woman in all the world had been as happy as she, with a man who loved her, who wanted nothing more than to be at her side, always with the glance of his eyes to tell her she was his life.

VI

It was a big stone and it gave no warning. It fell from the roof of a high stall, and Jack was underneath. The man who reached him first and threw the light of his Davy lamp upon the prostrate figure told Ann Boyd days later that he heard Jack say in a hissing whisper, 'Aay, Nell, darlin' wench, w'at 'ave Ah done to thee naow?'

'Con tha imagine that?' asked the miner of Ann, with wonder in his eyes. 'An' 'im wi' that great mess o' stone lyin' across t' small o' 'is back!'

Jody Duckworth was sent on ahead again.

'But, mon,' he protested to the checkweighman when he reached the top of the pit shaft, 'Ah done this bloody job years agone w'en 'er fayther geet 'urt!'

'All t' more reason w'y tha should do it this tahme. Get a move on thee, or else t' cart'll be theer as soon as thee!'

Jody got a move on, with his black face streaked with sweat and his bow legs sending his clogs rattling over the flags down Duke Street.

They heard him coming at Number 2 Court, heard him rush past the alley-like entrance. Jem Boyd dragged himself on his sticks toward the front door, trying to count Jody's steps down the street.

'Not to aour Nell's, surely to God!' he said aloud, and the veins on his strong neck seemed ready to burst.

Nell was standing just behind her front door, pale, trembling, her heart filling her throat. Jody lifted the knocker. The door swung open.

'Missis,' began Jody, gasping. He was not as young as when he had done that job before.

'Is it my Jack?'

He nodded.

Her good hand gripped the door knob hard. He saw the fingerless stump go to her throat.

'Very bad, Mister Duckworth?' Jody was an old man to her; a contemporary of her father's.

'Naow, lass,' Jody said, 'tha munna tek it so 'ard. 'E's not dead. They're bringin' 'im whoam in t' cart.' He stopped. 'Ah 'ear it naow. Ah'll gi'e thee a 'and to get th' bed ready.'

She rushed about for sheets and blankets to put on the sofa.

'In t' cart,' she moaned. 'In t' cart.'

They brought Jack home with his crushed spine and his splendid vitality. Like Jem Boyd, he could not die then, but he never would walk again, not even on sticks. The doctor told Nell he might live a year with care.

When she went back to him that day, he lay and looked at her with tragic eyes.

'Ah've let thee in for somethin', Nell,' he said, and she stopped his mouth with her hand.

'Tha's looked after me these years we've bin wed,' she said. 'Naow it's my turn.'

She dropped down beside the bed and wound her arms about his neck.

'Jackie boy,' she moaned, her lips on his hair.

Jack clenched his hands in folds of the blanket, and wept at his own helplessness.

The miners' union gave them a wheel chair, and only rain kept them indoors. In sunshine and under gray skies, she wheeled him out, sometimes as far as the foot of Hard Lane.

'It's better for both o' us,' she said. 'We mun get aout together. Jackie's a big lad, naow. 'E con watch th' 'aouse.'

No hands but hers touched him. Many offered, but she would not allow it. He was hers and he would be to the end.

There was a fourth baby, now, and sometimes he would ask her to put the little one at his feet when they went out, forgetful of the added weight for Nell. And then he would say as they trundled slowly down Duke Street: —

'Tha knows, Nell, th' only thing Ah don't lahke abaout this carriage, Ah corn't see thy face. Tha art be'ind me all t' tahme.'

She was glad he could not see her face. People looked at her in pity.

She did not want him to see how she resented that. She wanted none of their pity. He was her man, crippled while he worked for her. Now, she was standing by him. He was hers, whether he walked or not, and she would not have exchanged him for the soundest man alive.

Winter came around and drove them indoors, and spring was on its way when Jack showed signs of weakening.

They both knew, but they would not speak of it. Fiercely she fought back the tears, the sob in her voice, and she talked to him of the summer days that were coming. One Sunday morning when the sun shone she took him to the end of the street, and they watched the fine folk go by on the way to church.

He left her on a blustering April day when the wind whistled down the street and rain slatted against the windowpanes. She watched him go, heard him whisper her name, and saw him sink away into the slough of death.

Her mother came with two neighbors who would wash and lay him out.

'Mother,' she moaned, 'Ah corn't live 'baout 'im.'

'But tha will, lass.'

'Ah corn't, Mother. Th' childer'll niver take 'is place.'

'Ay they will, wench, an' tha'll be glad tha 'as 'um.'

'Oh, Mother, w'y was Ah iver born?'

'An' w'y was Ah, for that matter, lass?'

Gray head and blonde close together, while the neighbors worked in the next room.

'We mun mak' a good job o' it, Sal. Tha knows 'e was all t' world to 'er.'

VII

Ann Boyd died. She had worked on through the long years until Jem, finding he had no more use for them, dropped his sticks and closed his brooding eyes forever. Ann gave up then. Her work was done. She had been born for a purpose: to love and care for a man after the mine had crushed him.

Compensation from the owners for Nell had stopped when Jack died. There was only a little coming in from the union, so she was bequeathed the job at the old parish church.

And there she found Jack.

One day on the middle aisle — she always saved that for the last and started from the front on scrubbing days — she worked back from the minister's pulpit, dragging her bit of sacking that eased her knees and pushing the bucket behind her as she scrubbed off each square. Nell always did two pew-widths at a time.

It was late afternoon. There had been no one at the church all day. It was dim and silent. The gray light of the dying day feebly spilled through the stained-glass windows.

Suddenly the organ began to play. Nell started, and straightened her aching back. She had not seen the organist come in by the side door and quietly ascend to the loft for his practice. He was concealed now, high up above the pulpit.

Nell's gray eyes were wide. She settled back on her heels, and with the back of her unfinished hand she brushed from her face a wisp of gray hair that once had been yellow as a cornflower.

Away up, she saw him, just as clearly as when he used to come in at the door and stand a moment on the threshold.

She did not cry out. She only looked. He was looking down at her, and he was as straight and strong as he was before the stone crushed him.

Forever after, until her children grew up and she died, she would not have given up that job at the old parish church to become first lady in waiting to the Queen.

ACTOR AND AUDIENCE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

We know what an audience sees when the curtain rises, and it looks upon the lighted stage; but what do the actors see in their mind's eye when they look upon the darkened house? We know what the audience hears when it listens to the spoken lines; but what do the actors hear in the heavy silence, the restless movements, the misplaced laughter of the crowd? We know what the audience feels when the drama is unfolded, and scene after scene carries us to the appointed climax; but what do the actors feel when the long dim rows of men and women follow, or fail to follow, the movement of the play?

A vast literature has been written about the stage from the point of view of the critic who speaks for the audience; but very little has been written about the audience from the point of view of the actor who speaks for himself, and that little is seldom of an enlightening character. Yet the audience is the controlling factor in the actor's life. It is practically infallible, since there is no appeal from its verdict. It is a little like a supreme court composed of irresponsible minors.

No people in the world have been more indefatigable than players in writing their reminiscences. They have filled fat volumes with anecdotes and adventures which make good reading, but which fail to clarify the subtle relations between themselves and the public. We listen to what they have had to say from the days of Colley Cibber to the days of George Cohan, and we are vastly entertained; but save for a few words here and there — noticeably from Mr. Arliss — we learn little of what we want to know. The comments of the discontented have naturally a keener edge than have the comments of the complacent, who appear to be immune from misgivings, and who are certainly immune from the subtle vice of self-depreciation. To Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for example, an audience is but another name for an 'ovation.' Her volume is one long record of 'tremendous applause' and 'tumultuous enthusiasm.' Whenever I had the pleasure of seeing this handsome and, on the whole, satisfactory actress, the house was like most American houses, good-natured and uncritical; but there were apparently other nights in other towns when it 'sat breathless,' or burst into 'roars of delight,' and when she herself was 'stupefied' by the fervor of its responsiveness. Compared to such triumphs the successes of her contemporaries are tame and insipid. It is not from Mrs. Patrick Campbell that we shall learn anything of value about that most uncertain of entities, an audience.

Aristotle complained that the Greeks wanted happy endings to their plays. So do Americans. The Greeks seldom got what they desired, being recreated for the most part by dramas which were eminently calculated to lessen the innocent gayety of life. Americans refuse to grant more than a *succès* *d'estime* to any play which is logically and inexorably sad. In this connection it is interesting to note Ellen Terry's assertion that she played Ophelia (a part for which she was ill-fitted) better in Chicago than in any other American city, because the Chicagoans evinced a downright pity — which she sensed — for the unhappy heroine's plight. Also that John Barrymore found the West to be more in sympathy with Galsworthy's merciless drama, *Justice*, than was the Atlantic Coast; and that the sombre beauty of *Peter Ibbetson* made a stronger appeal in Canada than anywhere in the United States. Mr. Barrymore believed that this was because so many young Canadians had perished in the war.

Comments so well considered carry us as far as we are likely to get into the no man's land which lies between the actor and the audience. They are at any rate more helpful than records of ovations and mishaps. Mr. Arliss, a very keen observer, confesses that he found himself confronted by enigmas which he solved with difficulty. He reached the conclusion that the coldness with which *Disraeli* was first received in the States was due to the haziness of historical association in the mind of the average American. Unless he were a Jew he knew uncommonly little about the subject matter of the play; and it was some time before he felt himself sufficiently at home and at ease to enjoy a flawless piece of character acting. In London the trouble lay the other way around. Englishmen remembered too much of their own recent history to relish the liberties taken by the dramatist. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that if the Bank of England had had such a faltering fool for a president, Britain never could or would have controlled the Suez Canal.

Mr. Arliss has real views concerning audiences. He insists that sometimes — though rarely — they have a magnetic quality which stimulates and inspires the actor; and that this quality is most manifest in their silence, 'vibrating as it does with sympathetic interest and understanding.' He goes so far as to admit that an actor becomes occasionally interested in his audience, feels a friendly relationship, and thanks Heaven it has imagination enough to supplement his inadequacies, to help him 'out of many a tight place.' At the same time there is a certain sense of hostility, or at least of battle, in his casual comparison of the average audience to an unfriendly animal: 'Let it see you are afraid of it, and it will snap at you; face it boldly, and it will eat out of your hand.'

This sentiment is probably a survival from the days so robustly described by Mr. Arliss, when, as a young actor, he braved the gallery gods of a cheap theatre on the Surrey side of the Thames; gods who devoured sausages and chipped potatoes and fried fish, the while they expressed their approval, or disapproval, of the entertainment. The popping of corks, as beer and ginger ale flowed down thirsty throats, was so continuous that it failed to disturb either the house or the stage. A hardy race of players those were, in whose vocabulary the word 'temperament' had no place. 'Acting is a bag of tricks,' writes Mr. Arliss with engaging candor; and he learned early in life to put these tricks over. His admission recalls the inspired words of George Cohan when rehearsing a doubtful farce: 'Faster! Faster! Don't give 'em [the audience] a chance to think, or they'll get on to us.'

Ellen Terry, who wrote almost as well as she played, has told us one interesting thing about audiences — that the presence of an actor in the house, an experienced man or woman who applauds with understanding, will not only quicken the intelligence of the denser crowd, but will give confidence to the players on the stage. She had herself felt this subtle influence at work, and she had heard Eleanora Duse say how sweetly and powerfully it had on one occasion affected her.

The frankness of Ellen Terry's narrative, the unhesitating fashion in which she has recorded her failures, which were few, as well as her successes, which were many, is on a par with her generous and discriminating estimate of others. She knew that Booth made a masterly Iago, but that neither he nor Irving could play Othello. She considered that Irving's presentation of *Twelfth Night*, that triumph of artistic staging, was on the whole a bad production, 'dull, heavy and lumpy.' She said of her first American audiences, not that they liked the performance, but that they wanted to like it — a subtle and penetrating distinction.

II

The reaction of an ordinary audience reveals as a rule only the simplest emotions. It is calculated to suggest a houseful of morons easily moved to tears or laughter, hysterical when it is not apathetic, absurd when it is not indifferent. So it was, I fancy, in Shakespeare's day (there is more than one indication of how he felt about it), and so it has been ever since. Madame d'Arblay records her annoyance at the behavior of two young ladies who sat near her during a performance of Home's *Douglas*, and who were so much affected by the hero's tragic death that they 'burst into a loud fit of roaring like little children, and sobbed on afterwards through half the farce.' One of Madame d'Arblay's companions, Miss Weston, complained that they disturbed her more composed distress; but Captain Bouchier was highly amused. 'He went to give them comfort, as if they had been babies, telling them it was all over, and that they need not cry any more.'

Just as uncontrollable as these innocent young things' tears were the terrified shrieks of mature women who sat in the darkness while that 'bag of tricks,' *Dracula*, was being shaken out, — bats instead of rabbits, — straight from the conjurer's hat. They had come prepared to react, and they reacted. Every absurdity of that wantonly absurd play was greeted with gasps and shudders and hysterical laughter, as artificial as was Dracula's mask. This sort of excitability is conspicuous in any audience which anticipates excitement. People who have been promised that they will sup on horrors at the Grand Guignol sit tense with apprehension, responding to every ingenious device, and trying hard to get their money's worth of panic.

A lively writer in the *American Mercury* complained a few years ago that life had gone out of the audience, which used to be part of the show, but which had been reduced to a state of dumb passivity. It was to remedy this inertia that Mr. Christopher Morley opened his theatre in Hoboken, and invited all who came to it to take part in the fun. His experiment was eminently successful. In five months one hundred and fifty thousand people packed themselves into the old Rialto, to see a revival of *After Dark*. They took such an active part in the fun that Mr. Morley was a little more than satisfied. 'There was real creative unity between the actors and the house,' he said. 'It was as though the footlights had vanished.'

This was exhilarating; but with the vanishing footlights there departed also that soothing silence which enabled the less strenuous portion of the audience to hear what was being said upon the stage. Mr. William Faversham was of the opinion that not since Elizabethan times had any houses exhibited such participative instincts; but he did not say that he personally coveted so lively a coöperation. Mr. St. John Ervine confessed himself delighted with the Hoboken experiment, but doubted if it would suit his cynical and melancholy plays. Mr. Morley himself admitted that the spirit of participation was apt to get beyond control. He pleaded humorously with his houses for decency of behavior, asked that no missiles should be thrown, and protested his reluctance to call in the quieting police. Finally, Miss Jane Cowl, an outspoken actress, said plainly and distinctly that the Rialto audiences were an ill-mannered lot, that their 'fun' spelt annoyance to their neighbors and embarrassment to the players, and that the example which they set had a bad effect upon New York theatres. It was her opinion that a 'silently receptive' house was the only one which made good acting possible.

If we turn back a page or two in the history of the American stage, we shall see no great cause to regret the polite apathy of the modern audience. It may not be 'silently receptive,' but it is — except under certain circumstances — silent. The *Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor*, a severe and short-lived Philadelphia monthly which was published a hundred and twenty years ago, gives us to understand that the theatregoers of that day were for the most part a race of ruffians. Men brawled and rioted if they were drunk, and threw apple cores and nutshells at their neighbors. Women of loose character talked loudly and lewdly to their escorts. Wise men who loved the drama well enough to seek it under these discouraging circumstances left their virtuous wives at home, and wore their hats throughout the performance to save their heads from the rubbish which was lightly flung about the house. There was plenty of fun to be had for the taking; but it was at the expense of the players and of the play. Not until the advent of Edwin Forrest and Junius Brutus Booth — robust men both of them, who tolerated no disturbance — were order and quiet permanently restored.

Perhaps England was not far behind the United States in permitting, and even encouraging, the audience to be 'part of the show.' Scott, writing in 1826, says that he went while in London to 'honest Dan Terry's theatre,' the Adelphi. 'There I saw a play called *The Pilot*, taken from an American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased that they attempted a row, which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen of Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night, to support the honor of the British flag.'

Noisy enough these seamen must have been. But they did not racket for the sake of racketing. Some nebulous sentiment of patriotism sustained both ranks of combatants, some dim notion that they were 'carrying on' for their country's honor and their own.

It will be observed that while players do occasionally comment upon the emotions they awaken, the friendly or unfriendly atmosphere they create, they seldom or never allude to any critical estimate formed by their audiences, or expressed by those journalists who are austerely christened dramatic critics. A veteran actor has asked, rather superciliously, if anyone has ever heard an intelligent comment upon a play made by a member of the departing audience. Intelligence is a large order; but if we are content to be amused at such moments, we may have our fill of entertainment. When the curtain fell upon John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, and I was making my way out of the theatre, wondering what principle had dictated the ruthless and arbitrary cutting of the text, a lady in front of me said to her companion: 'What I liked best was that we had the play just as Shakespeare wrote it. There was n't a line left out.' 'Oh, but there was,' said the second lady. 'I waited all evening to hear the queen say, "Out, damned spot!" and she never said it.'

Music-hall specialists, song-and-dance men, popular 'entertainers' in *revues*, establish more intimate relations with their houses than do the players of legitimate drama, who are presumably absorbed in the characters they represent. Now and then the legitimates step out of their parts, to the confusion and dismay of the cast. Forrest once dropped his rôle to tell an indifferent audience that if it did not applaud he could not act. Irving, enraged at the reception of *Twelfth Night* in London, made an unsolicited speech in which he favored his hearers with his candid opinion of their understanding.

On such occasions actor and audience meet on a healthy and human footing; but the atmosphere of the play is irretrievably lost. How could Forrest have returned to the noble sententiousness of *Metamora* after a display of personal vanity? How could Irving have sunk his ill-humor in the fantastic foolishness of Malvolio?

III

It is probable that no man living knows more about audiences than does George Cohan, and no man living has told us less. He has been on familiar terms with them since infancy. He has approached them as actor, manager, song writer, and dramatist. He has fooled them to the top of their bent. He has won them to his mood, whatever that mood might be. He has written plays as quickly as any other man could read them. He has run five companies at once with the same facile unconcern. Talented in many directions, his supreme genius lies in giving a thing a name which carries it straight through. When he called his first song, 'Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?' Fortune, sniggering, took him by the hand, and has never let go. He picked up a play by Arthur Goodrich entitled *How Very American*, Cohanized it into *So This Is London*, and ran it for forty weeks at the Prince of Wales Theatre. There is not a trick in the bag that he cannot handle at sight.

It was to be expected that Mr. Cohan's reminiscences should deal frankly with facts. They are, indeed, as candid as the air. The adventurous thing called life is described with humor and relish. A strong flavor of domesticity pervades the volume, father, mother, sister, and brother appearing and reappearing throughout the narrative. Friends and neighbors and theatrical agents play their parts. The audience only is eliminated. It was evidently something which bought tickets, and which had to be cozened into the belief that it had got its money's worth, and that was all. As for every audience having a character of its own, hateful or lovable as the case may be; as for the 'distinct but invisible chuckle' which heartened Mr. Arliss, the careless cough which depressed him, the *élan*, vital and swift, which flowed like an electric current from the house to make his heart beat faster — such subtleties have no place in Mr. Cohan's amusing and amused regard.

Neither have they in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's (let us give him his full designation), for that distinguished actor, who has written an autobiography as dignified as Mr. Cohan's is graceless, never mentions his audiences save when something unseemly has occurred, or when the house is graced by royalty. He tells a great many stories, but they are about people in high life (we keep genteel society in this volume); and on the last page he makes the astonishing admission that he was never meant for an actor, and never liked to act. He went through his part every night, longing for the curtain's final descent. No wonder his house — save as a paying proposition — failed to interest him. Yet this was the man who played *Hamlet* with such profound intelligence, and whose Cæsar in Shaw's masterpiece was a thing to be remembered for a lifetime. And this was the man to whom was vouchsafed the most amusing experience which theatrical gossip has to tell. It was at a London performance of *The Profligate*, and the first act was well under way, when from the stalls a voice plaintive and inebriated cried out in uttermost despair: 'My God, I've seen this play before!'

Mr. Roland Young, a very charming actor, took sufficient cognizance of his audiences to accuse them of every conceivable misdeed. They came late, they missed the best jokes, they invariably laughed at the wrong time. A New Year's Eve audience was his particular detestation; and it is interesting to note that on this point most players have agreed with him. Perhaps theatregoers are prone to eat and drink too much on this merry night, and so unfit themselves for intelligent listening; perhaps they are demoralized by the absurd and unauthorized price they have to pay for their tickets; perhaps men and women who pay this price because it *is* New Year's Eve are necessarily lacking in mentality; for one or for all of these reasons the holiday which enriches the managers yields little satisfaction to the stage.

The worst, or at least the most distressing, misconduct on the part of an average audience is untimely laughter. Henry James maintained that only English-speaking people were capable of this *bêtise*. The French were too intelligent to blunder grossly, the Italians too sympathetic, the Germans too well informed. He confessed that he never took a foreigner to a serious play in London without a feeling of shame at the tittering he heard on every side. He instanced that grim drama, *Rutherford and Son*, as a case in point. A portion of the house seemed to find it funny, and laughed throughout with cheerful misconception. On the other hand, be it remembered that a London audience, harassed beyond endurance by the persistent giggling of two women during a performance of *Hedda Gabler*, hissed the offenders so furiously that they fled frightened from the theatre.

When St. John Ervine's play, *John Ferguson*, was given in Philadelphia, it was received with laughter. Now I am aware that a very able writer has denied in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* the existence of modern tragedy. Nevertheless *John Ferguson* is an unrelenting study of all that life holds of tragic. Not for a moment is there a ray of hope or a release from pain. It was said that women laughed from sheer nervous tension, and this was in a measure true. But they laughed principally because one of the characters was an idiot, and they considered that all remarks made by an idiot are necessarily laughable. That his uncanny prescience deepened the horror of the situation was not apparent to their minds. Miss Helen Freeman, who took the part of Hannah Ferguson, was asked how she and the rest of the cast bore this incredible lack of understanding. She said that at first they felt they could not go on with their parts; but that they had steeled themselves to concentrate their minds upon the stage, and to forget the people in front of them. In other words, the audience which stood responsible for the success of the play, and which should have been vividly present as an incentive to the players, had become a bugbear to be ignored, and, so far as it was possible, forgotten.

IV

If this can be the case when actors and audience speak the same tongue, and there is no material barrier between them, it must be a strange and discouraging experience for a foreigner to confront a houseful of people to whose mentality he has no clue, and of whose comprehension he has no assurance. We still hear the echo of Rachel's bewilderment when she played in New York in 1855, that being the first time that the French language had been heard on an American stage. The drama was Corneille's *Horace*, and a translation had been printed in a thin pamphlet for the use of theatregoers, who did not then sit in profound darkness. The rustling of paper as hundreds of women turned their pages at the same moment (such men as were awake being content to understand nothing) made a sound which the veteran actor, Léon Beauvallet, compared to the sudden beating of rain against a window. Rachel, at all times nervous and irritable, was driven frantic by this monotonous and recurrent sound, and even Beauvallet confessed that he preferred the somnolent silence of the male. In fact, he had for it the Frenchman's true understanding and sympathy. In his memoirs we find the first authentic notice of that great American institution, the tired business man. 'Men who have worked hard all day,' he observed, 'do not seem entertained by French Alexandrines. If they shut themselves up in a theatre, they want gay, light plays which divert them, and distract their minds. I am far from reproaching them for their choice.'

If the foreign actor has a difficult part to sustain, the American who goes to hear a French or Italian play has troubles of his own. His one chance of enjoyment is to sit in the centre of a large and empty box, far from the madding crowd of women who are freely translating to one another in the stalls. Invariably the cultivated person who understands, or who thinks she understands, French is accompanied by one who knows she does n't; and the whispered explanations make a sibilant undertone more disturbing, if such a thing were possible, than the rustle of paper. This appears to have been a pleasant old custom, for Mr. Pepys tells us that he went to see a tragedy called *The Cardinal*, and, with his customary adroitness, managed to slip into a private box next to the king's. It was already occupied by several French gentlemen who did not understand what was being spoken on the stage; so, at their earnest entreaty, a lady undertook to tell them what the play was about. They were lively, she was solicitous, and the translating made 'good sport' — at least for the box. How the rest of the house felt about it was a matter of indifference to Mr. Pepys. He admits that he could hear little that the players said; but as the piece was 'no great thing,' he did not mind losing it. The lady and the French gentlemen were, on the whole, more entertaining.

The theatregoers of our day would rather hear an inferior play than hear their neighbors' conversation. On this point they and the actors are in accord, though neither can compel a civilized silence in the house. Even musicians are only partially successful, with the exception of Dr. Leopold Stokowski, who has his Philadelphia audiences under such good control that they hardly dare to breathe. They sit motionless as cataleptics, would strangle rather than cough, and regard a sneeze as impious sacrilege. When a symphony is concluded they have permission, grudgingly given, to applaud. Stokowski does not hold with this boisterous clapping of hands, nor does he consider it a fitting recognition of music; but he has conceded the point out of generous sympathy with his orchestra, which likes a tribute to its worth.

The 'full and understanding auditory,' which has been the desire of the actor's heart from Shakespeare's time to our own, is a boon seldom vouchsafed. The house is often full and sometimes understanding, but only on rare and happy nights is it both. Weird enthusiasms incite the drama-loving world, and dull incomprehension misleads it. Neither of these eventualities can be foreseen. The producer who keeps his finger on the public pulse is aware that his diagnosis is fallible. He stands ready to administer a merry or a dismal, a bawdy or a 'sweet pure little' play, and he does not know which will avail. The dramatist is inured to surprises. The actor plays his part in doubt and bewilderment. On the one hand, we hear Ellen Terry wondering why it was that British matrons of high estate — among them Princess Mary of Teck — would take their daughters to hear Gounod's *Faust*, but would not take them to see Goethe's *Faust*. On the other hand, we hear John Barrymore voicing a mild amazement that Americans, who had spells of virtuous recoil, 'did not seem to mind' the obvious fact that *The Jest*, which ran so successfully, 'was like a bullfight in a brothel.'

To such enigmas the long rows of men and women sitting on uncomfortable seats in the darkness can offer no solution.

THE FATHER OF EARTH

If once a wandering star
  Dwelt, as our seers teach,
Trillions of miles afar
  And moved within our reach,

If as it neared it drew
  Planets from out the sun
By that force Newton knew,
  Worlds of which we are one,

And went alone away;
  Then should we not search Space,
Ardent as those that pray,
  For any fading trace

Of that great traveler
  But for whose journeying
There'd be no buds to stir
  Through any soil in Spring,

No birds to sing and mate,
  No leaves to welcome light,
No one to question Fate
  Mute in the deeps of Night.

THE WIDER LANDS

There's a mist far away in an arc,
  But the dimness draws nearer;
Already far fields are gone dark
  And all vistas are drearer.

Closer in, closer in draw the fields
  That our sight can discover;
Now the last of the evening yields
  And to darkness goes over;

And the things that the mind understands,
  And whose secrets we plunder,
Are gone, and unlimited lands
  Lie wide for our wonder.

Lord Dunsany

JONES, HIS MACHINES

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

'And what,' says Mrs. Smith, turning to her dinner guest on the right, 'would you say, Mr. Jones, is the outlook for Love in the Machine Age?'

Poor Mr. Jones, thus abruptly summoned from the lady on his other side and the subject of Havana in February, does what nearly all of us do in similar crises. Hard-beset folk whom you suddenly invite to express an opinion on the place of bacon and eggs in a well-balanced diet are apt to say, 'Well, er, just what do you mean by bacon and eggs, Mrs. Smith?' Or, invited without due warning to state whether they prefer the early hours of morning in the country to the peace that comes with the sunset, they may say, 'But just what do you mean by a sunset?'

So in the present case Jones, thinking fast, says, 'It depends on just what you mean by the Machine Age, Mrs. Smith.'

'Why,' says his hostess, and pauses just a moment to gather her ideas. She is a woman of intelligence, of wide reading and retentive memory, and given to thinking on what she has read and heard.

'The Machine Age?' she says. 'Can we get away from it anywhere, Mr. Jones? In the adjacent room is the radio to which you listened only a little while ago, and you made a point of comparing the reception with the tone of our old mechanical piano for which we still have a liking, and the graphophone. In the kitchen, if you will take my word for it, we have our electro-pneumatic refrigerator, and the electric stove, and a variety of electric coffee-pots, stewpans, chafing dishes, and toasters. Not far away is the vacuum cleaner which will pick up the bread crumbs that you are now dropping on the carpet, and near by is the laundry machine which will take care of the tablecloth on which you have let fall just a trace of the cranberry sauce; and the electric pressing irons. And of course you must not let me forget the dishwashing machine. Scattered through other rooms of our simple apartment, Mr. Jones, there must be an odd dozen of miscellaneous machines: electric curling irons, and a couple of electric pads which in certain contingencies are preferable to the old hot-water bottle, two lamps for baking my rheumatism, a clock that runs by electricity — My dear Mr. Jones, what do I mean by the Machine Age!'

Being under no compulsion, like Jones, to give attention to a hostess and simultaneously to improvise an opinion and an attitude on Love in the Machine Age, let us snatch just half a minute to frame for ourselves a brief definition of the essential terms in the problem which Mrs. Smith has raised. It is really only one term, since a definition of Love is either unnecessary or else beyond us in the very brief time at our disposal. But what is a machine? Well, shall we say that a machine is an inanimate tool? It is a something built out of any kind of raw material other than living protoplasm, and composed of levers, wheels, pulleys, poles, aerials, wires, magnetos, fields of force, and so on. A machine has two essential traits. It is lifeless, — as when a man says indignantly, 'Do you think I am a man or a machine?' — and it is a tool. A machine may have any kind of spark except the vital spark, and it must perform a useful function. As to a Machine Age, it is presumably an age which is rich in machines, or rejoices in machines, or is dominated by machines, or all three together.

Now when Mrs. Smith speaks of Love in the Machine Age, or for that matter of almost anything else in the Machine Age, the chances are that she is thinking of the lifelessness, of the non-humanity of the machine, rather than of its instrumentalism. Her main interest is in a something that operates without consciousness, rather than in the specific nature of the operation or of the product. And what Mrs. Smith means by machines and Machine Ages, most of the books that she has read on the subject mean; and what she has overlooked or failed sufficiently to analyze, a good many books on the subject have overlooked or failed to take into account.

Thus, perhaps four fifths of Mrs. Smith's machines, reckoned by money investment and the rôle which they play in her life, are not machines at all. They are mechanical contrivances, but they are not tools. She does not use them to produce things, but only satisfactions. They are not a means to an end, but an end in themselves. They are not producers' goods, as the economists call tools and raw materials; they are consumers' goods, as the economists call things ready to be enjoyed.

Let us take another look around Mrs. Smith's apartment, and count the real machines and the things that only look like machines. You will find that the lady is not living in a Machine Age to anything like the extent she believes. The vacuum cleaner is a machine, because it is a tool for cleaning carpets; but the radio is not a machine, because it is not a tool — it is only a satisfaction, like a violin. The washing machine is a machine, because it is a tool; but the pianola is not a machine, because it is not a tool any more than a tenor voice is a tool. The electric iron, toaster, coffeepot, and rheumatism pad are machines, because they are tools. But the graphophone is not a machine, for all its humming and buzzing and whirring; it is no more a tool than Rosa Ponselle is a tool. The electric light, summary and symbol of the Machine Age, is perhaps 10 per cent tool; the rest is joy and amusement. Yes, this electric light, shield and blazon of a mechanical civilization which pushes buttons and throws switches, is, in our homes, not a machine; it is a commodity. The telephone — what shall we say of the telephone? It is a machine for Mrs. Smith's husband down town, where he employs it as a tool in his business, as a substitute for secretaries' fingers and messengers' legs. The telephone is a machine — that is to say, a tool — in Mrs. Smith's apartment when she employs it to call up the grocer and the butcher and the doctor. But it is not a machine during half of Mrs. Smith's day, in her prolonged talks with her friends. The telephone then performs nothing useful. It is a recreation, a plaything.

After dinner Mrs. Smith is taking Mr. Jones and the others to that new Russian film in which the bourgeoisie turns out to be even worse than Mr. Stalin ever suspected. The trip is made in the two-thousand-dollar family car driven by Mr. Smith, and it lasts just long enough to permit the following observations.

When people speak of the Machine Age we may take it for granted that nine times out of ten they are thinking of the automobile and the moving pictures. How can it be otherwise? The turbines which grind out kilowatts for light, heat, and power are tucked away somewhere on the edge of the city where perhaps one consumer in ten thousand sees them. The machines which make steel girders for skyscrapers are off somewhere in Pittsburgh and Birmingham, where possibly one in every ten thousand American rent payers ever sees them. The machines that make shirtings and coatings and carpetings; the machines that make breakfast food and cook meats and vegetables, and seal them into cans; the machines that weld bathtubs and paint linoleum — these machines the average man seldom sees. The famous machine known as the Railroad the average man does see and hear, even though long acquaintance has dulled him to its presence. And in the city he knows the machines of Rapid Transit which snatch him up and carry him away in a storm of speed and glare and noise and heat and utter helplessness. But even the railroad, even the subway, hold a poor second place among the furnishings of the Machine Age. The thing that makes and marks the Machine Age is *the* Machine — the Car, the Automobile.

For three quarters of a century we had the railroad, for a century and a half the steam engine, and people were greatly concerned over the effects of machines and the future of machines. But only with the automobile did the Machine Age arrive for us, simply because it surrounded us with Machines. The automobile is in every rod of street and highway, moving, parking, congesting, flaring, back-firing, green-lighting, red-lighting, right-turning, left-turning, no-turning on red light, slaying forty thousand people a year, elbowing its way into the family budget ahead of food and drink, elbowing its way to the forefront of the conscious thought of the nation, recasting the morals of the nation, redistributing its population, reshaping its industrial structure, giving its name to an epoch, — the Age of the Automobile, — becoming for the outside world the very symbol of America: this machine called the Automobile, together with that other machine called the Movie.

Only — the automobile and the moving pictures are not machines. They are mechanical, but they are not tools. The moving picture is never a tool. The automobile is a tool when it becomes a taxi or a truck. But for the great majority of the people, and in the mass effect, it is not the taxi and the truck that count; it is the pleasure car. The automobile that dominates a nation's thoughts is not a tool, but an end in itself. It is a toy. It is the hugest, costliest, most absorbing plaything that a nation ever treated itself to. It comes in useful, of course, but it is not bought for utility. It is bought for that rare enjoyment which in history has been reserved for the privileged few — the command of speed and space. It is bought for the purpose of enabling millions of Americans to burn up expensive concrete roads with high-taxed gasoline. The American automobile is a luxury. In the sense of being a tool, a device for producing or doing something useful, the average American's automobile is no more a tool than the rich American's polo pony is a tool.

This insistence on the distinction between machines that are tools and machines that are not tools will not, I trust, impress the reader as superrefined dialectic or pedantry. To stress the fact that the automobile is most often not a tool but a plaything is not logic-chopping, since the distinction leads to a profound difference in our view of the American people to-day. It obviously is of vital importance for our picture of American civilization whether 25,000,000 automobiles mean production or consumption, mean toil or recreation, enslavement or leisure, shoulders bent under the yoke or shoulders bent over a reluctant spark plug. It is a point which we shall be compelled to take up again after a brief return to Mrs. Smith, whom we shall not even bother to remind, lest we become tedious, that the 'machines' by which she finds herself surrounded in apartment and garage represent an investment of perhaps six hundred dollars in real machines and four thousand dollars in machines that are playthings, — radio, mechanical piano, graphophone, automobile, — that is to say, not machines.

II

When Mrs. Smith addresses herself to Mr. Jones for a statement on Love in the Machine Age she is likely to transgress against exact thinking in more ways than one. We have seen that a machine is an inanimate tool. And we have seen that people very frequently apply the term 'machine' to things that are not tools. But of greater ultimate significance is the habit of applying the term 'machine' to human beings.

In speaking of Love in the Machine Age, or Parenthood or Art or Literature or Marriage in the Machine Age, Mrs. Smith, together with most of the authors she has read on the Machine Age, is apt to slide into one of those easy and frequently unperceived transitions which so utterly transform the meaning of words and of things. Mrs. Smith, quite unconscious of how it happened, finds herself no longer thinking of the Machine Age as an era in which men use a great many machines. She is thinking of it as an age in which men have themselves become machines.

When Mrs. Smith wonders if romantic love is possible in a Machine Age, she is almost asking Mr. Jones what he thinks are the chances of romantic love ever inflaming the heart of a steam shovel or a thermostat. When she speaks of marriage in the Machine Age, she is almost thinking of the institution of wedlock as it flourishes among electric refrigerators. When she raises the question of the family in the Machine Age, almost she is asking what form the family will assume when compressed-air hammers mate with internal-combustion engines and produce offspring in the form of, let us say, sturdy oxyacetylene torches and beautiful streamline electric bread toasters. When Mrs. Smith and her authors and most of us say Machine Age, we are most often thinking of an age out of which sentient human existence has vanished, leaving only push buttons and wheels.

This is the celebrated idea of the Robot contributed by the Bohemian dramatist Čapek to the cause of loose thinking in the world. The author of *R.U.R.* did not himself think loosely. He set out to write an anti-capitalist satire. When he pictured Science inventing the all-metal Robot as an incomparably more efficient substitute for the human worker, Čapek was assailing an economic system in which the individual worker, as he saw the matter, was only a tool in the hands of the employers and rulers of society. He assailed a social scheme in which individual man served his purpose best when he was completely dehumanized by being reduced to a single mechanical function. The Czech playwright indicted a particular form of economic organization which robbed the ordinary man of his human initiative, his freedom, his human worth and dignity. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he indicted, not an economic system, but a political system. He assailed the idea of the omnipotent State which, as we see now under Communism even more than under Capitalism, dehumanizes its citizens in the interest of a final purpose, which essentially makes man into a tool for the creation of a particular product.

That cry of indignation in the Robot play was directed against the tyranny of men over men and not the tyranny of technology over men. But what most of us have done is to accept the Robot in the latter sense. We have come to feel that because of the multiplication of machines to-day men are actually turning into machines. In a Machine Age the iron is supposed to be actually entering into men's souls, turning human beings first, presumably, into semi-ferrous products, and ultimately, I suppose, into something completely metallic. Forgetting the climax of the Čapek fable, which is not of men becoming iron Robots, but of the iron Robots becoming men, we find ourselves haunted by the dread of men turning into things of steel and chromium and manganese, their hearts into leather bellows, their thoughts into radio waves.

Obviously there is a very real problem in this question of Love in the Machine Age, and I am not denying that there are times when hostesses at dinner and authors at their desks grapple with that real problem. Love, Marriage, and the Family are bound to evolve with the evolution of machines. Love is apt to differ, though not in essentials, when the scene is a mediæval Balkan village and when it is 1931 New York. Marriage obviously is not quite the same institution when the husband drives the plough and the wife spins the flax as when the husband takes a flying machine to San Francisco on business and the wife takes the subway to her own arts and crafts studio-salesrooms near the Grand Central Terminal. The Family has obviously felt the impact of the machines which bake the bread somewhere twenty-five miles away and wash the linen perhaps a hundred and fifty miles away, and so provide the wife and mother with the leisure either for studying law or for bridge.

But these changes, more or less profound, wrought by the machines in the structure of society are not the things that people have in mind when they contemplate the horrors of life in a completely mechanized America. Foreigners and native sons alike speak of that American future as of a frozen existence. The landscape of American life is a lunar one. Human machines move about the scene, but without the capacity for love or laughter, and without freedom. They are men and women in whom organs and dimensions have attained or are approaching the inorganic condition of wheels, levers, pulleys, dynamos, currents, resistances. Is a machine capable of loving? Is a machine free to love? A machine may be more powerful than an army with banners, but it is never free. A thousand horsepower is under the compulsion to punch 14,567 round holes of 2.3 millimetres in diameter through 43 inches of steel in 51 seconds. Never is it within the power of that thousand horsepower to add just one hole so as to make the number 14,568, or to make the diameter 2.3015 millimetres or the time 51½ seconds.

This is what troubles Mrs. Smith's soul when she thinks of Love in a Machine Age, and what has troubled the souls of many good men when they think of America in the Machine Age. They are all under the terror of the Robot. They see machines doing something much more than making themselves the masters of men, as indeed they sometimes become. They see machines transforming mankind into machines after their own image — which the machine never does. Because the business of wheat growing is becoming mechanized we assume that the grower and the eater of the wheat are being transformed into machines; but this is not so. Because clothes are washed by machines in the laundry we assume that the girls who manipulate them are in danger of becoming mechanized: yes, this young laundry worker on an eight-hour schedule is a Robot when compared with the pre-industrial laundress who was also the pre-industrial cook, baker, seamstress, wife, and mother, operating on a sixteen-hour schedule.

Because, in short, America is so preeminently of the Machine Age, with ever so many more machines per capita than the rest of the world, it follows that American life has already gone far toward becoming, and in time must completely become, one vast mechanical action. Life in America will become inanimate, automatic, and, what is the same as automatic, unfree. Life in America will be one vast complex of machinery punching 14,567 holes of 2.3 millimetres in diameter through 43 inches of steel in 51 seconds — never more, never less, never thinking, never feeling, never purposing, never seeking, never wearying, never experimenting, but only and eternally moving up and down, up and down; up, down; up, down; up . . .

III

This is what is feared for America in the Machine Age; and this future is foreseen for a people that above all others denies, in its temper and its behavior, the essential definitions of the mechanical. We invoke a future of Robotism for a people essentially febrile, emotional, restless, impatient, foot-loose, free. We are speaking of a people that has been in motion for three hundred years and is still in motion. It is a pioneer people that continues to discover new frontiers when it has conquered the old ones. When the Pacific Ocean is reached and the free land is gone, it refuses to abide by the textbooks; it finds a new frontier in the oil of Kansas-Oklahoma-Texas, and another frontier in the sunshine and movies of Hollywood, and another in the automobiles of Detroit. We are predicting mechanization and fossilization for a people that tears down its skyscrapers every fifteen years and rebuilds its towns every twenty-five years. We are speaking of a people that has developed, beyond any other, a genius for discovering and surmounting new social frontiers; so that after the conquest of the Mississippi Valley, and the Far West, and the Coast, and the Northwest, and Florida-California, and Oklahoma-Detroit, the march goes on vertically — by the millions to the high-school frontier; by the hundreds of thousands to the college frontier; to the symphony-orchestra frontier, the Tourist Third Cabin frontier. . . .

The vital point about the American and his machines escapes us. It is this: in the very intensity with which he invents machines the American asserts his unmechanical, febrile, restless, searching nature. He is always inventing in order to do things differently. Of course he wants to do things more quickly, more cheaply, more quietly, more smoothly, more elegantly, but the compelling motive is to do things differently. He is always trying to increase the 14,567 holes and the 2.3 millimetres and the 43 inches of thickness, and reduce the 51 seconds. Far from being the slave of a machine rhythm, — of the unchanging up, down; up, down; up, down, — he refuses to accept the routine oscillation; he accelerates it, he alters it, he shock-absorbs it, he gives it a six-coat finish.

He is the eternal tinkerer, the engineer, the machinist, but not the machine. He is the man above all others who refuses to build his machines or his houses or his business offices for eternity, as the foolish English manufacturers do, or the Italian peasants. He builds deliberately with the design that it shall all be changed in another five, ten, twenty years.

Americans who dread the effects of the Machine Age, and Europeans who shudder over the 'Americanization of Europe,' are the terrorized victims of a theory. When they see on this continent the reduction of the free, spontaneous life to the clamp and vise and gear of the machine, they see things *a priori*. They see life in America becoming what the machine ought to make it. They do not stop to inquire what American life in this Machine Age has actually become. They do not ask whether America's Machine Age may not really be more spontaneous, more unpredictable, more innovating, more experimental than life in the most machineless corner of the Balkans, or south of the Yangtze River.

The Yangtze River! Let us turn to Mrs. Smith — by a miracle of time-space Relativity she is now back in her place at the head of her dinner table — and ask whether she would mind subjecting her guests to a simple little experiment. Would Mrs. Smith mind asking her guests each to try to think of a machine at work, — up, down; up, down; up, down, — and then state what specific picture is evoked in his or her mind? Mrs. Smith would be only too delighted to put the question, and she is sure the others would love to do their part. Thank you very much, Mrs. Smith; you are so kind.

The question is put and the answers flash up rapidly around the table. Jones says he is thinking of the Ford conveyor belt where men spend the working day and their working life giving a half-twist to bolt number 345. The lady on Jones's right says she can't help thinking of Gastonia, where young girls spend ten hours a day feeding the spindles in a daze that is surely automatic. One gentleman says he may be old-fashioned, but he still thinks of Mrs. Browning's 'Do ye hear the children weeping?' His daughter, who has been on a world tour, thinks of the little girls she saw — a rather serious-minded tourist she must have been — in the cotton mills of Osaka and Shanghai and Bombay. Obviously there can be no quarreling with these answers.

But there is one guest present,— well, what is the use of beating about the bush?— the writer of these lines, as he tries to summon to his mind the perfect symbol for what is fixed, monotonous, unfree, mechanical, finds himself thinking, not of machines in factories, but of human beings in rice fields. This eternal up, down; up, down; up, down; never changing, never swerving, first this thing, then that thing, then this thing, then that thing, from day to day and year to year — what is this but the eternal peasant motion of history?

To the young girls in the Gastonia mills the factory life is, in the great majority of cases, an escape from monotony to excitement, from domestic confinement into the free life. The girl operatives in Shanghai are part of the new hope in China, and the girl mill hands of Bombay are part of the force behind Gandhi. They connote life and growth. But the bent back and bowed shoulders and slow arm swing of ten thousand years of European peasantry, the squat and crouch of twenty thousand years of Asiatic tillage — there you have the closest approach to the thing that good Mrs. Smith fears when she sees men turning into machines. Steam and electricity will never turn men into machines to the degree that 200,000,000 Chinese coolies are machines from before sunrise to long after sunset. The perfect type of the 'mechanical' motion, the lifeless motion, is in the ploughman; it is he who homeward plods his weary way. From the beginning of history the lively, foot-loose, free people have been in the cities; the city mob gets its name from its mobility. The countryside produces its clodhopper. Let us not be too greatly afraid, therefore, of our machines dehumanizing mankind into their own shape. Laboring mankind is really nearest to a machine in the peasant routine, when furrow comes after furrow, and sheaf after sheaf, and chore after chore, and one day after another, and the years, and the centuries, without change and without movement — as among the people of the Yangtze and the Ganges, whom the Machine Age has not touched.

IV

Compare with the fixity of the world's non-machined peasant masses the obvious facts of the American tempo. Febrile, impulsive, experimental, crusading, censoring, prohibiting, nullifying, bootlegging, riding the surf of fortune with a fierce zest in its crests and troughs, amending, concurring, repealing, reducing four-year terms to two-year terms, expanding two-year terms to four-year terms, electing, appointing, recalling, scaling heaven by so many ladders, by anti-trust laws, by pro-trust laws, by mayors, by city managers, by city commissions, by municipal ownership, by municipal operation, by regulation, by farm boards, by tariffs, by tariff commissions, by Greenbackism in 1874, by Bryanism in 1896, by Brookhartism in 1930 — if this is what the Machine Age has done to mechanize the American people, why is Mrs. Smith so badly worried? She thinks of the machine which punches 14,567 holes of 2.3 millimetres diameter in 51 seconds, on and on into eternity, or as long as steel and lubricant will endure, and she fears that fate for the American who never does the same thing for any length of time, whose very nature it is always to live in feast or in famine, always to do things with all his might, to hit the line hard, to do things up brown — and you never quite know where you have him. He is Puck, but Mrs. Smith and her favorite authors in sociology have got into the habit of regarding him as a Robot.

Forty years ago a non-native author saw the American in a quite different light, saw him as one who 'turns a keen untroubled face home, to the instant need of things.' To this foreign observer the American, far from being a machine, was a man perpetually on the alert. He is that still. He is not only essentially unmechanical in his restlessness and his foot-looseness, he is not even to be thought of as a man who is primarily absorbed by the business of the machine. Primarily his machines are playthings. This is literally true, as I hope I have shown, of so many of his machines which are designedly toys — his automobiles, radios, films, graphophones, airplanes, and soon television, no doubt. But it is true even of the American's approach to the machines that are unmistakably tools — his power hammers and cranes and conveyors and giant shears and drills. Their primary appeal to him is not as tools but as novelties, as ends in themselves. They are esteemed greatly for the greater quantities of goods they can produce and the greater sums of money they can make, but more they are esteemed because they are a newer, cleverer way of doing things. They are different.

The next time you see a male American in the barber's chair, having the back of his neck clipped by electric scissors, the scanty fuzz on the top of his head massaged by an electric vibrator, the stray hairs on his white sheet of penance sucked up by a miniature vacuum machine, the hot towel for his face cooking in a bright nickel electric oven, the skin on his face bathed by a violet-ray machine, the polish on his shoes dried by an electric drier — when you see all these things don't feel too unhappy and say, 'Here is a man fast on the way toward being himself transformed into a machine.' He is not. He is not even a man primarily concerned with a better way of having his hair trimmed, his towel boiled, his shoes dried, his trousers brushed. Essentially he is a child taking delight in the hum and buzz and glint and click of a lot of electric toys. He adores playing with them, and to save his self-respect and ward off comment he finds some use for them and calls them machines. But what he loves is not the use, but the buzz.

(*In October, 'Jones, His Opinions and His Politics'*)

HIS OWN MEDICINE

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

Mohammed Zain, his dark Arab eyes rolling in their sockets, rushed breathlessly to my chair. He was all in a flutter. '*Gramus! Gramus, effendi!*' (Buffalo! Buffalo, sir!)

From his excitement I supposed that a buffalo had chased him into camp. Sudan buffaloes are not above such pranks. A young bull had sent Abdullahi scurrying for home a week before, and Abdullahi had won the race only by a few inches of flapping loin cloth that trailed behind in the breeze like a desperate flag of truce. So I seized the big gun and followed Mohammed through the brush.

Everyone in camp trailed behind to see the fun — Mohammed Ali, Abdullahi, Osman, Haroun, and even dignified old Arabi.

We arrived at the river bank, and Mohammed Zain pointed across the narrow Rahad. A buffalo bull stood on the opposite bank, fifty yards away, with his feet in the water, and glared at us. The curve of his heavy horns reflected the bright sunlight in flashing bands. He was 'on the fight.' Flies and ticks bothered him and he would have liked nothing better than a chance to take it out on human flesh and bone.

I made no move to shoot and Mohammed Zain urged eagerly, '*Banduk, effendi!*' (The gun, sir!) But I held the gun down and said, '*Mushouse.*' (I do not want him.)

The buffalo continued to glare. He stamped a front foot and water splashed over his shoulders. He shook his head threateningly and a deep rumble came from his chest. He was in no mood to have his daily drink interrupted by a pack of half-naked Arabs and a white man in a battered sun helmet — a white man who looked like a tramp in 'shorts' torn by thorns and raveled with age, and a tattered upper garment that had once been a shirt. Lions were the only living things he respected; but the water flowed between us, and he was uncertain of its depth.

I sat down in the shade of a bush to watch him more comfortably in that intense heat while the men, eager for blood as always, chattered in Arabic among themselves. I caught a few phrases: 'What seems to be wrong with the Effendi? Here is a perfectly good buffalo with the safety of a river between us. This is a rare and unusual set-up with no chance for a charge. Why does the Effendi refuse to shoot?'

Natives are not sportsmen, and to give a dangerous animal a chance is beyond their comprehension. They peered at me curiously in side glances and old Arabi came forward on hands and knees and patted the gunstock lovingly. 'It is a good gun, is it not? It will kill the buffalo oh so dead, will it not?' The remark was most insinuating and suggestive.

It was n't meat they wanted. The carcass of a freshly killed reedbuck hung in camp with mosquito net around it to keep off the flies — better meat by far than that of a tough buffalo. But they were afraid of buffalo and would have watched with savage delight that tick-infested bulk crash to earth. However, I had not traveled many weary weeks by camel south from Khartoum to kill buffalo or to please Arabs, and I had no intention of supporting a host of hyenas and vultures in idleness and luxury.

Abdullahi's imagination began to work. He pleaded, 'Effendi! This is the very buffalo that chased me into camp that other day. I know him. He is a bad one.' That was a brilliant touch for a native, one of Abdullahi's few inspired utterances. But it did no good. The chances were a hundred to one that this was not his enemy of last week, and what if it were? I was not out for buffalo and I repeated, 'No. I do not want him.'

The buffalo soon decided that it was poor headwork to trifle with his luck too far. He wheeled and trotted across the strip of sand to the dense brush and stopped for a last look — that final glance of curiosity that so often proves fatal for game animals. But I did not shoot, and he plunged from sight in the bush.

II

A few days later, when the meat of the reedbuck had gone to line dusky ribs, Osman, the cook, came to me while the men were packing the camels. He told a long story, talking all around the point in the usual native way. I listened patiently. He had carefully thought out what he intended to say, and if I should interrupt he would merely start over at the beginning. It was a long and flowery speech; after salaams and well-wishes for my health in this world and the next had been eliminated, after childish allusions to my cunning and wisdom 'which none would dare to dispute' had been disregarded, his tale boiled down to the simple fact that we were out of meat. Byron's short couplet would have told the story as well: —

Man is a carnivorous production
And cannot live, as woodcocks do, on suction.

Osman finished with a flourish: 'Will the Effendi, the favored of Allah, kindly condescend to direct the death-dealing rifle, the heavy gun that makes even the lion shiver in his tracks, against the tender ribs of some meat-animal during the day's march, that we may eat and grow strong?'

'*Aywah*' (All right), I said, and mounted the bull riding camel, for the caravan was packed and ready to move.

A swaying camel saddle is an excellent lookout station. The beast moves deliberately and you pay little attention to guiding him. He follows the animal or man ahead steadily on the march, and he is afraid of nothing. The trail may be no more than a series of great round holes beneath trampled grass — the footprints of elephants made in the rainy season, a yard across and two or three feet deep. But your camel will never fall and you can watch the surrounding country without interruption.

Just before noon I saw, from my swaying station aloft, three water bucks in the open timber some four hundred yards ahead. Two were bulls and the third a doe. Down went the camel to his knees at a sharp crack of the stick upon his front legs. When I arrived on foot within two hundred yards of the water bucks, by keeping trees and brush in line, the bulls were fighting furiously — rapping horns, backing and charging, thrusting and recovering like the skilled fencers they are.

It was the usual fight for the female, and she, blasé lady, appeared to be without the slightest interest in the outcome. She nibbled a sprig from a bush, glanced behind, walked a few steps, cocked an eye at the branches of a thorn tree above, and brushed a fly from her pretty flank with a graceful motion of the head. She did everything but show interest in the wilderness knights so gallantly shivering lances in her behalf.

In one of her preoccupied, dreamy glances, however, she saw the camels of the caravan standing in the distance. Instantly she was all eyes and ears. Trotting forward with head held high and dainty, mincing steps, she came within fifty yards of the thorn tree that hid my body. There she stopped, craning her neck and doing her best to figure out what those gray beasts were. While she stood there nervous and uncertain, the gladiator swains still rapped horns and pushed and shoved each other, apparently enjoying the battle too much to notice that she had moved off.

The doe made up her mind that no good could be expected from such ungainly beasts as a string of pack camels, and she gave a series of short, stiff-legged jumps. This was a signal of alarm, for the bloodthirsty duelists dropped their quarrel instantly and ran in opposite directions. They had been watching her more closely than I imagined.

I tried a long shot at one and it went down in a heap, rolling over and over from the speed of its flight. Arabi rushed forward to *halleleh* or cut its throat to make the meat clean for Mohammedan use. I was near enough to see that the bull was stone-dead before Arabi arrived. That was unfortunate, for the Prophet states distinctly that an animal must be *hallelehed* before it is dead. But old Arabi was no prude. He had lived too long in the land of his fathers and had seen too much good meat wasted to be technical about it. The curved knife flashed in the sunlight and the job was done in the twinkling of an eye. Arabi always was clever with that curved knife; there were rumors in camp that at times Arabi had been *too* clever with cold steel; but that was none of my business.

Had one of the men been at hand to see this evidence of Arabi's backsliding and so been in position to report the breach later to a mullah in Omdurman, Arabi's home town, I think the old fellow would have announced smugly that the animal was dead and the meat unclean. But when the men came up Arabi remarked, as he wiped the knife blade on the animal's back, that he had arrived just in time to save the meat. I smiled and winked at Arabi when he said this, and he grinned back at me as he slipped the knife into the sheath that all Sudani Arabs carry strapped to the left arm just above the elbow. We understood each other.

We dragged the waterbuck to the scanty shade of an acacia tree and began to cut it up. The first vulture arrived promptly, about four minutes after the shot, dropping from the sky with a loud, whistling sound, like the scream of an airplane's wires as it drops in a steep glide. The bird came down in a zigzag course with wings folded back to half their normal spread. He dropped as fast as he dared; a touch more of speed and his enormous wings must have collapsed from the pressure. He leveled off and touched the ground, bouncing and almost falling as he alighted. Speed was a prime necessity in his business.

He had no sooner landed than we heard the rising crescendo of another scavenger coming to the feast. Another — and another — and another. In a few minutes the sky was filled with hurrying wings. The binoculars showed tiny specks at altitudes so great that not even vulture eyes could have seen that carcass upon the tawny ground. The specks grew larger, literally falling from the blue in great zigzag steps, guided to the meal by the telltale actions of birds at a lower level. Surrounding trees were soon loaded with heavy, feathered bodies. Solid troops and phalanxes waited on the ground a few yards away. The craning of unclean red necks, the impatient ruffling of feathers, and the quick peering of little bloodshot eyes testified to the driving hunger of those lousy, feathered scavengers.

The carcass was quartered and loaded upon a kneeling camel, and as we set out for the river bank to make camp a tumbling, fighting rabble surged forward and piled upon the offal, burying it beneath a weight of brown bodies six or eight deep. Late arrivals, hobbling to the feast in that clumsy amble so characteristic of the bird on the ground, threw themselves croaking into the struggling mass, clawing and pulling at the backs of the more fortunate ones at the first table. A white-headed eagle with a perverted taste for carrion landed more leisurely and strutted forward, conscious of the superiority of his breed. The vultures made a place for him reluctantly. He was not welcome, but a sharp beak, powerful talons, and a more valiant spirit were his passports to the banquet; where the eagle sat was sure to be the head of the table. Hawks and kites, darting swiftly back and forth above the tearing, clawing mass, swooped gracefully on the alert for a crumb cast carelessly aside; too small and light to take part in that centre rush of gourmands, they were snappers-up of unconsidered trifles.

Within an hour after old Arabi's religious gesture with the knife, the trees around a new camp were festooned with strings of raw meat dangling from ropes stretched between branches. A few days before, at a village of grass huts, a voluble, chattering native had asked to be allowed to go along with us until we killed some meat. He had not tasted meat in a long time, he said, and was too old and afflicted to kill anything with his spear. He was still with us, tagging along in the hope of meat, and now he was beside himself with glee. He was a queer specimen, with the face of a little gray monkey and eyes like animated shoe buttons — eyes that darted about with the quick, spasmodic movements of birds. He talked incessantly in a nervous jerky manner — paragraphs in Arabic without a pause for breath. He was like a person who has but one more minute to live and is determined to tell everything he knows before the end. We called him the Chatterer.

He was now laughing and babbling and holding an animated conversation with himself as he plied a bloody knife. He hung his meat in thick strings upon the lower branches of a thorn tree. But when a brown kite, diving swiftly, carried away a piece, the Chatterer raged and stormed and waved his knife in the air like a wild man. He was dangerously near the brink of insanity anyway, and if one of the men had come between him and his heritage of meat I doubt if he would have stopped at murder. But the Chatterer was not over-particular in his method of jerking meat. In his unnecessary haste he cut much of it in strips too thick to dry before the inside spoiled, and the next day a decided aroma blew from his private tree. When he left us on the second day, his back bowed beneath a load of half-dried meat wrapped in a net cleverly made from strips of bark, I watched him go with relief, marking his slow progress through the high grass by the diminishing odor that followed in his train.

III

One morning not long after, I went out at daylight and took Haroun to carry the heavy gun. We followed the river bank through open timber. The grass had been trampled flat by game herds, but it was thick and reached to our knees. Game trails led through it in all directions. We followed one of these, Haroun a pace or two behind. Fifty yards ahead something moved. In the half light it appeared to be dark and of solid color. It looked like a big baboon, but no baboon would be out that early or would be likely to be alone at any time. The dim shape had not seen us, and I hurried forward, keeping brush in line, on the chance that it might turn out to be a lion.

Haroun was not a regular gun bearer. He was a mere tent boy or male chambermaid, and I did n't expect much from him. But I did expect him at least to be quiet. At that critical moment Haroun opened his cavernous mouth and let out a cough — a loud, deep cough that came from the chest and sounded, in the stillness of early morning, like the cough of a wind-broken horse. The dark shape ahead sprang with the sound and disappeared in the background of black thornbush. That leap showed the gleaming spots, the trailing tail, and the feline action of a large and most desirable cat, a prowling leopard. Shade of Bahrám! To cough away a chance like that! I could have wrung Haroun's neck and enjoyed every minute of the exercise. Someone has remarked that a stutter may be an affliction, a harelip an act of God; let me add that a horse-cough at such a time is beyond classification.

Haroun was sent to camp in disgrace and I went on alone, disgusted with all spotted cats so careful of their precious hides. For beasts of strength, lightning speed, and dangerous armament, leopards are cowards. Guinea hens, monkeys, and harmless young baboons are their usual victims. The leopard has no standing in the bush, no tradition of valor to uphold as has the lion; so he fades away at the first sign of danger as meekly as a virgin in the night. But I have seen a leopard, surrounded, rush to the attack with all the fury of a wounded lion, and, with one slash of a lightning-swift paw, rip the entire scalp from a man's head. I know several men whom leopards have come within an ace of finishing. So, attempting to generalize on how animals in the bush will behave is a thankless job; they seldom do the same thing twice under identical circumstances.

A half hour later the sun came through the trees in a golden flood and I sat down to rest upon a high bank overlooking the river. It was a classic landscape. A grove of wild fig trees with low and gracefully sweeping branches lined the opposite bank. It was a pleasant place for daydreaming, but in Africa daydreams are often interrupted. A little farther along, a herd of giraffes shuffled down the bank to drink at the river. I counted seventeen as they straggled through the trees and lurched along a trail to the water's edge. Nervousness and fear were in every movement — fear of death so constant and so real that we wiser humans can no longer understand it in the happy safety of our lives. One by one they spread wide their mottled front legs like great stilts and swung down towering heads to drink; awkward relics of a long-dead world, giraffes appear as out of place in the modern world as would a dinosaur in a dining room.

Two young bulls, whose narrow paths joined before they reached the stream, came face to face and stopped. A question of precedence then arose. Each blocked the other's way. Necks stretched higher and angry tails switched back and forth. Neither seemed quite willing to begin hostilities; each waited for the other to start the battle. They reminded me of Lord Hay and Count d'Auteroches at Fontenoy facing each other in rigid and polite formality, their respective forces drawn up behind them.

LORD HAY. 'Gentlemen the French Guard! Fire first.'

COUNT D'AUTEROCHES. 'Sir, we never fire first. Please to fire yourselves.'

But the nervous tension, the constant need for watchfulness, and the everlasting spirit of *qui vive* that was so great a part of their lives, soon drove away all thought of battle, and the two giraffes went peacefully down to drink.

I was curious to know how near I could approach the herd, so I made a wide detour and crouched behind a bush near the path they had followed coming to water. Soon they straggled up from the river. An old female with a small calf was in the lead. She shuffled forward almost to the bush I crouched behind and stripped a branch of leaves, reaching to a height of twenty feet. Close behind, her calf, teetering like a boy on clumsy stilts, nuzzled at lower leaves in imitation of his mother but without her enthusiasm. Leaves were evidently quite new to him and thorns were uncomfortably sharp for one of his tender age; and besides, milk was always there on tap. He punched his mother's udder playfully with his nose and took an early morning swig not thirty yards from where I lay. A hungry lion might have caught and pulled the mother down in two swift bounds and left him parentless to face that world of tooth and claw.

One giant bull was in the herd, as fat and round as a prize Hereford at a stock show. He was powerful enough to defend himself, at least for a time, from a pack of iron-jawed hyenas or a band of those relentless killers, African hunting dogs. But a lion might have landed on his sloping shoulders and broken that long neck, offhand, with a single crunching bite. The mother giraffe stretched her neck to reach a bunch of leaves almost over my head. She saw me and with sudden fright reared and just missed trampling her calf in a wild desire to escape the expected attack. The calf, so rudely interrupted at his meal, wheeled and ran behind her, his lips covered with white milky foam from his breakfast. The herd raced away. A galloping tattoo resounded through the trees, punctuated by the clicking rattle of split hoofs. Polelike necks bobbed and ducked to pass beneath the limbs of thorn trees. The only thing those giraffes wanted at the moment was distance, leagues of it, between themselves and anything that looked or smelled like sudden death.

They were so clumsy, so ungainly, and so ludicrous in their desperate hurry that I stood up and laughed aloud. To my notion it had been rare sport to throw a scare into them and to watch the comic antics of such shy and fear-bitten animals. Madame giraffe's disordered despair, her mortal funk, her clumsy plunge and dumb, misguided terror, seemed to me excruciatingly funny at the time. But such mortal terror is far from funny if you yourself happen to be the one scared. I did not, however, put myself in her place. But late that very day the mills-that-grind-exceeding-small did it for me. They staged a one-act play for my benefit that might be called, 'His Own Medicine.'

IV

In the late afternoon I called old Arabi and handed him the heavy gun to carry. There was always a chance of meeting a lion in the evening along the river. We followed a broad elephant trail for an hour through high and dismal grass. I was not after elephants, but such broad trails are the only highways through the fifteen-foot grass at that season. The sun dipped below the western trees, and birds in noisy flocks passed overhead, hurrying to some distant roosting place. Darkness was just around the corner. We were more than two miles from camp and now turned and started back. It is not conducive to a ripe old age to be rummaging about in high grass after dark in lion and elephant country.

Old Arabi was in the lead, for his remarkable homing-bee instinct was infallible in high grass among twisting trails. Arabi stopped suddenly in the elephant road and stood in an attitude of strained unbalance, listening for the repetition of some faint sound. Then I too heard a sound as soft as rumbling thunder beyond the curve of far horizons, dim and vague and puzzling. It had the muffled tone of thunder and was barely audible.

'*Fil!*' (Elephant!), Arabi muttered. The enigmatic sound was that strange phenomenon, the rumble in the stomachs of the great pachyderms. The sound was indefinite in direction and was not constant, but it seemed to come from the high grass ahead of us. We could not turn aside and there was so little daylight left that we did not care to turn directly away from camp and make a wide detour. We continued on our way slowly and carefully. I thought of the body of an Abyssinian ivory poacher found a month before, trampled so flat that — but never mind.

A crash a hundred yards ahead brought us to a halt. Some feeding tusker, tons of flesh and bone, had snapped a tree as thick as the thigh of a strong man. It sounded like a cannon shot. The tree met the earth with the crackling noise of smaller branches breaking, like the ripping sound of shingles being torn from a roof. Then a smaller tree or a heavy branch snapped upon our right. Another on the left. The herd was feeding all around us.

There was no wind, and the high grass hemmed us in so that eyes were almost useless; we could see only ten or fifteen feet. We stood stock-still and I took the heavy gun from Arabi. In a moment more we heard the ominous sound of giant bodies swishing through the grass, unseen, and much too close for comfort.

One moment more and the crack of limbs, the swish of heavy bodies through the grass, and every sound of movement stopped. Silence, blank and absolute! Silence as deep and vacant as the ghostly stillness around high mountain peaks fell on that sea of grass. It reigned a solitary moment, then Pandemonium! Chaos! Hell broke loose. Black giants rushed this way and that through the matted grass and heavy brush. And we, unable to see, could only stand and wait and hope that in his mad career no rushing mountain of bone and sinew would bear down upon us. The brittle, sun-dried grass that rose so high above our heads snapped and crackled as if a dozen whirlwinds were passing through it. The deafening noise swept toward our rear, two hundred yards—then stopped. Again, absolute silence.

The herd had stopped to listen, and the sudden silence after the first wild rush had something ominous in it. I felt distinctly uncomfortable in that high and dismal grass. It would surprise you to know what gentle, altruistic thoughts come romping to the brain when you find your precious carcass jeopardized. I remembered smugly, as if it made a difference, that I had not come for elephants and had no murderous plans against that wise and bulky race; that I always had admired elephants since first dispensing peanuts at a circus.

About three minutes passed and nothing happened. We started on again. I had no sooner handed the heavy gun back to Arabi than the steady shuffle of our feet was drowned by a high falsetto scream that tore the air to tatters! It came from close behind, thirty yards or less, and seemed to lift the short hairs of the neck and stiffen the muscles. It was a scream so shrill and piercing and so eloquent of rage that words cannot describe it. Old Arabi, in mortal terror, dived head foremost from the trail and disappeared in the grass. He had the heavy gun. I leaped and jerked it from his hand, dropping the light Springfield and whirling about in desperation, expecting to see the charging herd already upon us.

'The first to come,' this thought flashed through my mind, 'will be a rogue with ears spread wide and trunk upreared, covering the brain. The only chance will be his chest, a snap shot for the heart!' Nothing happened. So tense were mind and nerves that seconds dragged like hours. One — two — three seconds passed. Not another sound! The elephants were not sure of our exact position. Old Arabi was keen enough to know that the slightest sound might bring them down upon us, screaming, in a thunder of revengeful, trampling feet. We did not move. The stillness was so intense, so filled with possibilities, that anything, it seemed, even another piercing scream to break the tension, would be a relief. Seconds grew to minutes, and the giants that had crept upon us with the stealth of mice still waited for a telltale sound. It occurred to me that in another moment they might shuffle forward searching through the grass, and some member of the herd get our wind even in that still air. In such a matted trap our chances would not be worth a burned-out candle in the gathering darkness. I motioned to Arabi, and, quietly as a gliding snake, he joined me on the trail.

V

We picked our way as carefully as children creeping through a haunted house at night. It took us minutes to go a dozen yards, while behind us the silence remained as deep and soft as feathers to the ear. We eased ourselves along that trail for forty yards and came abruptly to the river bank — a bank that fell straight down for fifty feet to a deep and ghostly pool of the Rahad. These pools, we knew, were swarming with crocodiles as 'ugly as sin and not half so pleasant' — great scaly brutes that passed the days basking in the sun on sandy bars. If we were charged by elephants in the dusk, when sights were dim and indistinct, there would be nothing left, if a shot should fail to turn them, but a desperate Hobson's choice — elephants or crocodiles. We stood, indeed, between the devil and the deep, infested sea.

Again we heard a mammoth body swishing through the grass. Another curdling scream, and, with the deafening noise, a pell-mell rush. Giant feet shook the earth. But in the next agelong second the thunder of the great feet and the crashes that marked the progress of those devastating hulks came from farther away. The herd was in retreat. We breathed again and the gun came down and rested, butt upon the ground. Again we heard the whisper of the grass, the pleasant scrape of insects, and the soft beat of gentle wings above our heads. All those harmless, homely sounds were as welcome as a whispered benediction in an ancient church. Nerves relaxed. The world continued in its orbit as it should.

Arabi sat down, his drooping shoulders limp and sagging. He pulled a spear of grass with a hand that seemed almost too heavy for his listless arm to raise. His face was drawn and marked with haggard lines. He looked ten years older in the fading light. I did not blame him. I too had lived a long time in those past few fleeting moments.

The monstrous oxen with tails at both ends, as the Roman soldiers described the elephants of Hannibal, are not to be taken lightly in high grass in the dusk of early night. Better men than Arabi and I, in such a tricky game of blindman's buff, have come off second best, and, later, vultures circling to the feast have found a thing of two dimensions only, scattered in the trampled grass.

In the distance the sound of a crashing tree drifted to our ears, and at the same instant a muffled and sinister splash echoed from the black pool at our backs, and a heavy, cold-blooded body slid beneath the surface. It was then that jokes of terror inflicted on giraffes somehow seemed to lose their humor. My own medicine was bitter on a parched and arid tongue.

WORKLESS DAYS

BY HELENA MAXWELL BROWNELL

I

Herr Tetten was out of work. He was unemployed — part of the vague economic problem which occupies the public speakers and newspapers, whose causes are so convincingly explained in multitudes of ways. Tariff walls, says one; American and Jewish money lenders, according to others; the war, reparations, Russia, the high cost of labor, or the high cost of capital. Black printed letters trace interminable 'why' patterns, and in the streets the beggars writhe against the stones, the cripple offers his matches for ten pfennigs, and the ragged old woman hugs her precious bag of potatoes, hobbling home from the market. Lean men sing old country songs in the courtyards, and gather up the paper-wrapped pennies flung down by well-fed housewives.

Herr Tetten himself had no theory as to the why of these phenomena. He was no philosopher; causality was for him as meaningless as for Professor Einstein. The events of his world were a purely temporal series. He had lived through the war in the trenches; he had, during the inflation, spent for a pair of shoes the ten thousand marks willed him by his grandmother; he had survived the Hunger. He had to-day a roof over his head, owing to the unbusinesslike character of the painter who had rented him his studio. The painter had given up the studio in order to have the money from its rent for his children. Soon after taking the studio, Herr Tetten became unemployed, and the painter had neither the studio nor its rent. But then he had also no more time for painting; he had become a teacher in a school in order to provide food for his children. No one had money to buy his paintings in these days.

The studio was not heated and its roof leaked, but, in comparison with the comforts of war and the Hunger, Herr Tetten felt himself luxuriously lodged. Several times he earned a few marks, and he gave the painter a part. Twice he shoveled snow from the streets and was paid by the municipality.

He had, so to speak, no trade or profession — unless, as a participant in the war, one should count him a soldier. His father had been a teacher, and was shot down at Verdun. Herr Tetten himself had volunteered at twenty, and at the end of hostilities became a sort of superior office boy in a bank. He learned to add up figures rapidly, and to write on a typewriting machine. Partly as a consequence of having learned to use the typewriter, he began to write poetry. When he became unemployed, and for the first time in his life a possessor of leisure, he grew into the habit of writing verses every day. They were strange verses, with but little literary technique, about things in which most people to-day have no belief or interest — about God, saints, an unseen world. Herr Tetten wrote them only because he wanted to. The occasional odd jobs he found left him with much time free.

II

Hans Caspari, Herr Tetten's best friend, became a Communist. Somewhat younger than Herr Tetten, he had been longer at school. He finished his school course on a Saturday, and the following Monday morning he was conducted by his father to the bank, where he became a bookkeeper. 'If I had had only a week's vacation!' he used to sigh. 'But the days in school were after all the happiest of my life. I had no money, but I needed none. Now I have one hundred and seventy marks a month. I am supposed to work eight hours a day, but often I sit until eleven o'clock at night adding up figures, with no extra pay.'

Hans Caspari had always been slightly inclined to sentimentality. He looked for causes, and attached blame to things and persons. If he stumbled over a chair, he hated the chair for being in the way. If he could not find his collar, he blamed his mother, not only for the collar, but for the inconveniences of the whole day which followed from his being late.

The economic crisis gave Hans Caspari a new problem: Whose fault was it that he was out of work?

He continued to live as he had before. His father was still employed, and Hans lived and ate at home, with the difference that he no longer paid his share in the expenses and that there was not always quite enough to eat. Hans was fond of eggs, and eggs cost twenty pfennigs each, a price which his mother was unwilling to pay now that all the expenses of the family came out of the father's earnings.

When he had eaten a supper of rye bread and tea, with cabbage from the garden, Hans Caspari sometimes thought of the pleasure a hard-boiled egg would have given him. But twenty pfennigs is twenty pfennigs, and he did not have it. 'Whose fault is it that I cannot have an egg?' he thought. Tempted at first to blame his mother, he quickly saw that that was superficial. It was the economic crisis — it was his being out of work.

Unable to decide who was to blame, he began to consider in what other ways he was suffering under the crisis. An egg was only an egg after all; his life was not radically changed, only slightly lowered in quality throughout. He no longer had one mark for the movies on Saturday night; he did not have quite enough to eat; and his mother, forgetting the economic crisis, occasionally twitted him about earning no money. But, in sum, he existed before being unemployed, and he continued to exist.

One day he thought, 'If I were in love and wanted to marry, it would be impossible.' He was not in love and did not want to marry, but the fact that he could not gave the supposition importance. He began to think about others. There were doubtless other unemployed who did want to marry.

He stood at the window listening to a singer in the courtyard and wondered if the man were perhaps singing his love yearnings. But no, the man was too pale; only hunger could have given him that hollow look. He was perhaps not ravenously hungry, but long underfed and ailing. A life like his own — not snuffed out, but lowered in quality. The man's cheeks were the color of the strand of straight yellow hair which fell over his forehead. Hans Caspari felt suddenly that he was hearing a farewell song, the voice of one going under. 'It is the twilight of the German people,' he thought. 'We are slowly going under.'

Tears almost came to his eyes. He was surprised; this sensibility was perhaps part of being slightly hungry.

He went into the street. The usual beggar was seated on the sidewalk beyond the door, his trousers rolled up so as to display his authentic wooden legs. Near by, an old woman, respectably dressed, offered matches. Then a blind man with a police dog curled at his feet held out a copy of a radio magazine. An autobus stopped at the corner, and the waiting crowd of well-fed, well-dressed men and women pushed and elbowed their way in. A woman in a fur coat and silk stockings was walking ahead of Hans. As he overtook her, he turned to see her slightly too pink cheeks and cruel red mouth.

'Perhaps Karl Marx was right,' thought Hans. 'At least, what is, is wrong.'

He stopped before a jeweler's shop in the Friedrich-Strasse. Minna Kopf, a school friend, was employed here as saleswoman. He went in. As he was talking with Minna, a client entered and asked for diamond brooches. The young salesman showed half a dozen; the client chose one, and paid for it with twenty thousand marks in bank notes which he took from his pocket.

'Are you sure the money is real?' asked Hans Caspari, thinking he had perhaps witnessed one of the ingenious robberies one reads of in the newspapers.

Minna Kopf laughed. 'That was Herr N——, the director of the D—— Bank.'

Hans Caspari did not laugh. The strange gentleman with the long nose was the director of the D—— Bank, where he himself had been employed. For this man he had added up figures until midnight without receiving extra pay. Because of him, he, Hans Caspari, was now out of work, jobless, dependent on his father, unable to marry. Had this man not bought the diamond brooch, he could have employed Hans Caspari ten years longer.

Such considerations led Hans to become a Communist. He took part in several parades, two small riots, and used his leisure as a jobless man in reading manifestoes and appeals, in listening to orators as young as himself, in arguing and listening to other theories and arguments. He became, in short, politically occupied, a citizen in the true sense of the word. He found that taking part in a demonstration, even when one is slightly hungry, is far more interesting than adding up the figures of another man's fortune.

III

Herr Tetten deplored the political development of his friend. 'Life is life,' he said. 'Circumstances no longer oblige you to waste your life in the bank, but you have once more found a way of wasting your time. Why must you always be protesting, changing, altering, adding or subtracting material things? You were worse off in the bank than out of it. Yet it never occurred to you to become a Communist before.'

'I am out of work, and I am hungry,' repeated Hans.

'Hunger is always relative,' said Herr Tetten. 'Even a bank director may be hungry, though from other than economic causes. Compared with a savage tribe, or a prehistoric people, or a hermit, you are remarkably well fed. Compared with war times, you are well fed. Did hunger prevent Saint Anthony from worshiping God? Is what is better than a normal life for an Eskimo or any primitive man not good enough for you? You weakling, you pampered, you civilization-emasculated being of to-day!'

'I am cold,' said Hans. 'I have no winter overcoat. Last spring I gave my overcoat to my brother. It was a poor one and I had worn it two years. I was earning one hundred and seventy marks a month, and I thought that by this winter I should have saved enough money to buy a new one. Then I lost my job. My brother needs the overcoat — I cannot ask to have it back. Is that not a trick of fate?

'I walk down the street without my overcoat, and I feel different from the others, and not so good. I have no money in my pocket and no warmth on my back.'

Herr Tetten leaned back in his chair. 'Warmth as well as happiness must come from within,' he said. 'Do you consider yourself of so little worth that an overcoat can rob you of your self-respect? Compare your life with that of a fisherman off Iceland, with that of an animal in the forest. Is it so unbearable that you must again give all your time and energy to practical considerations which very probably will in the end make things only worse? You are hysterical. You are worse than jobless — your life is unemployed. That, however, does not worry you.'

'Is it right that the director has turned me out in order to buy a diamond brooch? If I were rich, I should think of the good I could do. I should use my money; I should spend it in ways that would give work to others. I should take a taxi instead of going in the street car. Perhaps the chauffeur would be glad to earn a little extra; he could buy something for his wife, for his children if he had any. I should employ a man who was out of work and in need. I should not be buying diamonds.'

'However, you are not rich, and in spite of that you are occupying yourself with material considerations as seriously as if you had millions. If the director chooses to waste his life accumulating diamonds, need you waste yours for equally futile though different ends?'

'It is not merely for myself,' said Hans. 'It is for all the others like me — for society. A deep community feeling is developing among us. From us it will spread to other classes, as in Russia.'

Herr Tetten laughed. 'You mean that Russia is being Americanized. But are the workers in America any happier or better because they all have bathtubs and automobiles? Money and bathtubs are the twentieth-century model of golden calves. If I had a bathtub I should take it to the mountains and use it as a shelter when it rained.

'If men had always been so weak and sybaritic as you and others to-day, thinking only of themselves and their pockets, the human race would be known only through fossil remains. Intelligent beings adapt themselves to new conditions, and live their lives within them; they do not protest and demonstrate and play with words, dreaming of bathtubs and automobiles, forgetting the realities of life, the mystery of our appearance and disappearance in this world.

'Suppose the bank director is unjust, does it help you in any way to talk and think about it?'

Hans Caspari shook his head. 'It is all quite different,' he said. 'It is simply — quite different. You have a false picture of the world, Tetten. You are old-fashioned and out of date. No one thinks as you do to-day.'

'Is that any reason why I should not? I am perhaps right and the others wrong.'

Hans Caspari repeated: 'It is all so different, Tetten. You are miles away from the problems of to-day.'

IV

A law was passed that all salaries should be reduced on the first day of February. Hans Caspari's bitterness increased in geometrical ratio. He figured that the bank director's diamond brooch would have been equivalent to the salary reduction of his whole personnel for several weeks.

Herr Tetten laughed. 'Why should you trouble yourself about a salary reduction when you have no salary? You should, on the contrary, be glad that the law cannot affect your salary. The 4 or 5 per cent of this reduction represents for us pure gain — a positive benefit has come to us from the economic crisis.'

Hans Caspari did not conceal his impatience with this lack of seriousness. With a rather curt good-bye, he left his friend. That evening he demonstrated in the Alexander-Platz, with fifty or sixty comrades, and his nose was broken by a policeman's India-rubber cudgel.

Herr Tetten sat shivering in his overcoat, before his typewriter, in the unheated studio. He had old woolen gloves on his hands, and a fur cap with earlaps on his head. In spite of this envelope of wool, his nose was red, and there were dark hollows under his eyes. But the blue light in his eyes was as hard and bright as steel, as the words leaped on to the white paper from the slender ends of the typewriter keys. He wrote: —

The wind sticks and stings —
I bite him back;
I give kiss for kiss and blow for blow.
The wind is a summer friend —
Shall I turn from him?
Cold was my forefather's comrade —
Shall I forget,
Preferring stoves and heat-bearing pipes?
I hug the cold,
I warm the cold with my body's warmth.

I am friends with wind and cold,
I whistle with the wind,
I sing in the cold —
I hammer against the world,
And God is with my hand.

The monotonous sounds of the street filtered occasionally into the silence of the studio. Herr Tetten did not hear the street, or even the nervous click-clack of his own typewriter. The blue light in his eyes came from another order of experience. He saw neither the bare walls of the studio, the festoon of cobwebs in the corner, the iron bed, nor the fireless stove; he looked beyond into another region willed by himself. The click-clack of the typewriter was the rhythm of his ecstasy and the measure of an inner harmony known only to himself.

The Great City beyond the door stirred and groaned as if in a dream. There were the muffled sounds of automobile horns, the clang of a street car, the voice of a newsboy hawking news of a catastrophe. The beggars writhed against the stones, old women offered their matches for ten pfennigs, the children of beggar mothers hid their faces in their mothers' skirts and whimpered for cold.

A HOPE

BY LINCOLN HUTCHINSON

I

A CERTAIN school of political philosophy has been telling us now these many years that war is, fundamentally, merely a phase, in the human field, of a universal biological process, the struggle for existence. Increase in numbers, through procreation, brings pressure on means of subsistence and physical conflict to survive. Man is the plaything of the same forces that control plants and the lower animals. As human population increases, it sooner or later reaches a point at which food supplies are inadequate for all; struggle begins; war is inevitable, and hence justifiable.

It is, of course, a fact that human population does thus tend to increase, that pressure on means of subsistence does develop. It is even true that with man, because of his very high degree of gregariousness, the pressure may come, in certain localities, more quickly than among many lower forms of life. And if this were all, the struggle for existence and the recurrence of conflict would be forever inevitable.

But is this all? Man alone among the organisms living on the earth has the power of what has been called intellectual adaptation. In the first place, by taking thought he can postpone or ease the pressure of population in many ways. He can emigrate and occupy successfully less favorable environment by putting on clothes or building shelters; he can cultivate the soil and wring more food from it; he can utilize natural forces and make them work for him; he can limit population and retard the growth of numbers to be fed.

In the second place, man, at least in the evolved form in which we know him, is an animal of such complex physical and mental make-up that he does not live by bread alone. There are many other things which he passionately requires, which are essentials of his civilized existence second in importance only to the food sufficient to keep him physically alive; qualities of mind and character, kindliness, honor, tranquillity, home life, science, literature, æsthetic perceptions and their outward manifestations in architecture, painting, sculpture, music — all the long list of things which differentiate civilized man from the savage. The lower animal, forced into conflict by the struggle for existence, evolves organs of offense and defense. Man, through his power of intellectual adaptation, realizing that conflict is destructive of many of the things he prizes dearest, feels his way toward the development of a plan by which the conflict may be averted.

Nevertheless it is true that the prime need of all, the *sine qua non* of physical existence, is food. And the food which man requires comes from the earth which he inhabits, through the transformation of the dead inorganic materials of which our globe is made into usable organic living things, into vegetable or animal forms which he can eat; and the quantity of life (if I may use that term), whether vegetable, animal, or human, is absolutely dependent on the rapidity with which the transformation takes place.

This process of transformation involves the painfully slow disintegration of the rock surface of the earth by weathering and other processes, the gradual conversion into soil, the combination of the chemical elements of the soil with those of water and air into vegetable tissue — plants drawing their sustenance directly from the soil and atmosphere, while animals and man get theirs directly or indirectly from the plants. The transmutation is so slow that the total volume of organic forms on the earth is almost infinitesimally small compared with the mass of earth materials from which it springs.

The number of human beings who can subsist on the products of the actual soil on which they live is therefore very limited. The limit may, it is true, be raised as new processes which hasten the transformation are discovered and applied; but at any particular time in the world's history it may be regarded as fixed. It varies with the stage of civilization reached. In a purely hunting and fishing society a very large area is required to support a few people. The domestication of animals and the keeping of herds greatly increase the possible number; the cultivation of crops still further raises it. But even with all the latest discoveries of modern science applied to the production of animal and vegetable foodstuffs, the number of people who can subsist on the products of a given area of land, without recourse to supplies of any kind from outside that area, is small.

Even if man required nothing but food, — no clothing, no houses, no fuel, no luxuries or comforts of any sort, — it is improbable that a given area of average land surface of the earth, good and bad alike, would yield enough to support two hundred persons to the square mile at the present level of food consumption in the Western world. If we add to food requirements other basic demands, — for clothing, shelter, fuel, and so forth, remembering the surface areas which must be set aside for other purposes than the production of food, such as for buildings, roads, wood lots, for the raising of fodder, fibres, and the like, — we get a figure very much lower, probably not over one hundred to the square mile, as the population which can be supported from the products of an average bit of the land surface of the earth. We need not insist too strongly on the exactness of this figure; the real limit may be somewhat higher or somewhat lower. The main point is that there is a limit, that it is approximately of the order of magnitude indicated, and that it is low compared with the present density of population in many of the nations of the Western world.

Whatever the exact limit may be, when it is passed *something* must be brought in from outside. It may be food; it may be fertilizers; it may be agricultural machinery, or clothing, or raw materials for making clothing, or a thousand and one other things which may seem to have nothing to do with food supplies. The area which the people occupy is no longer self-sufficing. They must procure outside supplies; and they must either purchase them, which means giving up something in exchange in the form of exports, or take them by force, which means plunder or war.

II

There seems to be a naïve belief among commercial peoples that exports are beneficial *per se*. The civilized world has become so accustomed to Trade that it forgets that exports are not an end in themselves, but are merely a means of procuring something regarded as more necessary than the goods given in exchange. The earliest commercial enterprises were plundering expeditions for the direct procurement of things required or coveted. The development of the trade idea has come very gradually through the centuries, with the slow realization that, whatever may be the temporary advantages of merely taking things by force without giving anything in exchange, the benefits of trading instead of plundering are, in the long run, greater. To-day, in the civilized world, direct plundering has ceased to be a recognized means of procuring supplies. Instead, the modern nation which needs imports normally procures them by giving up something in exchange in the form of exports.

Several stages of economic growth may be distinguished. Exports for the purpose of procuring food are likely, first, to take the form of the more easily procurable raw materials, such as minerals or forestry products. As population pressure increases, there may be added various non-edible raw-material products of agriculture, such as the fibres. A later stage sees these domestic raw materials turned into higher-valued manufactured goods for export. The final stage in the most highly developed industrial and commercial states of to-day adds the exports of manufactures made both from domestic and from imported raw materials. One stage follows another, not because people *wish* to devote time and labor to the production of goods to send out of the country, but because with the increase of population it is only by this process that they are able to procure the things which are essential to their continued existence and comfort.

In the actual world there are, of course, no clear-cut lines of demarcation between these various stages. Many a state whose population is still sufficiently sparse to leave it potentially able to produce its own food procures some of its supplies elsewhere, in actual practice, because through some combination of circumstances, such as the possession of unusually cheap and abundant supplies of raw materials for exchange, it can get them cheaper thus. Many a state procures from abroad a far larger proportion of its food than would be necessary if it developed its own supplies to their fullest extent, because for one reason or another it is advantageous to do so. Similarly, in practice, many a nation finds it profitable to export one kind of foodstuff and import another, or one kind of raw material in exchange for another, or manufactures against manufactures; so that the modern world presents an interchange of commodities so vast and complex as to conceal the basic truth that the driving force which lies at the back of these exchanges is the pressure of population, which makes the procuring of things abroad essential. Trade does not arise because peoples desire to part with things (export), but grows out of the necessity of procuring other things (import).

Beginning, perhaps, with a mere desire to get articles from abroad which are not produced at home; developing, as population becomes more dense, into a necessity to get such things in order to live, there has grown up the vastly complex thing which we call international trade. It has expanded to such an extent that at present no nation, even though its population be relatively sparse, is wholly self-sufficing.

Any event which clogs the wheels of this complex exchange causes privation somewhere; but the real significance is often concealed because it rarely happens that food supplies are *directly* affected. Usually it is only in actual warfare that the checking of the flow of foodstuffs becomes obvious. Most interferences are with other sorts of goods, — raw materials or manufactures, — and public opinion, which in general condemns any tampering with food supplies, is apt to regard them merely as interferences with trade without at all realizing their ultimate meaning, which is a checking somewhere of the movement of food.

The seriousness of the results vary, of course, with the actual conditions. Slight checks may have important consequences in the most highly dependent nations, while even great interference, in highly self-sufficing countries, may result merely in inconvenience. The effects may, according to varying circumstances, run all the way from slight privation caused by inability to procure, or increase in price of, relatively unimportant commodities, up to serious shortage of essential foodstuffs. *Any* interference, at least among nations accustomed to Western standards of living, is a cause of friction; and if the nation affected happens to be densely populated (say over one hundred to the square mile) the interference will not only threaten its supplies of comforts, luxuries, and many important adjuncts of civilized life, but will check the inflow of its required food. In general, the denser the population the more serious the threat.

Of the Western nations, Spain has a population of 108 to the square mile; Portugal, 159; Poland, 203; Denmark, 201; Austria, 201; France, 191; Switzerland, 250; Hungary, 233; Czechoslovakia, 267; Germany, 345; Italy, 341; the United Kingdom, 469; Holland, 562; Belgium, 675; England, alone, 701. For comparative purposes, it should be remembered that the United States has 40.

Under such circumstances interference with trade is interference with food supplies, and the possibility of conflict is ever present — the gun is loaded. Any one of an almost infinite variety of triggers may cause an explosion. It may be a Jenkins's ear; the assassination of a prince; an 'insult' to a flag; a quarrel over an oil concession. Once the trigger is pulled, a thousand and one other motives are inflamed: racial hatreds, religious animosities; appeals to 'honor' or 'justice,' propaganda piled on propaganda, tales of outrage too frequently true but often false — anything to kindle and keep alive the fighting spirit of the masses. But behind it all, the ultimate cause of all — loading the gun — is the economic fact that the peoples engaged have need of something which their own territory does not produce, and that the procuring of it has in some way encountered obstacles.

III

It *is* true, then, that in the actual world as we know it to-day the *fundamental* cause of war is economic, acting through pressure on means of subsistence. But does it, then, follow that war is inevitable?

The gun is loaded; and most of the world's efforts toward peace appear to have been thus far abortive. The trouble is that these efforts have been, in the main, devoted to the search for triggers, and their destruction, one by one, as found; or the setting up of organization for persuading a nation which is about to strike to withhold the blow. All such efforts to adjust quarrels are thoroughly praiseworthy — arbitration, conference, economic or financial pressure or threats of punishment, world courts, leagues of nations, or anything else which tends to prevent or stop a fight. But they do not reach the root of the matter. Until we can devise some means for unloading the gun, wars must be expected to recur.

A huge task? Yes; but not an insuperable one. World population as a whole has increased only about 50 per cent in a century, — not an overwhelming rate, — and the general average density to-day, about thirty-five to the square mile of land surface, is still far from the danger point. The advance in agricultural science through the introduction of irrigation, subsoil drainage, deep ploughing, dry farming, the use of artificial fertilizers, improved rotation of crops, nitrogen fixation, and numerous other improvements, has probably kept food production, on the whole, well ahead of population increase. The real trouble lies, not in insufficient aggregate supplies, but in the concentration of population in certain relatively small areas of the earth's surface to such an extent that nearly every modern nation must get food and raw materials from outside its own frontiers. There is still enough to go round, but there are checks to its distribution.

Time was when nations possessing relative abundance of such goods sought to favor their own nationals by hindering export through prohibitions or export duties; when other nations with inadequate supplies tried to put their citizens in a favored position for competitive buying by offering bounties on imports. Such forms of direct assistance have, however, all but disappeared. Relatively few remnants remain of either export duties or import bounties; and, speaking broadly, the main form of assistance which still persists, and is the chief means by which any nation seeks to give its people an economic advantage over foreigners, is in import duties, not on foodstuffs or raw materials, but on manufactured goods. The effect on the movement of raw materials is, nevertheless, obvious. A manufacturer 'protected' by a tariff wall is artificially placed in a stronger competitive position in the purchase of imported raw materials than his fellow in a foreign country not protected or not so fully protected. There is an artificial diversion of the flow.

Most people do not object seriously to fair competition. Man to man, they face it cheerfully. But when one man or set of men gets artificial aid, when there is discrimination in opportunity, when barriers are set up to the procurement of vitally necessary supplies, then hatred, suspicion, and resentment are the fruit. If we could have free movement of goods from nation to nation, unhampered by legislative embarrassments, such freedom as exists to-day among the forty-eight separate commonwealths of the American Union, the dangers of armed conflict would be reduced to a minimum.

Of course you will say, and you will be right, that this suggestion of universal free trade is, under present conditions, an idle dream. The Great War, far from hastening any movement toward this end, has, if anything, intensified nationalistic feeling and strengthened the determination of most nations to 'protect' their own industries. In spite of this, however, certain developments which began decades ago and were given enormous stimulus during the late war point in another direction, and it is to these that I wish particularly to call attention.

IV

For a long time past it has been obvious to serious students of economic practice that there has been developing, in the realm of large business affairs, a certain spirit of accommodation which was tending slowly to eliminate some of the savagery and absurdity of cutthroat competition. *Laissez faire*, in literal application, has been found too wasteful, and by various devices — agreements, consolidations, cartels, territorial allocation of markets, and many others — there has been manifested a slowly developing realization that better results may often be attained by recognizing the interests of one's competitors. This was noticeable in many countries in the domestic field; it was even more marked in the arena of international business. Side by side with politicians who talked, ever more and more, of the rights and interests of their own nationals and the increasing necessity to 'protect' them, there was developing a class of internationally-minded manufacturers, merchants, financiers, and the like — men who had come to realize that the best self-interest is one that permits of a give-and-take coöperation with competitors, that thinks of the other fellow as well as of itself, that recognizes the *basic economic fact* that there can be no such thing as a long-continued 'corner' in prosperity.

All this, let me repeat, was distinctly noticeable long before 1914. But the war gave a mighty emphasis to it.

Early in the conflict it became apparent that victory would be very largely a question of supplies. The armies and the munitions factories could not function without an abundant and steady inflow of materials. Interruptions might be fatal; and each government — in fact each department of each government — must look to it that these supplies were forthcoming. If there were even remote dangers of interruption from any source whatever, stocks had to be built up sufficiently to tide over any possible period of restriction. In the early period, without control of production and distribution, the absurd situation arose that allied governments — in some cases even departments of the same government — were found to be competing for the same materials, raising prices and causing untold confusion and waste. To obviate this difficulty it became necessary, as the war progressed, first to concentrate control and coördinate the purchasing within each country, and second, later, to set up machinery for interallied control and distribution.

When the United States entered the conflict a similar set of experiences led to the setting up of control here too, through the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, the Food Administration, and other bodies. The first of these controlled exports and imports of materials directly or indirectly necessary to the prosecution of the war; the second had wide powers in overseeing all industries in the country whose maintenance was essential to the war, preventing waste and duplication, watching supplies of raw materials, and so forth; while the third, in similar fashion, looked after food supplies. Close coöperation with the Allies also soon became essential, and the United States, through all of these organizations, joined with the other nations in carrying on an international control.

By these means the chaos which threatened disaster in the early days of the war was, in large measure, conquered; and a fairly steady and reliable flow of supplies to those points where they were most needed was secured. No one seriously questions that control of this sort was demanded by the emergency and that it worked advantageously.

But these were war measures. They were possible, on the scale on which they operated, only because the great emergency overshadowed and overcame the misgivings and opposition of personal and private interests which in many cases were adversely affected. It is highly improbable that in time of peace, with the emergency removed, any such widespread system of control would be either possible or desirable. For it was not in the setting up of governmental regulation of production and distribution, which might be carried over directly from war conditions to peace conditions, that the war gave the great impetus to the 'live and let live' attitude of mind to which I have referred. It was, rather, in the new vision given to scores of thousands of men of affairs, of the convenience and profitableness in abating the intensity of cutthroat competition.

No man who took any active part in the operations of the control boards which I have mentioned could fail to be deeply impressed by an outstanding phenomenon of the experience. The operations of control involved the calling of hundreds, or even thousands, of conferences of business rivals, in groups of from two or three up to several score. In instance after instance, these men who had carried on a savage trade rivalry in times of peace were forced by the exigencies of war to confer with each other and to adopt a less uncompromising attitude toward each other's business. And *they found, to their surprise, that all were materially benefited.* Many a man who had been an ardent individualist, who believed, and believed rightly, that competition is the life of trade, that individual initiative depends on individual responsibility, discovered, to his astonishment, that the making of certain adjustments with his rivals not only did not interfere with his individual freedom or initiative in any serious way, or destroy the vitalizing principle of true competition, but also brought certain very definite benefits both to him and to his rivals.

Nowhere was this truer than in the realm of raw-material supplies. Elimination of the speculator-middleman (who frequently causes the greatest of all disturbance in the flow of raw materials) was in itself enough to make the coöperation profitable. Steadier supplies were assured, the amount of capital tied up in reserve stocks was reduced, and greater stability was secured.

V

There was nothing new in all this, let me repeat. All that the war experience did was to bring home to a vastly increased number of individuals the great truth that a spirit of accommodation, a willingness to coöperate, a recognition of the interests even of rival businesses, may be desirable, *not for any moral or sentimental reasons, but because it pays.* There is always, of course, danger of reaction. Narrowly selfish individual interests, short-viewed interests, speculative interests, frequently run counter to this broader view. But thousands of business men, especially the men of larger affairs, had a new vision of the results of a more yielding attitude toward one's competitors, which makes the danger of reaction far less imminent and insistent than ever before in the modern business world.

All this was in the domestic field. International regulation taught the same lesson when we had the interallied control of raw materials — one of the most important experiments in the history of the world. Its success should never be forgotten.

The machinery for this control was simple; there was set up in Paris what was known as the Interallied Munitions Council, to which were submitted, by the war councils of the allied and associated nations, their estimates of the quantities of various raw materials required for specified periods. Under the Munitions Council were half a dozen committees, composed of representatives of the various countries, dealing with specific groups of commodities. Some of these sat in London, some in Paris, some alternated between the two places.

An idea of the details can best be given by describing the methods of only one of these committees — the Non-Ferrous Metals Committee. It consisted of three English representatives, two French, three Italian, and one American, each country having one vote regardless of the number of representatives. It had under its charge a long list of the more essential nonferrous metals — antimony, lead, copper, zinc, tungsten, nickel, platinum, molybdenum, and one or two nonmetallic materials as well, such as rubber and mica. (Tin, which presented one of the most difficult problems of all, was dealt with separately as described below.) The Committee was divided into seven subcommittees, each dealing with associated groups of materials, each subcommittee being made up of one representative from each country.

The operation was as follows. The war councils of the various countries submitted their statements of requirements to the Interallied Munitions Council in Paris; the Council referred the statements to the appropriate committee, and the committee to one of its subcommittees. The subcommittee scrutinized the demands; kept itself informed as to the quantity and whereabouts of available supplies; compared the relative urgency of demand from the various countries; called on the representative of any country whose demands appeared excessive to present proofs of its needs; and finally reported back to the general committee a plan of allocation of available supplies, with information, when necessary, as to where supplies could be obtained. The general committee then reviewed the report of the subcommittee (usually only a matter of form) and forwarded a definite recommendation to the Council in Paris. The Council then, after conference with the Interallied Financial Council and the Interallied Maritime Council on questions of finance and shipping, when these were involved, took final action.

Such, in outline, was the procedure in regard to materials the supplies of which were sufficiently abundant to make it reasonably certain that all the countries could obtain enough to meet their most essential demands. The advantages obtained were the elimination of competitive buying, the checking of less essential uses, and the removal of the necessity for building up the large reserve stocks which safety would have required if each country, through the Council, had not been assured a steady flow of supplies.

But there were certain other commodities the production of which was so limited that there was not enough to go round, where most rigid economy in use had to be exercised, where really essential uses had to be sacrificed in favor of even more essential ones, and where prices, without regulation, had soared to impossible heights. Such, for example, were especially tin, nitrates, wool, leather, and, later, platinum and tungsten.

Again I can best give an idea of the method adopted for dealing with such commodities by describing one case, that of tin. World production was limited; uncontrolled use was calling for a total considerably larger than the aggregate annual output. The situation required special treatment. After months of negotiation, the four Powers chiefly interested signed a special international agreement setting up the

Interallied Tin Executive. This consisted of two Englishmen, two Americans, one Frenchman, and one Italian.

The powers of the Executive were very broad. The four countries represented on it are the only considerable consumers of tin in the world. The Executive became their sole purchaser. It set up single purchasing agencies in each of the tin-producing countries; it allocated the tin to the Allies in proportion to their needs; it cut out the middleman who had been making enormous profit out of the unprotected consumer; it fixed prices at which tin was purchased and sold. In short, it was a practically complete world control in tin and tin ore, and governed nearly the whole of the annual world production of the metal.

More or less similar arrangements were set up for nitrate, wool, and leather; and at the time of the Armistice negotiations were in progress for the same sort of control of tungsten and platinum.

Many more details might be given, but enough has been said to emphasize the fact that under pressure of war conditions a very widespread system of international control of raw materials was established.

And it worked! The instructions to the American members of the mission which took part in the work were to 'play the game with all the cards on the table,' to make no attempt to gain undue advantage. This was also, in general, the attitude of the representatives of the other countries concerned. There was, in the main, a spirit of the heartiest and most hopeful and helpful coöperation. There were naturally many long discussions as to relative needs, but decisions once reached were very genuinely concurred in. The system, on the whole, worked so satisfactorily that many of those who took part in the operations were led to dream that a similar plan of international control and allocation might be continued, with similar happy results, as a permanent institution after the conclusion of the war.

The dream was short-lived. There is much evidence that England, France, and Italy were anxious to continue the control at least through the period of reconstruction, though it is highly improbable that they would have been willing to include Germany in the arrangement. But the American Government stood aloof. On the signing of the Armistice, the American representatives were withdrawn from the various committees, the Executives wound up their affairs within a few weeks, and the negotiations concerning tungsten and platinum ended abruptly. The moment it became apparent that the United States intended to play a lone hand, there was a scramble among the others to get out too. The momentum of war coöperation, which might conceivably have been able to carry some form of organization along even in face of certain narrow personal and political interests which were opposed, was lost, and coöperative international control of raw materials came to an abrupt end.

But its value as an object lesson remains. In spite of the short-lived operation of the system, the experience of its working emphasized two things in particular which give hope for the future — the profitableness, from the point of view of enlightened self-interest, of a give-and-take coöperation even with foreigners, and the value of the fullest and most open publicity possible, of reliable information as to raw-material supplies. We have lost the continuity of public international control, but there remains a deepened sense of the economic wisdom of a self-interest that thinks of the other fellow too.

VI

The recrudescence of nationalism which seems just now to be so noticeable a product of the war is chiefly political in origin. It is of a sort which does not, on the whole, have the backing of the big business world. If politicians could be persuaded to keep their hands off, there is no question that the business interests of Europe and America would more and more 'play the game' together. That the world has long ago learned that trade, in the long run, is preferable to plunder, because it is more expedient, *because it pays;* that the men of large affairs in all Western nations have had a new proof that a give-and-take international policy is better than cutthroat competition, *because it pays* — these are the best augury for our hope that international-mindedness is becoming an increasingly potent factor in world affairs in spite of all present appearances to the contrary.

This is not at all to suggest that we are moving in the direction of national or international governmental control of production or distribution. Under the exigencies of war such a system was necessary. It worked, and worked well. In time of peace any such thoroughgoing imposition of state control would be impossible and would be undesirable even if possible. The hope for the future lies not in the fact that compulsory control and regulation in an emergency gave efficiency to a fighting machine, but in the fact that they revealed, or emphasized, to so many thousands of individuals the truth that voluntary coöperation and control in the matter of supplies are worth while because they will help in the business of earning a living.

Except under a dictatorship there can be no universally applicable formula for beneficial coöperation such as we have been discussing. To endure, it must be voluntary. It must rest squarely on the only sound economic principle, that it is desirable because it pays; and its promise for the future lies in the fact that increasing numbers of the active agents in the economic life of the world are learning that it does pay. The agents of the evolution are the myriads of individuals and groups of individuals who are carrying on the international business activities of the world. They may be, and usually are, unconscious agents. They may be wholly void of any intention so to conduct their affairs as to promote the welfare of society. Their immediate aim may be altogether selfish, but if their selfishness is tempered by the knowledge that it is to their advantage to take the interests of others into account, then they push forward the evolution toward saner and more peaceful methods.

Thus the most powerful forces which actuate mankind, the economic, are developing in the world a spirit of accommodation, a considerateness, which promises permanency because it is based solidly on intelligent self-interest.

This sounds like a doctrine of complacency. 'Let things alone, and the forces that are at work will in the course of time bring us to the millennium,' seems to be the corollary. But it is not. The mere student of human progress may be satisfied when he has understood and analyzed the forces that are at work — the factors of the problem, the trend of things. But he who feels the impulse to be a leader, to assist directly in the evolution, will, after analyzing the forces, seek to foster them and to remove obstacles from their path of operation. And if he be a wise leader he will steel himself to an infinite patience, being content with small advances, not attempting to force the pace of a progress which must of necessity be slow.

This brings us squarely to the question as to what specific things might to-day, under existing circumstances, be done to facilitate the operation of the forces of coöperative self-interest such as have been described. What steps might a farsighted statesman, say in America, reasonably be expected to take?

There are two, I believe, that are obvious: the removal, so far as possible, of political obstacles to the internationalization of business, and the provision of means for procuring and disseminating full reliable information as to the production, distribution, consumption, and stocks of all the chief basic raw materials, including foodstuffs.

The first of these presents many difficulties. Any move in the direction suggested encounters the double obsession of the professional politician that Big Business is an evil thing and that any kind of dealing with foreigners except selling them goods is certain to undermine our liberties. Yet there are encouraging signs, even here. The bugaboo of Big Business is by no means so dreaded a spectre as a generation ago. The Sherman Act and similar legislation are far from being so drastic in their application as they once were. Our authorities, as well as our people, have learned that it is possible to regulate without destroying; that giant business combines have their uses and that abuses may be cured without the use of lethal gases. There is now some movement, even, in the direction of fostering combination, under appropriate supervision, in the interest of greater efficiency and better service to the consuming public.

There is nothing in the nature of the case which would prevent the doing in the international field of this same thing that has been done, and is being done, in the domestic field. International business combines, under proper supervision in order to minimize the danger of abuses of power, — which supervision would, of course, have to be provided for by international political agreement, — are as logical a development as the large domestic combines, and would unquestionably confer the same sort of economic benefits while at the same time promoting the cause of better mutual international understanding. The policy of the statesman would be to frown on all legislation which tends to check this sort of development, and to promote, through diplomatic negotiations, the adoption of international agreements through which the danger of abuses may be removed.

The second step, the gathering and dissemination of reliable statistical information, would not be especially difficult. The business world already clearly recognizes the desirability of such information, and already many private and quasi-public agencies are seeking to meet the demand; but they are as yet almost wholly inadequate to the proper performance of the task. Private organizations and publications deal with specific commodities or groups of commodities, but their data even when accurate and up-to-date are usually accessible only to the relatively few who, directly or indirectly, pay the cost of the compilations. Various quasi-public agencies, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, exchanges, and the like, likewise publish commodity data, but they are frequently limited in scope, or colored by local interests, or out of date. Nearly every national and state government in the world also gives out vast masses of statistical material; but it is, on the whole, either notoriously inaccurate or hopelessly stale before it reaches the light of day, and even when these fatal imperfections are absent there is so little coördination between the methods employed by different states or nations that the value of the service in lending assistance in the making of current day-by-day business decisions is almost nil.

Yet, it would be fairly easy, under competent leadership, to develop a system of up-to-the-minute commodity information. Under the stimulus of war necessity, the machinery for such a purpose, in connection with a large number of commodities, was brought to a high degree of perfection. Such an organization as the Interallied Munitions Council, for example, through its committees, had monthly, weekly, and in some cases complete daily information as to the exact situation on all the long list of commodities with which it was dealing. Other organizations had similar information on many other classes of goods. The value of the data was seen to be so great, not merely for military purposes, but as an adjunct to normal peace-time activities as well, that before the Armistice was signed a movement was started for utilizing this war machinery in the establishment of an International Statistical Bureau. It did not get very far at the time, partly, at least, because of the withdrawal of the United States, but it might be revived. Indeed, it has been partially revived in one of the activities of the League of Nations. Hearty support of some such movement as this should obviously be an item in the programme of any farseeing statesman really desirous of promoting the cause of better international understanding. Whether the work be done by the League of Nations, or by the International Chamber of Commerce, or by some new agency yet to be established, is probably a matter of relative unimportance; but one thing, at least, is fundamental — the hearty coöperation of the various governments concerned. Machinery for the gathering of accurate, up-to-date information, when that information can only be obtained from millions of separate private individuals, must be at least quasi-public in character; and until governments coöperate, or at least acquiesce, in the activity, the results must fall far short of being anything like truly adequate. Thus here again the services of the statesman are called for, in the promotion, through diplomatic negotiations, of international agreement to coöperate in this vastly important field.

Now I do not at all mean to suggest that these two bits of machinery alone — provision for a freer development of internationalized business, and the publication of up-to-date statistical data — will usher in the millennium. Human progress is essentially slow and wise leadership does not attempt the obviously impossible. It is content with small gains when great ones are clearly unattainable. But in this movement toward an international-mindedness in business affairs, based on intelligent economic self-interest, there is real promise for a future in which shortage of supplies, due not to inadequacy of aggregate world production, but to artificial political checks to distribution, shall have been removed, and this most fundamental cause of international conflict shall no longer threaten us — when this gun, at least, shall have been unloaded. The two specific steps which I have mentioned will be a movement in this direction.

TOO MUCH MOTHER

BY ALICE D. KELLY

I

THE ineptitude of the modern mother is worrying me. When labor-saving devices first came into use, there were inevitably many conservative women who were slow to adopt them; but eventually the vacuum cleaner did replace the besom; the washing machine, the old scrubbing board; the electric bread mixer was substituted for the bowl and spoon. Women learned to use these things skillfully and properly. When psychology was evolved, or discovered, I really thought that child training was simplified, too. But it did n't work that way. I became a mother and worked among mothers just at the time children and mothers were both becoming fashionable; and, personally, I don't think any of us at the moment are particularly adept at using the tools placed in our hands to help us become something else than a handicap to our children.

I think we need a new type of mother, the present types, now that we are all so highly educated, being thoroughly tedious. It was when the mental aspects of child handling came to the fore that serious and basic changes occurred in family life. With the very first book about the soul-shaking importance of the first eight years of a child's life, hitherto proud and happy mothers became harassed and worn. For women readily assimilate education; but mothers, even the intelligent ones, do not. In the average household at present the complete psychological upbringing is just about as possible and effective as performing a major operation with a bread knife upon the kitchen table. This is true not only because the average middle-class home has n't the equipment, but because the average mother simply does not feel psychological.

Every instinct, every primitive impulse we have, has become controlled and subdued by the progress of civilization, and been sublimated into the ordinary social conventions. But mother love has n't altered one bit with civilization. It has remained simple and direct. It has not become subtle to fit the involved needs of a modern world. It is still primitive, possessive, and fearful — qualities almost useless in training an efficient citizen in 1931.

II

Just as we need medical science to cope with the problems of a world where life has become progressively less natural, — and therefore in some respects less healthful, — so we must have the science of mental hygiene to meet needs in present-day human nature which pure emotion and ignorance cannot reach. Psychologists have not been observing babies and apes and psychoanalyzing adults for years without learning a great many valuable things, and it is just as stupid to ignore their findings as it would be to try to treat a case of appendicitis with herb tea when there was a good physician on the next corner.

Parents will have to accept this fact. When I say 'parents' I am, of course, simply being courteous. Early in the struggle which child training has become, the average man drops out. He feels that life is too complicated, and that it is, after all, necessary to preserve his energies for keeping his children at least in bodily comforts. Occasionally, of course, a strong soul rebels and attempts to revert to archaic, not to say brutal, methods of discipline — an effort generally foredoomed to failure. But most fathers thankfully agree that bringing up children is the mother's job anyway, so that in any discussion of child training we can fairly safely ignore the fathers and concentrate upon the mother's point of view.

The mothers may be roughly classified under two general types. First, there are those who murmur smugly of Mother Love and Common Sense. They look with fear and contempt upon the parent-study groups, the unnumbered books on theory, and the parent-teacher associations that are creeping into every community. They resent any intrusion at all by theorists, however authoritative, into their relations with their children. These mothers maintain, some with great bitterness, that it is impossible to carry out the idealistic suggestions which are being thrust upon them from all sides and retain any personal life, or stay sane. They bring forth specious arguments that children grew up and became adjusted to life long before Dr. Watson and his contemporaries existed; they remind us, a little superfluously, that Dr. Watson is not himself a mother; and they assert, with great emphasis and much merriment at the expense of those of us who are deluded by fads, that they do not care to be told that their small son is going to need psychoanalyzing if he is to conform to ordinary rules of civilized existence. They LOVE THEIR CHILDREN, they reiterate in capitals, and that's enough.

This is hard to bear; but in the second category we have the zealous addicts of psychology who strain their own nerves and those of their entire family in a laudable and selfless effort to give their children every single thing which life could possibly offer to any human being from birth until death. These mothers lie awake nights because Tommy won't drink his tomato juice. They spend hours leafing large volumes to discover why Mary is averse to going to bed. And they look with horrified eyes at their husbands when these insensitive creatures suggest an evening out; for is it not between the hours of eight and ten that Annabelle so dreadfully sucks her thumb? Every move these mothers make in the ordinary routine of rearing their children is fraught with dreadful importance; and their thoughts of the future are dark indeed. They see the penitentiary looming large in the adult years of the child who will steal jam, and they have visions of abnormal and frustrated womanhood for the girl who happens to prefer reading or walking with a friend to romping vigorously with a large crowd of children.

It is difficult to decide which expression of maternal devotion is worse for the children. An epitome of the first type is represented in my memory by a wholesome, pleasant young woman I knew several years ago. She was an earnest disciple of the Common-Sense Cult. Nothing so convulsed her as to hear of her friends going to parent-study groups.

'Goodness!' she would say brightly. 'Give the children plenty of good food and fresh air, spank them when they need it, and love them a lot — and you have no trouble! When I think of Peggy Arnold wasting hours of time with those silly groups, having some old maid tell her how to bring up *babies!* Mental hygiene, indeed! Children don't have minds until they're seven or eight.' All of which sounded very, very sensible and free from fads and nonsense. But it did n't seem to work so well in practice.

For instance, the older girl, Dorothy, began to make scenes, be impertinent, and refuse to eat. Anyone who had read a minimum of elementary child psychology could have told Mrs. Grey that the child was suffering tortures of jealousy because of her younger sister Freda, who was everyone's pet, and was desperately trying to draw attention to herself. If her mother had let Dorothy help take care of Freda, and given her some special privileges the baby did n't have, Dorothy would probably have overcome her difficulties. Equally, when Freda began to develop an abnormal shyness, night terrors, and a really disturbing habit of lying, a psychiatrist would have told Mrs. Grey that the little girl was of a type which can't stand corporal punishment, and that shame and fear were gradually making her definitely antisocial.

But Mrs. Grey chuckled indulgently at the idea of asking anyone's advice on how to handle her children. Doctors, yes. But anything for mental disturbances and behavior problems — imbecility! So she spanked and implored and loved, forced foods and bought tonics. She insisted on the shy child's meeting children without showing any signs of fear. The older child continues to be an incurable 'smart Aleck,' is inclined to be anæmic, and is very overbearing and unkind to her younger sister. Still Mrs. Grey maintains that mother love is all you need!

On the other hand, an equally sad picture comes to my mind when I think of Mrs. Brewster and her psychologically trained son, Ronald. Mrs. Brewster believed that it was only the Intelligent Mother who could possibly bring up a child in the right way. Her great trouble was that there were not enough hours in the day for her to read and assimilate all the differing opinions on genetic psychology. For example, she had only one child, for she believed that, not being strong, she could n't do psychological justice to more. And then, when Ronald was about six, she learned that many eminent child experts considered it a doubtful experiment to have an only child, that two close together were a better arrangement. And since by that time she was, sadly enough, a widow, she always felt that she had defrauded Ronald of his natural rights. However, she did her best to make up for it. Her house was full of books on child training — most of which Ronald eventually read and himself quoted.

Mrs. Brewster did n't coddle the child, because that might make him over-emotional. If he showed a spontaneous affection toward her, she snubbed him to avoid a possible Œdipus complex. She tried every new method of training and feeding as soon as she heard of it. At one time poor Ronald's vitamins and calories were weighed and measured, and he was given no sweets; six months later he was being forced to eat sickish puddings and heavily sugared cereals to build up his energy. At one period she inclined to Montessori and allowed her son to express himself in games and in play; a few months afterward she read that it was of utmost importance to form good study habits and habits of concentration, so she made her child's life a burden to him if he went out to chase rabbits leaving a block house unfinished.

She knew that coercion and arbitrary commands were wrong; so she reasoned with him about every casual misdeed and explained and expounded every slight request until the lad twitched with nervousness. She herself was worn out because she dared not leave Ronald with her very able and good-natured maid, for fear the girl in her stupid way might cause a frustration or a fixation or a complex in the boy. Being worn out, she was frequently snappy; and being sure that every casual act in the life of any child had the most profound and far-reaching effects, she could never relax and enjoy Ronald, or allow him to enjoy her. There was never any spontaneity or any 'just growing' in his life. As a result he is, at present, something that does the science of child psychology no credit.

III

There are a number of mothers between these two extremes. There was Mrs. Jamison, who sneered at mental hygiene for children, but who beat her daughter with a strap three times a day because the child would n't eat. She was brought to me finally by a friend at a time when I was leading a parent-study group, and she said, 'Can you tell me why my little girl is so nervous? She does n't seem to be fond of me any more. It's breaking my heart. I'm *so* maternal!'

Then there were the harassed pair who came in dragging a tough-looking little boy between them. The mother, almost in tears, said the boy had a right to express himself; did n't I think so? And the father said, 'Next time his grandmother tells him to do something and he calls her an old fool, he's going to get licked!'

When I suggested that they teach the boy a rhyme to say to his grandmother by way of substitution, and ask her not to give the child any orders except through them, they sighed with relief and said simultaneously, 'There, you see! Child psychology *is* sensible!' — 'There, you see! All you need is common sense!'

And at the house of a very earnest friend I met a child who threw pebbles at me. Then, eyeing me warily, he said, 'You can't use force on a little child!'

I had a breezy, wholesome mother come to me weeping because her son, after a most rigid old-fashioned home training, had been expelled from school for laziness, lying, and insubordination. 'Getting out from under' for the first time in his life to the comparative freedom of a big modern school was too much for him. His mother and father had been driving faults *in* for years, instead of teaching the boy to direct and sublimate them.

Still, all these mothers are alike in one thing — they honestly want to give their children the best there is. But when a busy and bewildered woman, just faced with new responsibilities and the new adjustments of maternity, learns that to develop normally a child must have fresh air, sunshine, long hours of sleep, a balanced diet, absolute cleanliness, and, in addition, peace and calm, no corporal punishment, no coercion, perfect patience, firmness, gentleness, consistency, frank and intelligent answers to all questions, constructive toys, not too much supervision, not too little supervision, a good example, perfect justice, not too much love, not too little love, and so on almost *ad infinitum*, as a conscientious mother she has the same kind of hopeless feeling that she would probably have in receiving a life sentence to Sing Sing. She tends at this point to do one of three things: she leaves home; or she throws the entire science of psychology into the nearest wastebasket; or she gives up her whole life — inward and external — to satisfying the frequently hypothetical demands of her children.

IV

Most mothers do not realize that no parent can give the child everything. They hesitate to bring children into the world unless they are sure they can give them adequate clothing, shelter, food, and a fair education. But few weep because Junior will never have a steam yacht, or small Patsy will in all likelihood never be presented at a foreign court. Materially speaking, they pick out the essentials. It would be just as logical to pick out the psychological essentials. And what are they?

My personal opinion is that there is only *one* thing absolutely necessary to the complete mental well-being of a child — and that is a stable foundation for its universe. No mother need, however, welcome this opinion with the glad feeling that if she accepts it life will be entirely simplified for her. The mother herself, being the main part of the aforementioned universe, has still quite a job on her hands. For stability is a big word. It has, for its elements, such qualities as patience, tranquillity, consistency, nervous and mental balance, controlled emotions, and a sense of humor which can survive the longest and most domestic day.

The typical Victorian mother, as we read of her, certainly achieved serenity and a kind of stability by the simple expedient of nipping in the bud whatever outward manifestation of maladjustment in her children proved inconvenient to the adult population. But it was all on the adult side. Nowadays childhood is more obtrusive, and grown people's lives are correspondingly more complicated. The demands upon adult existence are increasingly heavy. And unfortunately neither science nor the qualities essential to stability can pay bills, keep babies from teething, childish ailments from existing, husbands from being exasperating, or civilized life from being complex. It becomes increasingly difficult to fit our children to cope with the world. It is no wonder that mothers become confused and disgusted before they have more than begun their full-time and lifetime job.

Children don't realize the effect upon the adult nervous system of all these things, and they should n't have to. The effort of adjusting themselves, not only to the world in general, but to our particular suburb, creed, tradition, and financial background, absorbs them. They arrive here with all the social consciousness and innate refinement of good healthy puppies. They start with two emotions — fear and anger — and the simplest and most direct of desires. The necessity of altering, suppressing, confining, and making complex all their natural impulses is in itself disturbing and difficult. To confuse them by adding adult difficulties to their lives is a parental crime of which we are all more or less guilty. It may be apparent to *us* why we can't stand hearing William knock over his block house for the tenth time, but our anger merely redirects William's energies — hitherto constructively employed in rebuilding — to placating us. This is nice for us, but is n't teaching William anything except a little unreasoning insincerity.

A singularly unattractive and precocious child once said to my small daughter, 'I dare n't be late to-day. It's the week the bills come in, and Dad always wants to lick somebody.' This boy was very lucky in being able to understand what was wrong with his father and being able to 'lie low' until the storm was over. Other children are simpler, and less fortunate.

I once spent a week with a family where the mother was an over-emotional, nervously unstable type of woman. She was not very well, and was always tired. One day noise would make her savage; the next, when she was feeling better, she would run and shout with her children as if she were their age. On days when she had had a difference of opinion with her husband, she would punish severely small misdemeanors on other days, when she was in a good humor, she was amused at behavior which she would have done well to correct. The children spent their whole time watching their mother's moods, which had absolutely no relation to their actual conduct. Automatically and without regard to sincerity or honesty, but with great skill, they averted storms.

One day, for example, the mother was thoroughly annoyed about something which had nothing to do with the children. She had to go to the nursery for some reason at the precise moment when she was feeling her angriest. Her five-year-old daughter took one look at her mother's face as she came in, and, although most innocently occupied, said, 'I'm sorry, Mother, I'll be good.'

For a number of years, strangely enough, children consider their parents to be fairly omnipotent and omniscient. They think mother and father superior to the tears, tantrums, and uncertainties which make up so much of their own lives. To see these two beings who control the destinies of the household quarreling, or even at cross-purposes, gives a child much the same feeling as a really thorough earthquake would give us. And it does not require a comic-strip household with flying rolling-pins and mutual recriminations to make a child realize that something upon which he depends is no longer firm.

V

One of the reasons why the old-fashioned type of mother so often did not realize the true ideal of stability was that she made a religion of unselfishness. A healthy spirit of self-defense is necessary to all of us if we are going to take seriously this business of a firm and harmonious background for our children. After all, mothers have tastes, preferences, and desires of their own; and the continuous thwarting of them produces emotions which are the opposite of all that a stable universe needs. Children have a happy conviction that the world was made for them, that the adults in the world are there for the sole purpose of ministering to their needs. They are continually demanding, and they are born intruders. They do not recognize that parents have rights, have lives of their own, or have need of privacy; and they will never realize this unless they are taught.

Since adults and children have to live together, it seems a shame that a continuous dose of either should get tremendously on the other's nerves. Nevertheless, at the present step in our development this condition exists. Mothers must learn to withhold themselves from the children. Doing without his mother should be just as much a part of the child's daily routine as the orange juice, the rest, the outdoor play. There comes a time in almost every mother's day when the touch of one more little hand upon her, the sound of one more little voice calling 'Mother!' and the necessity of ministering to one more little need are just too much to bear. There is something about twelve consecutive hours with even the sweetest and most winsome little ones that rouses all the baser side of a woman's nature. That is the time when complete withdrawal on her part, even though it seems like complete selfishness, is beneficial to the child and to the mother, for a tired, nervous, overwrought mother cannot give her children the all-important consistency, justice, or security. When she robs herself, she robs them.

VI

Mothers to-day refuse to realize what their children really are. For the average mother a child is one or more of several things: it is an extension of herself or her husband; it is the first thing she has ever had to control; an attractive plaything; the realization of a fundamental, natural, but quite selfish desire; an emotional outlet; or a future President. Mothers refuse to admit that children are inconvenient. Yet the inconvenience of children is undoubtedly at the root of a good two thirds of all discipline; and they must be inconvenient for many years if they are to develop naturally.

For example, they cannot get the shape of things at first without handling them, cannot learn the uses of articles and the way they work without investigating their 'innards.' They can be told that fires burn and knives cut, and that neighbors will think they are not little ladies and gentlemen if they continually stick out their tongues in that vulgar fashion at the cross gentleman next door; but until they have a blister on one hand, a gash on the other, and the dignified old gentleman has chased them with the hose, they don't know these things. They will eat forbidden sweets just as reprehensibly as their dieting mothers do, and even in righteous and law-abiding families there are young people of five or six who will take everything they can lay hands on. They bully and tease — mostly, it is to be feared, on the unconscious principle that turn about is fair play. They hang out of windows, tell lies, and seem to be possessed of seven separate devils two thirds of the time. As they grow older, they question parental dogma, dissect family creeds, and know so much it is hardly possible to endure them.

It is true that there are many situations in the daily lives of mothers and children where the old-fashioned methods of discipline seem inevitable. We read that we should ignore a child who is fractious, or speak politely to him and avoid arbitrary commands; that one must never make an issue of any situation, and should merely look grave and troubled when a child persists in disobeying. Now it is difficult to ignore a child who is standing in the middle of a well-traveled road saying 'No!' when you ask him to come to safety. It is a little awkward having to say politely, 'Please don't stuff that cooky in baby's mouth. Don't you see how black her little face is getting?' and to go on saying it politely as small Percival continues to say 'No!' and to ram the cooky down little sister's throat.

When the taxi is at the door, Father is using language, time-table in hand, and little Annie has — thank Heaven! — just fallen asleep, it takes a great deal of forbearance to realize that one must not command Algernon to put down the jardinière he is determined to take with him to the country. After two sleepless nights, followed by a depressing mail consisting of commands from crude gas and telephone people who have obviously never heard of psychology, one tends to make an issue of Rosemary's determination to run her steam engine up and down the bed where one is trying to get half an hour's nap. And say what you will about the Œdipus complex, there are few sons of tender years who care anything at all about whether their mother is gravely troubled or not, so long as they get their own way and plenty of it.

VII

The old type of mother cannot cope with the new type of child. For one thing, she has been too close to her children for her vision to be properly focused. She labored under the mistaken impression that if she knew her children, remembered her own childhood, had the proper set of instincts, and consecrated herself physically and emotionally to her children, she was being all that she should be. She grasped blindly at psychology, as she grasped at everything else that she felt might possibly enrich her children's lives. But she did not know herself. She did not trouble to examine her qualifications psychologically as a mother with one tenth the interest or care with which she would examine the qualifications of a new housemaid.

It is obvious, therefore, that if our children are to develop properly, an entirely new type of mother is needed. The new type of mother will be as efficient at the maternal job as most modern women are at managing household and income. She will budget her mental, physical, and spiritual resources as carefully as she does her finances. She will take a good look at her household, accepting the fact that under her roof there are several individuals to whom she owes guidance, direction, and happiness. She will read the reliable authorities on genetic psychology and use their discoveries to help her, but she will not try to do with them the things of which she is incapable. Most important, she will devote time to thinking dispassionately about herself, in order to learn in just what way she is limited, and therefore just what she cannot give her children.

The new type of mother will know that, however important it may be to have one's children self-reliant, obedient, self-confident, well-fed, well-sunned, well-aired, honest, fearless, and all the rest of it, this does not have to be accomplished all at once. The whole structure of Janet's life is not going to be undermined if she eats green vegetables on Friday and Saturday instead of on Monday and Tuesday. Nor is Randolph necessarily going to end in the Juvenile Court because he does not obey our possibly reasonable commands of Wednesday, May 2. And if Anna comes home fretful after a trying day at school and a quarrel with her best friend, feeling that no one loves her, it will not make her into a clinging vine twenty years hence if, just for once, we put away her clothes for her — but it may save unpleasantness between us which might indeed have far-reaching effect.

The new mother will admit that the best of us have physical and mental limitations. She will realize that, if she cannot stand the shouts and noise of six or seven healthy children engaged in wholesome games, she must withdraw herself until their games are over. If there is something about cleaning the silver that makes her unfit to live with for at least four hours after the job is done, she will suggest to her friends that they invite her out in the afternoon of the day when the silver has to be polished. She will know how to compromise in trying situations. She will realize that, like cows, parents give better results if contented; and that parents will not be contented until they can take part of the home and part of every twenty-four hours for themselves, away from the children.

I shall be asked at this point, 'But is this not common sense?' It is beyond common sense. Children are not miniature adults. What is common sense and logic in the context of adult experience and knowledge is almost invariably not related to anything that is going on within the child. It is important to know just the point where common sense leaves off and frustrating and thwarting begin. Our parents and grandparents used what they describe as the most magnificent common sense, and somehow the results were not always so good.

But the new mother, with her intelligent study of child psychology and herself, will be able to treat the behavior of her children as symptomatic, and, with her greater understanding, will be able to deal with them properly. She will rely on knowledge, and not on blind instinct or mother love. For she will know that mother love unmodified consists, in about equal parts, of sensuality, egotism, overwhelming emotionalism, and a terrifying possessiveness. And she will sublimate it into respect for the child's individuality, a detachment of herself in terms of demands upon the child's life, and an intelligent and clear-thinking determination to open the gates of life in its fullness to the child and then let him pass through alone.

THE SAILMAKER'S YARN

BY BILL ADAMS

I

I WAS boatswain of a full-rigger. It was the second dogwatch, and I was sitting in the forecastle with the able seamen. My room was in the midship house, abaft the galley. I shared it with the carpenter. Chips had turned in early, so I had gone to the forecastle to pass the time away till eight bells.

I had not been in the forecastle long when the sailmaker appeared outside the open door. He had been forward for something or other, and was returning to his room, which was aft, under the break of the poop. It was a small room with only one bunk, and he had it to himself.

'Come on in, Sails!' called one of the foremast hands.

'Come on in and sit down, Sails!' called another.

Sails paused, and looked into the forecastle.

He was a queer sort of fellow, Sails was. His name was Bethune. He kept to himself — never mixed with the foremast hands, never came to visit Chips and me in our room in the dogwatches, never asked us to come and visit him. And somehow or other he was the sort of fellow you don't butt in on uninvited. There never was a finer sailmaker. With his sail needles, roping twine, seaming twine, palm and needle and sail hook, he was as neat, as quick and clever, as ever any seamstress woman could be at her fancywork ashore. But an odd thing about it was that he seemed to do his work mechanically, appearing to take no interest in it. Sometimes when I'd speak to him, coming on him from behind maybe when he was bent over his work, saying, 'Bethune, how's this or how's that?' he'd not seem to hear me, or he'd start and look up in a sort of lost way, and seem for a moment not to understand that he was being spoken to. The dreamiest-seeming fellow that ever I'd been shipmates with, he was.

Once in a while you meet a solitary fellow at sea, a man who does n't seem to want companionship, but you don't often meet with a man such as Sails. He must have been about fifty; there was a good deal of gray in his hair. He had a crippled leg and walked with a limp, but was quick on his feet in spite of it. The limp never seemed to bother him at all. We'd had an unusually fine weather passage, though, with no storm.

I was surprised that Sails paused when they called to him; I expected to see him pass right on. One of the hands called again, 'Come on in and sit down!' But he took no notice. With his back to us he leaned against the door, looking out beyond the railing to the fast-shadowing sea.

There were a dozen able seamen in the forecastle. None of them were playing checkers that evening, and no one had fetched out the cards. We were just sitting yarning about one thing and another. It was close to the end of the voyage and everyone was feeling fine and free and careless.

There were some oldish men in the forecastle — fellows with thinning hair and bent shoulders, their limbs getting a bit stiff. There were men in their forties. There were young fellows, too, agile as monkeys.

One of the older men was telling of a time he'd been wrecked south of the Crozets. Nine days in an open boat he'd been. The boat was picked up only just in the nick of time. Even another few hours and it would have been too late. Some of the men were already more than half dead of the cold.

'That was tough,' said a ruddy-haired sailor in his forties; 'but it was n't so awful bad, at that.'

'I don't want no open boat south o' the Crozets for mine,' said a young fellow. 'Wot's worse than that, eh?'

The ruddy-haired man began telling of a time he'd been on a voyage out of Cardiff, with a coal cargo.

'I don't like a coal cargo,' interrupted a young fellow. 'There's always too many fleas in the ship.'

'It's fleas you'd kick about, is it?' said the ruddy-haired man. He paused and looked up at the sailmaker. 'Sails, was you ever in a ship wot took fire in her cargo?'

The sailmaker did n't pay any attention — seemed not to have heard.

The ruddy-haired man went on with his yarn. 'We'd a hell of a time,' he said. 'South of the Horn with a gale dead in her teeth.' He paused and looked up at Sails again.

'Get on with your yarn,' said Sails, in a bored sort of way.

So the ruddy fellow told how it took them twelve days to make the Falklands, with the ship red-hot and the sea sizzling at her sides.

'Open boats an' burnin' ships is tough sure enough, but I'll tell ye wot happened to me one time. Three blasted years of it I had,' said a middle-aged man.

'Cast away on some bloody little island, was you?' interrupted a young fellow.

The sailmaker sat down on the door coaming and took out his pipe.

'Was there bananas an' lots of fruit to eat?' asked the young fellow.

'Like hell there was bananas an' lots o' fruit!' retorted the other. 'Fruit was wot done it, though,' he continued gloomily. 'I was in a big four-poster called the *Crocodile*, loadin' canned fruit in Frisco.'

The sailmaker glanced round. 'I was in Frisco that time,' he said.

'There you are!' exclaimed the talker. 'I got the notion one night when the stevedores worked late, after dark. She was a hard-livin' ship an' I figured fruit'd go down good. I swiped two whole cases an' got 'em into the fo'c'sle an' had 'em opened an' was stowin' the cans in my sea chest when a lousy longshoreman looked in an' saw me. Manager of the cannery the fruit was from, 'e was. They give me three years in the penitentiary.'

'Go on. Wot next?' asked the young fellow.

'Gawd, wot more d' ye want?' exclaimed the talker.

'Well, that ain't no sea yarn nohow!' said the young fellow.

'It ain't, ain't it?' said the ex-penitentiary man. 'Well,' turning to a man seated beside him, 'you tell 'em about the *Coral Bird*, Peter!'

'I was at the wheel,' began Peter, and added, gloomily, 'My chum, Bill Patrick, was aloft. The watch was gone up to furl the fore-tops'l. Eight men on the footrope there was, an' two still in the riggin'.' He stopped, and stared disconsolately, from unseeing eyes, at the sailmaker.

'Get on with your yarn,' said Sails, in a bored sort of tone.

'The tops'l yard carried away an' went over the side,' said Peter.

There was silence, everyone picturing the yard crashing down with eight men on it.

'Seven of 'em was smothered under the sail or caught in the gear,' continued Peter. 'It was an iron yard an' sank at once.'

'Could the other feller swim?' someone asked.

'Bill Patrick was the best swimmer ever I seen. I watched 'im till a rain squall hid him. 'T was far too rough to put a boat out.'

A man seated away back in a dark corner broke the silence. 'The sea's a devil,' he said.

The sailmaker had risen. You could tell by the look on his face that he was far away. But he started and glanced round at those last words. Then he was about to move off when someone called, 'Tell us the worst you ever seen at sea, Sails!'

Sails did n't seem to hear. But when several of us called to him he turned again. 'Those sort of things can happen to any sailor,' he said. 'It's the sort of thing a man expects at sea. The unexpected is what hurts.'

'Spin us a yarn, Sails,' said the man in the dark corner.

Sails sat down on the door coaming again, with his back to us. It seemed as though he would take the rest of the dogwatch getting started. No one spoke or moved. He turned toward us at last.

II

'There was a ship one time,' began Sails, 'where the skipper had his wife aboard with him. I was in her. She was the happiest ship that ever I was in — a sort of home ship. They say a woman's out of place in a ship. It did n't hold that time, that old saying did n't. No man aboard — mate, sailor, no man, young or old — had any fault to find with that woman. She never interfered, or tried to, with the ship's affairs; only if some sailor in the fo'c'sle was sick she'd go forward with the skipper and try to help the man. On Sundays she'd cook little things in the steward's pantry, little delicacies for the foremast hands — just a bit of something of the sort men don't get or look for in a ship at sea. It did n't matter if the weather was calm and hot or if a gale was blowing and the snow was coming down — she'd never miss sending the men some little trifle she'd prepared with her own fingers.

'She was a beautiful woman, too — just a girl lately come to womanhood. Fresh and lovely she was. The skipper had only been skipper for a little while, just a few years. He'd worked his way up from being a poor common foremast sailor. He'd had a hard time doing it, for he was a plain, rough man without any education. It was his first voyage with his wife; they'd been married only a few days before the voyage began. They were very happy in each other — very happy. He was a good deal older than she was.'

The sailmaker's voice trailed away, and he fell silent. We looked knowingly at each other, the world-wise ones among us. We guessed what was coming: an oldish husband with a young wife; a young mate, or second mate, probably; temptation; human nature; trouble.

'Yes, Sails?' said the ruddy man, for Sails had relapsed into thoughtful silence and we feared the yarn might not be done by eight bells.

'The ship had been away from her home port almost two years when there was a baby,' continued Sails. He spoke so low that everyone edged a bit nearer to the door.

'A skipper should n't take a young girl to sea like that. It is n't fair,' continued the sailmaker, and paused again.

'W'y ain't it fair, Sails?' asked one of the younger men.

'Shut up, damn ye!' growled one of the older men.

'The woman died,' said Sails. It was as though he were talking to himself; as though he had not heard the question; as though he were not conscious of us.

'Wot about the baby?' asked an old fellow.

'The ship was far offshore. The nearest port was leagues across the sea. She was a good ship, a fast sailer; but things were hopeless. Everyone knew it as soon as the word went round,' said Sails.

'Wot word, Sails?' asked someone.

'That there were just four cans of condensed milk in the ship,' replied the sailmaker.

'Gawd!' exclaimed one of the older men.

'How long did they make it last?' asked a young man, and again an elderly fellow growled, 'Damn ye, shut up!'

'There was only one thing to do,' said Sails. 'Feed the child and drive the ship. The skipper drove her. The wind was fair, so that she lay her course. She raced, with her lee rail dipping down to the water and her decks all awash. There was no common ship work done. The mates did n't put anyone to any ordinary work. No one touched a paintbrush or a holystone, or anything like that. All hands kept handy day and night, ready to trim the canvas for any new slant of wind when it came. No one took off his clothes. They slept "all standing," fully dressed, so as never to lose an instant's time. She crashed through the sea hour after hour, with every inch of canvas straining.'

'Who tended the baby, Sails?' asked someone.

'All hands tended the baby,' answered the sailmaker. 'All hands.' There was a queer light in his face, as though he were back in that ship again, racing to save a little child from starvation. 'The skipper saw his child less than anyone else. The ship was taking all his care, all his time. Sometimes you'd see the mate carrying the baby in his big arms, sometimes you'd see the second mate. The hands took turns going aft to carry it. It never was laid down; it was unthinkable to anyone that it could be laid down. The only time the skipper ever held it was sometimes when it must be fed. He held it then, if he could leave the ship; he could n't, or he would n't, leave her often. The skipper held the baby while the mate fed it, giving it as little as he dared. They eked the canned milk out, drop by drop.

'The clouds whirled overhead, the dark seas roared. By night the mastheads swung dizzily amongst the stars, while spray in great cold clouds whipped savagely across the canting deck. In the fo'c'sle the hands never brought out the cards or checkerboard; they just sat waiting. Coming and going from the wheel, they'd ask one another, "How's the little kid?" They'd argue, and once two of them fought furiously over whose turn it was to go and carry it. You'd see big bearded men bending their chins above its tiny face, chuckling to it like any nurse girl would, holding their bristly beards away lest they scratch its soft skin. No one complained or cared a whit for loss of sleep when it was necessary for all hands to stay close to the ropes all night. Not a man thought of anything except the baby.

'It was a little girl — a little black-haired thing with deep blue eyes. It'd take a sailor's hard thumb and suck at it and look entirely blissful, as though it had a bit of sugar in its mouth. Whenever a foremast hand went aft to carry it he'd wash his thumb in drinking water, lest the baby taste salt, or tar, or tobacco. There was n't a thumb in the forecastle that did n't get a deal whiter than it had ever been.

'Always the measuring of the milk, and the feeding, were left to the mate. He was a family man — had youngsters of his own ashore. "Not another drop," he'd say. "That's enough for this time." He was far more important than ever he had been as mere mate — the most important man in the ship. The skipper hung on his words.'

'Did you sometimes carry the baby, Sails?' asked a young fellow.

'Yes, sometimes I carried her,' said Sails.

'How long would a can of milk last?' asked someone.

'We rinsed the cans out, one by one, with warm water till the last drop was gone,' continued Sails. 'That was one morning, early. The baby was just awake. It was hungry and there was barely enough for a meal. After that there was nothing in the ship that it could eat. The mate fixed up some sugar in a bit of cloth. It sucked the cloth all day, and wailed. The skipper carried it all that day. The ship did n't matter now — to drive her was no use. He left the ship to the mate, who acted like a crazy man. So did the second mate, and so did everyone. The mate drove the ship till it looked as though the masts must be ripped out of her. He knew it was no good, and so did all hands. But still he drove her. He cursed her and the men, and the men cursed back and swore at each other — everyone blaming everyone else for not moving fast enough. The skipper saw nothing but the baby all that day, paid no attention at all to anything. All day he went in and out of the chart room, in and out of the saloon, paced up and down the poop, carrying his child and staring hopelessly across the rolling sea.'

'How far was you from land, Sails?' someone asked.

'A long way. There was n't any hope,' said Sails. 'The sun dipped low and the sea began to get dark. And then, just while there was still light enough for us to see it, a white speck showed on the sea far ahead. Another ship, going our way, sailing the course we sailed. The mate and everyone quit cursing then. All hands were voiceless. We had n't seen another ship since a few days before the woman died. Hope wakened in everyone. While the mate drove the ship all hands leaped at each sharp order to take a pull on this rope or on that. When night fell and the other ship was lost, the mate had an old tar barrel brought up from the fore peak. We hoisted it to the lee fore-yard arm and set it afire. Its flame blew down to leeward. So that there could be no danger of the foresail catching fire, we guyed the barrel with wires. It lifted and rolled with the pitch and the roll of the ship and could n't sway except as she swayed — could n't sway in under the sails.

'It was n't long after dark when we saw an answering light ahead. The other ship had seen our signal flame. A great shout rose at that, and then, knowing that this hope might be quite vain, all hands fell deathly silent. The skipper stood on the poop, his child in his arms, his face and its face lit by the blaze from the barrel, until the mate ordered the barrel lowered down. It fell to the sea, hissed, and went out. The darkness was pitchy then. But presently we saw the lights of the other ship. She had come about to wait for us, and soon we were up with her. We lowered the high sails away, hove to, and dropped a boat.

'The second mate took four strong rowers and went off in the boat. In a few minutes we heard him shouting, bawling in the dark. We heard his words clear above the wind and the wash of the lapping water. "Any milk aboard? Any milk aboard? — We've got a baby and its mother's dead!" No answer came at first. Those in the other ship were maybe puzzled, thought maybe that they did n't hear aright. His voice rose again: "Any milk aboard? — Any milk aboard? — We've got a baby and its mother's dead!" Then in a moment we saw a lantern on the other ship's deck. Someone ran from her lamp room, carrying a lit lantern. And then we heard a cheer from our boat.'

'By Gawd!' said someone, as Sails paused.

'Go on, Sails!' cried another. 'Sails's yarn beats all!'

'The other ship lay her course and went on again,' continued Sails, 'and soon our boat was back. The other ship had had four cans of milk. Just what we'd had at first! Our mate took it from the second's hands and ran to the cabin with it. The skipper hurried down to the cabin. The steward came running, with warm water all ready to dilute the milk. The second mate, the cook, the carpenter, all hands, gathered at the cabin door. No one thought of the ship till suddenly the mate looked up from feeding the baby and saw them all there. "Drive her!" he called to the second mate. "Drive her! We're far from the land yet." Then all hands realized that danger was n't done, and raced for the braces, to trim the yards and put the ship upon her course again.

'There was a sort of peace in the ship that night. The skipper fell asleep on the settee in his chart room, exhausted. The baby lay sleeping in his arm. The wind roared and the sea roared all that night. She drove upon her course. She passed the other ship and we heard her company all cheering. No one answered their cheers. We were too far from land for any cheering yet.'

III

We sat staring at Sails. Every man's pipe had gone out. Everyone was still. No one asked any question now. We waited for Sails to go on, and when he went on he did n't seem to be aware of us at all. It was as though he talked to the night, to the wind, to the sea.

'Four cans of milk,' he said, 'and miles to go. No telling when the fine fair wind might leave us. No knowing when a high head wind might come, or a flat calm. The mate set a lookout man at the fore-royal masthead and had another tar barrel swung, for we were coming close to latitudes where we might meet some steamer. If we could see and stop a steamer, all would be well.

'Morning came, and the wind fell. The ship slackened her pace, and nothing could be done to speed her. And then, toward noon, we saw a smoke trail, a dim trail low down on the horizon dead ahead. We lit the barrel, hoping the steamer might see its smoke. If she did, she took it for the smoke of another steamer, for she passed on below the sea rim and was gone without our having glimpsed her hull at all. We lowered the barrel to the sea and quenched its flames, then brought it back aboard, set new tar in it, and hoisted it again, ready in case another steamer should pass. But none appeared. Night came, and day again, and still the ship loitered, scarce making headway on the well-nigh windless water.'

A sailor pulled his watch out and interrupted: 'It's nigh eight bells, Sails. Dogwatch an' talkin' time'll soon be done.'

'The wind came back that day,' continued the sailmaker, 'and things were just as they had been in those first days after the woman died. We lived the same minutes, the same eternal hours, over again. The ship raced on and on, drawing her port continually closer. With every mile she clipped away we shuddered at the miles still left to go, dreading a sudden wind shift, or another calm. We saw no smoke, no steamer, no other vessel on the whole wide empty sea.

'When the wind died again we were just fifty miles from land. A flat calm fell. It was near dawn, but with the dawn a drizzling mist set in. As day drew on, it thickened. We sent off rockets, for we were in the track of ships and thought that some must hear us. Forenoon, and noon, and afternoon dragged by. The fog was like a blanket. Dark fell. We set the tar barrel ablaze again, lest in the fog a steamer should pass near by. The rockets were all gone. We beat the bells. Hour after hour we beat upon the bells. The last can of milk was gone.'

Sails stopped.

'Close on eight bells,' said someone. 'Go on, Sails!'

'The baby's wailing sounded all along the deck. The skipper paced the poop with it in his arms. The mate stood on the poop, the second mate beside him. The tar flame lit their faces. They looked like ghosts. The man at the wheel, the man upon lookout, the idle men upon the idle deck, all looked like ghosts. The ship seemed a ghost ship.'

'Gawd!' someone cried. 'Go on, Sails! Quick!'

'A wind came suddenly, in a quick puff. The mate leaped for the deck, but before he was down the ladder the skipper called him back. "Here," he said, "take the baby! I'll take the ship now." He called an order to the helmsman, bidding him steer, laying the ship's course a little closer to the hidden shore. He ordered the sails trimmed, and all hands raced at his bidding. The ship lay over, with fog-hid water swirling at her down-dipped side. The squall passed on and a fair, steady breeze blew. Less than fifty miles to port now; we should be in soon after dawn. The mate took the child to the chart room, out of the wind and the fog. The skipper ordered the tar barrel lowered. All was well now. We'd beaten the sea. We left the bells unstruck.'

'Sails's yarn's the best!' cried a young fellow.

'Shut up!' growled an older man, scowling at the speaker. 'Go on, Sails!'

For a space it was as though Sails had forgotten us and his yarn. Then presently he spoke once more. It was but a moment or so till eight bells now. Our talking time was all but over.

'An hour before the dawn was due,' continued Sails, 'there came a sudden jar. We were thrown from our feet. High spars came crashing down. Wild cries of pain arose from the men hurt by the falling gear.'

'My Gawd! Ashore in the fog!' an old man muttered.

'Lodged on a rocky reef,' the sailmaker replied. 'Helpless; and in mid-morning, when the tide had ebbed, left almost high and dry.'

'How far was you from port, Sails?' asked the ruddy-haired man.

'Right at the harbor mouth. The fog cleared, and we lay in full view of the town,' Sails answered.

'Wot did they do to the skipper for losin' his ship?' asked someone.

'Took his ticket away,' the sailmaker replied. 'Took it away for good.'

''E'd 'ave to leave the sea, then, an' look after his little kid,' said someone.

'The sea was all he knew. He could n't leave the sea,' said Sails.

Eight bells struck, and we piled out to the deck.

'Keep handy the watch!' ordered the mate when he'd called our names over. The wind was freshening, and the sea beginning to make.

As we went forward the ex-penitentiary man looked in at Sails's door. 'Wot was that skipper's name, Sails?' he asked.

'His name was Murchison,' replied the sailmaker.

IV

I'd no more than closed my eyes, it seemed, when one of the watch was at my door bawling, 'All hands on deck! Shorten sail!'

The night was a regular pandemonium when I stepped to the deck. You could n't see your hand before your face. As I made for the gear I heard the mate shout, 'Look out for yourselves!' And then, the next minute, a great, awful sea thundered aboard — a dozen feet high, maybe. I was buried in that sea a year, it seemed, breathless and choking, my feet braced, and my hands, by blessed good luck, fast to a stanchion.

That night was hell's inky-black picnic. When dawn came at last, we were done in with toil, weary and sleepy-eyed. But soon after dawn the wind eased, and by sunup we brought her to harbor.

There was a little crowd of idlers on the dock, to stare at the ship come in from sea. The second mate was forward with the hands, all but the ruddy-haired man, who had recognized someone in the crowd and was staying to talk with him. I stood close by, and a few feet away was the mate, puffing his pipe by the gangway.

A young girl pushed her way through the crowd and hurried across the gangway. 'I'm looking for Mr. Murchison,' she said. 'Where's Mr. Murchison, please?'

Blue eyes and black hair, the girl had. She was about twenty. I did n't catch on. But the ruddy-haired man did, and he stared at me wide-eyed.

'By Gawd!' he murmured. 'Where's Sails?'

And then, of a sudden, it came to me that I'd seen naught of Sails, nor heard his voice at all, since that great sea thundered aboard.

'Let's get out o' here, bos'n,' whispered the ruddy-haired man.

So we went forward, and left the mate to tell her about Sails.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

Don Jaime we called him, for he wore a gallant air, though his clothes were threadbare and his shiny back might have done duty as a pier glass. His were the quiet manners of the Spaniard, respectful and self-respectful, becoming a democrat. To him Spain was the land of lands, — but in all Spain what was there which might compare with Andalusia? — and as he drove the car through orange grove or cork wood nothing excellent would he permit to elude our attention.

If manners ever touch perfection, it is in the relation of master and man in Spain. There is the true balance, friendliness without condescension, and respect unmarred by servility. Don Jaime never intruded, but when he had information to impart, no false modesty could hold him back. He liked to disport in his painfully acquired English; still better he liked to make new friends for his well-loved Spain. One subject alone roused the volcano which slumbers in every Spanish heart. 'When you were in the army,' I asked him, 'were you ever in the Riff?'

'The Riff — three years, sweating, starved, led by men who let you die. No water. Never any water. We drank from pools of yellow muck mired by mules, and there was a week — what do you suppose we lived on? Rotten bread and vinegar — yes, vinegar. We were climbing down — how do you say it? — through the bush. No enemy, no noise, but everybody afraid. And then, when we reached the river, suddenly right, left, in front, behind, there went crack, crack, crack! Men were falling just like the grass in my father's field. An officer yelled, "Get on!" Then he threw up his hands and shouted, — how do you say it in English? — "Save who can!" And we did. And why do you think those Arabs were shooting us down like rabbits? Because they love their country just as I love mine, and we were taking it away from them to make millions for the king and for all the people who sold things to the army. *Nombre de Dios!* Do you think those Arabs don't love their country? Do you think they are not as bright as we are? Go to Granada. Go to Córdoba, and see what they did there, and then you judge whether we can teach them or they can teach us. Ugh! Grr!'

It was the longest speech he ever made, rising to furious heights of emphasis. All his wasted years, his thirst, the burning of old wounds, his brother lost in the bush never to return, all the past agony rose in his throat. It had made a Republican of him. Gone was his reverence for the King, his pride in his uniform, his glory in his history, which, like the intelligent man he was, he had picked up piecemeal.

It was all very interesting, but to me the most interesting part of Don Jaime was his hands. For those hands were our salvation. We were traveling a winding road at some seventy kilometres an hour, and while Don Jaime's hands were on the wheel our safety was assured, but at the magic word 'Riff' they waved in the air. They thumped the rim of the wheel. They gesticulated. They clasped and unclasped. And the rhythm of the car responded. It swerved and joggled. It swooped to the verge of a twenty-foot drop, and then careened to the inner edge.

My voice — I take credit for it — was measurably steady: 'That 's all over, Jaime. At least you have never forgotten how to drive a car.'

It was apparently a new thought to him. Down came those capable hands. The car steadied and shot ahead, and I reflected how deep below the causes of Revolution, fusing them all into a white flame, were the hot and shameful memories of corruption, incompetence, imperialism, impoverishment, starvation, ambush, rout, and death that Morocco means to Spain.

II

All my quiet life I had longed to see a Revolution, and now that one was here to see, I could n't see it. No amount of imagination would transform the quiet, respectable crowds in city streets into mobs of Pandemonium. Towns in Spain wake slowly to the day's existence. To start on a journey before half-past nine is a matter of consternation. Only beggars are stirring at eight. The prosperous reach their offices toward eleven, refresh themselves in seclusion between one and three, and the business day gathers momentum about five o'clock. At seven, for the comfortable, there is tea. At eight, clerks and muleteers sit down to supper, and at ten, or half an hour later, society settles down to the solid meal of the day. For the crowd, life begins when the stars come out. The deserted streets are suddenly populous. By nine the town square is like church steps on Sunday — men, women, and a multitude of children for whom our traditional bedtime does not exist, but who will, happily, not be herded into school until ten o'clock to-morrow. When ten strikes, the city is all animation. At eleven the theatres will open, and meanwhile there is supper at the restaurant, promenading, endless greetings, gossip and life, while the band plays and boys and girls step to it.

> *Bang-whang-whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
> Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

If thunder is in the air, here is where the storm will break, thought I, but each evening the children skipped their ropes, and though here and yon knots of men talked earnestly, there was nothing to suggest that twenty millions of people were embarked on a critical experiment.

It was not that the Revolution had come quite unexpected. Indeed, the previous November — this was March — a mutiny broke out. The explosion missed fire; the ringleaders were arrested, tried, convicted. Two of them were shot. Where does treason end and honor begin? Traitors had suffered a traitor's death. Then came the Revolution, and presto! the dead were traitors no more, but patriots and heroes. Their names were on every tongue and their pictures on every postcard. Already legend has retold their story, and children will read in the histories their immortal deeds.

The drama was brought home to us on our first night in Spain. One of the former mutineers, whose death sentence had been commuted to thirty years' confinement, was carried in triumph to his native Málaga. Ten thousand men met him at the station. He was lifted to a platform and tried to speak. Words choked him, and tears streamed from his eyes. In three months all that life holds had swept over him — wild adventure, hope, the death sentence, despair, reprieve, incarceration, freedom, and now glory. Fate was still there with her bag of tricks. What more, I wondered, though he live for a century, had she to offer him?

If you were on the trail of Revolution other evidence was about. It was amusing to watch conservative householders pasting brown labels over the insignia of the Royal Automobile Club, whose *affiches* were everywhere; and on the roof of the Hotel of the Prince of Asturias, workmen were busy taking down the immense gilt crown which had lent its touch of majesty to the hostelry. In the first license of liberty, royal statues were thrown down, but good sense reinstated itself. Deep in the country, on a lofty spur of the Guadarramas, the Regina Fountain, which gives tired donkeys their sparkling reward, had by some sensible peasant been painted a protective red, and I noted the shrewd device which saved the great arc of Kings and Queens standing in front of the Royal Palace of Madrid. Someone had splotched on each pedestal the appealing letters 'R. I. P.,' and they were suffered to rest in peace.

III

Were I the historian of the Revolution, amongst all the complicated factors I should give first place, not to the crimes, but to the fatuousness of the nobility. It is quite within the limits of the truth to say that a more utterly worthless group than the Spanish aristocracy never cumbered the travailing earth. Absentee landlords, many of them, have not from boyhood laid eyes on the land which gave them revenue. Commonly they rent their estates to some intendant who makes what he can from the transaction. They live in no state. They set no standards. Their social duties they neither perform nor recognize. They give no splendid entertainments and make no effort to return the hospitality they accept. When diplomats invite them to meet the King, they are apt as not to reply that they can give no immediate answer, as they may be going to a 'shoot' — their single amusement.

The creation of grandees is a royal prerogative. To be a grandee of Spain has a noble sound. Its significance is really this: at a certain moment in the ceremony of investiture, while the King is on his throne, the new-made grandee puts on his hat. Then he takes it off, and never again is the liberty assumed. What boots it? He has gone hatted in the presence of kings. George Fox could do no more.

Nor are the ladies superior to their lords. The Queen appoints — I still use the present tense — her ladies in waiting. There are nearly as many of these maids of honor as there are days in the year, and their duties are to wait each for a single day in attendance on Her Majesty. Yet such is their inertia that not infrequently the chamberlain has to telephone round to a dozen ladies before he can secure one to perform her tiny but honorable task.

Such the nobility with which Alfonso was inextricably intertwined. They looked to him to save them, and as he slowly sank they stifled him. To the people they represented a nuisance not to be borne. The dead weight of their idleness and sloth lay heavy on the shoulders of peasants who coveted their lands and who deserved them.

Another great burden of the Spanish people is the Church and her drones. Not that the clergy live comfortably in indolence. They are, if truth be told, desperately poor. The treasuries of their churches are heavy with plate of silver and gold, with embroideries beyond price sewn with pearls, strewn there by *conquistadores* who sought forgiveness five centuries ago; but these belong to Our Lady and her saints, and many a priest goes hungry in the midst of riches. Yet the villager, as he rises before dawn to ride his donkey for two hours or maybe three to the fields of his absentee landlord, feels on his stooping shoulders a triple weight — army, aristocracy, and Church. It is too much.

Yet Spain is not quite the priest-ridden country we think it. Women and men, too, still crowd to Mass, but in the cathedrals the narrow space between the *Coro* and the *Capilla Mayor* amply holds the congregation. It is not that the people have lost their faith, but that little by little their faith in the priesthood has begun to decay. The demand for the separation of Church and State is, after the land question, the principal article in the Republican creed. 'Let the priest work like the rest of us,' said a laboring man to me. 'Why should n't he? He can be a priest if he wishes to, and if I want to marry or be buried or have my children christened he can charge me for it and I can pay. But why should n't he work just for what he gets? We all do.'

The Church in Spain is still led by obscurantists of the ancient Spanish type, blameless spiritual men, their minds so full of heavenly certainties that doubts of earthly wisdom cannot stir them. The Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, may well serve as an example. More than a score of years ago two brothers of the Segura family entered the priesthood with a spiritual exaltation rare even in the country Santa Teresa loved. The elder soon found himself the parish priest of a remote hill village where the people, cut off from their neighbors and stricken with poverty and disease, were slowly sinking into the mire of hopeless degradation. Of this thriftless vineyard Segura was the true husbandman. Morning and night he labored, tending the sick, comforting the weary, bringing aid from without, teaching self-help, self-respect, and the common welfare. None was more weary than he, but his labor was not in vain. The village was transformed. Men loved him as a visible embodiment of the Holy Spirit. In those days, it chanced, the King came by. He saw the miracle and heard the testimony. When next a bishopric was vacant he proffered the name of Segura. And when a few years later a new archbishop of Toledo had to be chosen, Segura, though still in what the Church regards his early youth, became Primate of Spain.

All earthly honors now seemed open to him, when an event occurred. His brother, in his own parish, had pursued a parallel history. He had built up his little congregation and fortified men's souls by his example, by devotion, and by preaching. Almost he was adored. He was eloquent, and his people hung upon his words. Then by chance one Sunday he was absent. An unfamiliar figure ascended the pulpit and began to speak. The congregation grew restless. They missed their weekly sustenance. Everywhere they looked about them for their priest. The stranger's words were chaff. Murmurs arose, then exclamations, then shouts: 'We want Father Segura! Give us Father Segura!' The noise swelled into wild volume — cries, catcalls, riot. The church was cleared, and Father Segura promptly returned to reproach his people, but the mischief had been done. The scandal passed from village to village. It reached Madrid. It flew to Rome. What was this family of priests who made themselves and not the Church so necessary to the people? From the Archbishop of Toledo the Red Hat was withheld.

It was better so. For new traits began to show themselves in the Segura family. The Archbishop's views set like cement. His terror of modernism became an obsession. He discouraged the intellectual progress of women. He denied their right to join an organization which did not have 'Church' in the title of it. He forbade his people to accept membership in Rotary Clubs, and when Republicanism showed its horrid head he announced that there could be no compromise between God and a Republic. The Archbishop of Seville played up to him. The curse of God would fall on Spain were the Republic to be proclaimed. The answer of the people was to nail the Tricolor over the Archiepiscopal portal. I saw it waving there and it was not taken down. The wise Vatican took alarm. The Papal Nuncio formally announced that the Church has naught to do with politics. Its Kingdom is of the spirit. But the public was roused. Archbishop Segura followed his King. Then he returned, but so unrestrained was the violence of his utterances that the Government transported him by force beyond the frontier, and to-day the only active see in Christendom ruled *in absentia* is the See of Toledo.

What are the portents for the Republic? One observer reflects that in the whole Mediterranean world no real republic has ever existed. Here dwells the intensest individualism on earth. Here have lived the greatest artists and the greatest tyrants. Here men work each for himself in bitterness of competition, intellectual and moral. They will take no orders from their equals. They will not coöperate. Whatever the form, two ways of government, and two ways only, lie open to them — monarchy or oligarchy.

IV

It is said of Charles the Fifth that the great Emperor spoke Italian to his mistresses, French to his friends, German to his dogs, while in Spanish he communed with his God, and with the stately music of the language in his ears the traveler knows that it cannot be displeasing to his Maker. Spoken Spanish has a deep and serious sound. The sweet sibilance of Italian, the lilting ripple of French, are alike foreign to it. And as with language, so with behavior. Manners unlearned in America and forgotten in northern Europe still live in Spain. Nowhere on the Continent will the traveler find such quiet courtesy. Nowhere will he find women so untouched by the brisk roughness of modern life. There is in Spain an unwritten code to which all manners conform. The stranger there never finds himself the subject of curious and disconcerting interest. There the eye of the pretty waitress does not roam, and on the street one is never conscious of a furtive smile or a provoking glance. Yet such modesty, or affectation of it, cannot arise from any feminine lack of confidence, for I know not a country where the women are more lovely. Something, of course, one's imagination owes to the mantilla and the crowning comb of tortoise shell, to the whiteness of ruffle at the wrist, and the black folds of the graceful gown, but the olive smoothness of the cheek and the blue shadows in the glistening hair will ensnare an attention disposed to wander in the presence of feminine charm.

Is it manners which bring customs, or do customs flow from manners? The traveler must notice how much one owes to the other; and, watching the quiet distance at which each Spanish girl keeps her young man, I asked romantic questions. This is what I learned.

Chief among the Roman ruins of every Latin country are the vestiges of ancient family discipline. Our modern slogan, every boy for himself and the girl take the foremost, is not heard in Spain. Marriages are alliances in the true sense, yet the Spaniard has contrived to introduce into the *mariage de convenance* a certain flexibility and freedom of choice still widely unknown in France. The process is interesting.

The youth of the two sexes live an easy and a natural life. They see much of each other in groups. One thing and one thing alone is forbidden: boy and maiden must never be alone together. Gay and free as the groups are, no rule is more inviolable than this. Drop in late in the afternoon at one of the little restaurants. As you wait for your indifferent tea (real tea is the heritage of other peoples), you will see among the family circles many tables *à trois*. A married lady accompanies her sister and a young man, or a discreet elder brother plays his part. Never are the two alone. Yet they see much of each other, and if that much leads to a taste for more, the young man makes the first move in the intricate game. He asks whether his lady will be at her window should he come and stand below it of an evening. If her consent be given, come he does. Often the strains of his guitar pass through the iron grille behind which she sits, or it may be the music of his low Spanish accent. Walk as the stars come out down the shadowy streets of any little city. In many a dark doorway you will see one shadow, not the two which block the American doorway — and above, in the dim light from within, you will discern the outline of a listening girl. Invariably the iron grille, but a rose may pass through it, or a note, and sometimes, one imagines, a slender hand. Night after night the conversation grows more intimate, the accents lower, and then a step is taken. The cavalier inquires whether he may call. So bold a request is not lightly made, nor consent casually given, but if it be granted, the young man makes his first stately visit. The family is at home, of course, and there are cigarettes and sometimes a glass of the wine of Jerez.

All this is very pleasant, but the call carries responsibilities. From that day forth, although no troth has been asked and no pledge given, the cavalier is bound each day to visit his lady, either alone to wait at her window, or in company within her father's house. If he is ill or if business absolutely forbids, he may be pardoned, but no social excuse will be tolerated. And so the courtship continues day in, day out, until that august occasion when fathers and mothers meet and the treaty of alliance is negotiated in all its rigorous detail. Once that is solemnized, public opinion will tolerate no breach of contract; but, however long the engagement lasts, the young people are never alone together until the carriage drives them away from the church door.

Such is the Spanish answer to the courses in domestic science offered by American universities.

V

It is the fashion in the modern world to rate a civilization by its sense of values. In Spain the highest value is human dignity. Read again the conversations between Sancho and his master, and note how mutual is the punctilio between them. Everywhere in Spain you see instances in high relief of the universal recognition of the respect one man owes to another. In most countries, begging is an outlawed trade; in all, the beggar seems little entitled to the amenities of intercourse; but in Spain, beggary is raised to the technical proficiency of a profession, and the beggar takes a virtuoso's pride in it. One morning at dawn I watched from my window in Madrid. At five o'clock a barefoot friar or two were entering the church across the street. In their train came the beggars, a dozen of them. Briskly they walked, men and women, chatting, laughing, and enjoying themselves. At the church door an ancient man of authority, whom I took to be the dean of the guild, ranked them six to the left, six to the right. And as I looked all joy was banished from their faces. A woebegone expression ludicrous to me, but to a newcomer most distressing, was pictured on every countenance. Almost it was as if some cruel stroke of fate had visited them. The women seemed to dwindle into malformed grotesques. The men shrank to impotent senility. Their professional day had begun.

Then came the worshipers to the early service, each dropping a penny into a ragged cap or outstretched claw. It was the ritual of charity, orthodox as crossing in holy water. It brought comfort to the giver and consolation to them that received. This is the essence of giving. Here is the Spanish equivalent of the charity organization society.

A care-free beggar of Toledo sought alms, it is said, of an obdurate Philistine. The stranger was deaf to every plea. Then cried the beggar, 'Give, give, for the love of God, since in the fullness of my youth the Almighty has taken from me all desire to work!'

Spanish beggars may be charlatans, but the merit of their poverty is genuine, and if you talk with them you can see that, professional obligation apart, they have not lost the sense of their dignity. After all, theirs is a calling more ancient than the law.

Who could write of Spain without a word on Spanish humor? No touch is here of the caustic of French wit, still less of the explosiveness which marks our hearty American jocularity. Something of its quality comes, I think, from its unexpectedness. Who would look for whimsies in the gray and silver landscape strewn with boulders and broken by the harsh outline of the Sierras? The air of the Mediterranean seaboard is gentle and caressing, but the Castilian calls his climate 'nine months of winter and three of hell,' and the peasant of the Guadarramas is pierced to the bone by winds that 'take a man's life but would n't blow out his candle.' It is a lonely countryside with the people huddled in their gray villages. The women cluster about the fountain for gossip, but the speech of men is pungent and full of pith. No such land is there for proverbs, the minted wisdom of the race, and when a saying suits his fancy you can see a man chewing its cud, his smile twisted in comic appreciation. I watched a laborer as he stood before the statue of a dog outside the Casa Lonja in Seville. Some wag had painted on its base 'Tomb of the Unknown Dog,' and the face of the man was a study in the spirit of comedy.

VI

To my generation, who picked up our smattering of learning while the story of the Far East was still a legend and years before Clio prefixed an archæological peristyle to her Temple, Europe is the other name for History. Our American story, however important to us and to the world, is but a postscript to the Spanish chapter, and almost intuitively the Yankee pilgrim follows the trail which first led from the Old World to the New. He turns to Seville, for there beneath a groined arch in the most beautiful of Spanish churches rest, if rest they can, the ashes of the most uneasy spirit that ever walked the Impassable Way. Columbus was buried in the Franciscan monastery of Valladolid. Four years later his unworthy son, Diego, brought his coffin to Seville. Again, after a space, the Emperor Charles, out of respect for the Admiral's desires, ordered his bones transported to the New World, where they were interred beneath the high altar of the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1673 an earthquake toppled the church and mingled the common dust of all who lay beneath its roof, but bones thought to be those of Columbus were collected and ceremoniously reinterred. The next century had not half gone when the island was taken by the French, and the Spanish, desiring that the hero they had made their own should lie in Spanish soil, removed the sarcophagus to Havana. Again a new catastrophe of conquest. All that was saved from the Spanish wreck of Cuba was the Admiral's dust, carried back to Seville, where the catafalque now lies under the protection of the most ancient Mother of God, Our Lady of Antigua. It was before that archaic portrait which still looks compassionately upon him that the Admiral, kneeling in passionate prayer the day before he sailed into the unknown, swore to perpetuate the name of his divine Patroness in lands beyond Ultima Thule.

Who has expounded the miracle of Columbus? From no one knows where, he came to Portugal and spent years in tortured efforts to persuade the king to send him no one knew whither. It was at La Rábida, near Huelva, that he first stepped on the firm ground of history. There a tattered beggar with graying hair, leading by the hand a tired child, knocked and asked a cup of cold water. Just because it was given to him, that convent is immortal. Who was he, the monks asked, and the Ancient Mariner replied, 'I am a sea captain from Genoa, and must beg my bread because kings will not accept the empires I offer them.' We know the wonders that followed: how the Queen and her counselors at the very climax of their crusade against the Moors stopped to listen to the mystic visionary; how at the very instant of success the insensate egoist seemed to ruin all by his demands. This man with no achievement to his credit, with not a *maravedí* to his name, offered fantastic empires for sale, requiring that he be made Viceroy on land, Admiral on the sea, dowered with a tenth part of all the treasures he should find and one eighth of all the continent he should discover. But something there was in his demeanor, in the frenzy of his prophecy and the mystic eloquence of his speech, which finally prevailed. Not one jot of his demands would he abate, and he won a world.

Think of Columbus and you shall think of Isabella. If there is to-day a spirit in Spain, it is hers. Spain is her monument, but her memorials are everywhere. In the noble Chapel Royal of the Cathedral of Granada she sleeps beside her Ferdinand. But beautiful as is the tomb Fancelli carved over them, I feel her presence more poignantly in that bare cold room in the Moorish palace of Seville, so austerely in contrast to the fountained courts, where her fervent prayers were answered by the birth of her first child. Not since Christ was born was a son so welcomed into the world. An empire, Christendom itself, hung on that inheritance, and as if in direct answer to an universal petition the boy grew up in beauty and the grace of God. Then in the flowering of his early prime he died, at eighteen. You see him lying in marble at Ávila, his tranquil and lovely features untouched by the bitterness of death, his hands clasped in obedience to his Maker, his gauntlets tossed aside — mute symbols that man disposes as God wills.

What agony must have scorched the mother's heart as she first knelt beside that tomb! What confusion of spirit! No duty had she left undone, no service disregarded, and yet this crowning sacrifice had been demanded, flouting every aspiration, destroying the just hopes of a people. Now the perfect Prince had been taken, and in his place was left a girl with wild and whirling wits, Joan, already called 'the Fool.' Could the judgments of the Lord be true and righteous altogether?

As we ponder the character of Isabella, quite as intertwisted with Spanish history as Elizabeth with the story of England, how interesting it is to remember that on both sides of her house the great-grandfather of Isabella was old John of Gaunt. We remember Spain and England as mortal enemies. We forget how often they were official kin and friends.

Sometime I am going to Spain, not to consider what has happened, but to speculate on what might have been. History is a river changing its course when a chance boulder deflects the stream. I want to wander through the granite austerities of the Escorial, thinking on what would have happened if Mary of bloody memory had borne a son to Philip whom she loved so much. Whither would the Armada have sailed then, and how contracted the spacious days of Elizabeth might have been! Generations after, what would have been the sequel if 'Baby Charles,' frolicking at the Spanish Court with my worthless Lord Buckingham, incognito as Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith, had married the Infanta as he planned and confidently expected? Would the thin-lipped minx we know so well in Velásquez's portrait have watched her husband drop his perfumed head upon the block while Henrietta Maria simpered and gossiped among her maidens at some European court?

Again I want to go to Spain to study the great enigma. Why should the supreme star in the firmament of Europe have dropped like a meteor? Why should Spain lead the world for half a century, then sink to the rear and the slaves? Misgovernment has done its worst. Look back for centuries. Whenever some brief respite has been given her, Spain, potentially a country as rich as any in Europe, rises from her poverty and apparent indolence. Perchance now some new vast opportunity is hers. One good authority said to me, 'Let the Revolution succeed. Let Spain flourish for five years, and hers will be the hegemony of the Spanish-speaking peoples of the New World. It will be hers by tradition, by culture, by riches, and by the proud determination of her people.' Can such a shining future be in store? I was born a skeptic, and am too old to prophesy, but if that great day comes I shall remember the delight which Spain has given me and shall throw my cap into the air, and if breath is still given me I shall shout, '*Santiago!*'

THAT INTERNATIONAL MILLSTONE

BY GEORGE P. AULD

I

No great public question has ever worn a more forbidding mien than the problem of the war debts. Vast wastes of figures, dense fogs of economic argument, and violent storms of political controversy, intermittently raging around the subject, have caused many intelligent persons, as they did a Prime Minister of Great Britain, to regard it as 'almost hopeless.' Since the day in 1922, however, when the late Mr. Bonar Law thus characterized the problem, the progress of events has rendered its outlines considerably more distinct. In that evolution, the pressure of impending disaster was on two occasions the moving force, while, in the eight years that elapsed between those two events, the powerful influence of an orderly economic reconstruction was felt in giving more definite shape to the problem.

The German debacle in 1923 forced the adoption of the Dawes Plan, with its reorganization of the German currency and its trial scheme of reparation payments. Resulting from this partial crystallization of the reparation problem, there followed the funding of the floating debts owing by the European ex-Allies to the United States (except the British debt, which had been funded in 1922). The five-year period of European recovery that followed brought a further focusing of the major problem, undertaken as a deliberate act of statesmanship and eventuating in the Young Plan. By this settlement, the reparation debt, which had been an indeterminate charge on Germany, was funded on a somewhat lower scale of annuities than those paid under the Dawes Plan, the International Bank was organized, and a rebating agreement was entered into with Germany by the European ex-Allies, the effect of which was to link up the reparation debt, so far as was possible without the assent of the United States, with the Interally debts.

Nineteen-thirty brought the world depression, and, as it deepened, a spectre of imminent catastrophe in Germany once more appeared, this time to bring about the Hoover Plan for a year's all-round suspension of inter-governmental debt payments. By this step the American Government for the first time took action in practical recognition of the relationship existing between the two bodies of debts. Thus occurred another significant focusing of the problem.

The conditions in Germany which called for the emergency relief contemplated by the moratorium scheme were traceable in the first instance to the economic strain of the depression. The process by which they had developed was a familiar variety of the endless chain of panic: (1) long-continued economic strain, creating (2) political tension, which induces (3) fiscal difficulties, fall in security values, and flight of funds from the country — these things constituting an added economic strain, which sets up a greater political tension, and so on.

Thus the panic mounts, carrying terror with it, until either the crash comes or there is interposed some arresting act or gesture, full in the eye of the world, which everyone everywhere, excepting the incurably deluded, is instantly moved to accept as the signal for ending the madness. For acceptance as such a signal in the June crisis, President Hoover's call for a moratorium had all the requisites. It combined the dramatic quality of a great and unexpected gesture of international good will with the solid contribution of an act of financial salvage.

Among the troubles incident to the depression, the fall in prices had placed an added burden on all debtors, and Germany, as a debtor for substantial interest charges on both private and public account, had to shoulder such a burden. The irregular spread and as yet unsettled character of the various price changes make it uncertain how severe the added burden really is and whether and to what extent it is likely to prove permanent. If we accept the reading of the conventional indicator, — the fall in the German wholesale-price index from the level of the year 1929, — the real burden of the charges on Germany's external debts (including charges estimated at $200,000,000 a year on debts privately held) had increased by April of this year in the proportion of 17 per cent.

This added burden of debt charges may perhaps be fairly represented in total as the equivalent of $100,000,000 a year — a negligible sum in ordinary times for the German national economy to carry. During the past year the reparation payments amounted to $432,000,000, of which $157,000,000 was derived from the railways and $275,000,000 was a burden on the budget of the Reich. It is apparent that the added 'depression burden' attributable to reparations payments, and more particularly that part falling on the budget, was not in reality of great moment. It was inevitable, however, that it should be made much of by the repudiationist parties in opposition to the government, and the tension in the political situation, which had been less acute in the early months of 1931, again became ominous.

Herr Bruening and his colleagues, in their struggle to balance the budget, had long resisted the temptation of laying the fiscal troubles of the State definitely at the door of reparations. When they finally succumbed to it, in promulgating the drastic emergency tax decree of June 6, they yielded to what they doubtless believed to be the *force majeure* of political necessity. But the horn of the dilemma which they grasped in putting forward such a justification of their fiscal programme was one that carried the highly disquieting implication abroad of a projected move to upset the Young Plan. As a consequence, the withdrawal of funds from the country was from that moment dangerously accelerated.

If the negotiations for a foreign credit for the Reichsbank prove successful (which at this writing, early in July, is uncertain), and if the dangers of a Fascist dictatorship are averted, it is conceivable that by the time the moratorium year expires conditions in Germany will be substantially improved. But even if the movement should be definitely in that direction, it seems unlikely that the agitation for revision of the Young Plan will abate. Reparations has entered upon one of its periodically acute political phases and at best the problem of calming the waters will be one of extreme difficulty. It seems probable that at no distant date — that is, when the year's moratorium expires in June 1932 —

the whole question, with all its momentous possibilities for international discord, will again be thrown on the conference table for negotiation of a new settlement. Without the official participation of the United States in such a conference, the difficulties of reaching a settlement would be truly colossal. We in America may well now ask ourselves what our relation to the question really is and what our attitude toward it ought to be.

II

Up to the moment when President Hoover announced his plan for a moratorium, the most significant clarification in the outlines of the problem of the war debts had come about through the action of the European reparation creditors, at the time of the adoption of the Young Plan, in agreeing to pass on to Germany two thirds of any benefits (and from 1966, for the final twenty-two years of the plan, all benefits) accruing through any reductions in their obligations that may be granted by the United States.

While as a practical matter the two grand divisions of the war debts were always closely related, the United States Government has all along been under the necessity of emphasizing and preserving the rights of its citizens to hold the Allies to their legally separate obligations. The Allied Governments, on the other hand, have always been at pains to insist that their performance as debtors would be vitally affected by the amount which they might realize on their account receivable from Germany. They have wanted it understood, as an American writer put it, that there is a close connection between two pockets in the same pair of trousers.

This practical relationship between the two groups of obligations the Allies strikingly brought out and effectively confirmed by their rebating agreement with Germany, even though in form that agreement dealt with the allocation of supposititious refunds by the United States rather than with the source from which the payments to the United States were to be derived. A definite linking up of receipts and payments the Allies later attempted to secure by proposing to insert in the agreement with the Bank for International Settlements, as trustee for reparations, a schedule which would have matched up each payment into the bank by Germany with each payment out of the bank to the United States.

That proposal, which was defeated by the unofficial American delegation, was in any case superfluous, for the rebating agreement had already served the purpose which the Allies had in view. It had served to fix with great distinctness in the public mind the fact that the German indemnity was in greater part (two thirds) being siphoned directly through the channels of international exchange into the coffers of the United States Treasury.

Though the Allies are unable formally to step out of their intermediate position in the transaction, and though our government, in the absence of legislative authority to do otherwise, must continue to insist on the maintenance of that status, no good can come of our blinking the real facts of the situation. Quite plainly, the two parties chiefly interested, as debtor and creditor respectively, are Germany and the United States, and in the minds of all the world, except possibly ourselves, we have been in the business, on a large scale, of cashing in on an indemnity from our defeated ex-enemy. The picture has become quite clear, and it is not one which we can regard without deep misgiving.

III

This sharpening of the broad outline of the problem has had a valuable by-product. It has delivered us from an irritating controversy in the field of morals which has been going on for more than a decade. The Allies have now definitely abandoned most of the reparation debt and no longer have a very substantial direct interest in cancellation of the Interally debts as such. This being so, there is an end of the futile and, as it has seemed to me, shallow argument for remission of the Interally debts on the ground of a supposed moral delinquency on our part in delaying our entry into the war. For, now that the chief direct effect of maintaining our rights as creditor is to maintain the German debt at its present level, while the chief direct effect of remission would be to reduce Germany's burden, any good reason for remission that may exist can hardly be founded on the plea that we did not start in soon enough to punish Germany.

It is, then, substantially true to say that the Interally debt problem as such has faded away, and the real problem, which has always stood behind it, now confronts us. We are now face to face with the problem of German reparations, terribly grim and formidable, but become more coherent in broad outline and (from causes connected with the actual payment of reparations) more clearly defined in detail.

This clarification of detail has resulted from the clearing away in the past seven years of a rank growth of doctrinaire economic theory with which for many years the subject was surrounded. That body of doctrine, as it happened, was mobilized in support of cancellation of the debt, and, as every observer of events and every reader of the Dawes and the Young reports has discerned, it was maintained with such clamorous insistence as to make each of the several attempts at an objective survey of the problem difficult almost beyond imagination.

The doctrine that most confused the lay mind went by the name of the 'transfer problem.' It emanated from the brain of the brilliant English theorist, J. M. Keynes, who attempted to prove that the mechanics of international exchange would not permit the transfer of the reparation payments into the currencies of the creditor nations without causing the collapse of the mark.

This hypothesis had a tremendous vogue, and for years anyone who ventured to question its accuracy was dismissed from court by the pundits with pitying contempt. But as time went on and the Dawes Plan came, and the payments under it were transferred without difficulty, the Keynes formula suffered repeated revision and dilution. Finally, last year, the 'problem' suffered a body blow when a German committee of inquiry filed a report which admitted that the transfer of international payments in normal times is an automatic process. Events had shown, as indeed they showed in the commercial field before the war, that the mechanics of making international payments when trade and finance are functioning normally involves no 'problem' at all, other than the ordinary seasonal strains on the foreign exchanges that are customarily adjusted by the raising and lowering of the discount rates of the central banks.

A companion thesis was that of Germany's alleged economic incapacity to pay the reparation debt. This idea, which both the Dawes Committee and the Young Committee distinctly repudiated, experienced similar vicissitudes. Six years of successful operation of the Dawes Plan left it with little vitality, and the payment, even during the first year of the depression, of the annuities of the Young Plan rendered it practically defunct.

The effects of the depression, though presumably temporary, now offer an opportunity for its resuscitation, and as a practical matter some consideration, over and above that granted by the moratorium, will doubtless have to be given to it. But, broadly and for the long view, the prophetic words of the Dawes Committee remain true: 'Germany's growing and industrious population; her great technical skill; the wealth of her material resources; the development of her agriculture on progressive lines; her eminence in industrial science; all these factors enable us to be hopeful with regard to her future production. . . . Without undue optimism it may be anticipated that Germany's production will enable her to satisfy her own requirements and raise the amounts contemplated in this plan for reparation obligations.' Five years later, with the demonstrated facts under their eyes, the Young Committee contented themselves with the observation that 'it is . . . to be emphasized that the total amount of the annuity proposed, while being far from covering the claims set forth by the creditors, is one which they have every reason to believe can in fact be both paid and transferred by Germany.'

IV

From these various causes — the passing of the Interally debt problem, the clear emergence of our relation to the German reparation problem, and the disappearance of the twin theories of the economic impossibility of the payment of reparations — we now find ourselves in a much better position than heretofore to face the debt problem realistically and reach conclusions based on sound premises. What should those conclusions be?

Within the limits of a paragraph we may glance at certain basic facts relative to the reparation debt, which to my mind suggest the answer. The capital value (capitalized at 5 per cent) of the annuities under the Young Plan is approximately $9,000,000,000. The payments are scheduled to run for fifty-nine years (from September 1, 1929), in an average annual amount of $475,000,000. This represents about 19 per cent of the 1929–30 annual budget of the German Reich. It is equivalent to $7.50 a head of the present population of Germany and constitutes about 4 per cent of the national income of Germany in 1925, as estimated by Harvey E. Fisk. The annual amount of the payments retained by the Allies — a third of the total — will average $158,000,000, which is 90 cents a head of the combined present population of the six principal European creditors. The annual amount of the payments remitted by the International Bank to the United States on account of Interally debts — two thirds of the total — will average $317,000,000. This is 2½ per cent of our present governmental expenditures of all kinds, and is equivalent to $2.60 a head of our present population, or four tenths of one per cent of our national income.

The significant thing about these figures is their small size. The popular picture of reparations as a debt of 'astronomical' proportions reflects a rhetorically striking bit of epithet making, but one that is wholly fanciful. Wealth and income and everything that goes into their creation have expanded enormously within our lifetime and we sometimes find it hard always to think in terms of the twentieth century. Placed in the background of the highly productive industrial society of to-day, a few hundred million dollars a year are not impressive. Measured by the significant yardstick of national income, it is apparent that under normal conditions, and even assuming some permanent diminution of income due to the fall in prices, the annual reparation payment has for Germany, the debtor, only moderate economic importance, — an importance, moreover, which with each annual increase in population will steadily diminish, — while to the United States, the chief ultimate recipient, the payments are of practically no importance at all.

It would be idle to pile up statistics of national wealth, volume of trade, and other aspects of world economic life, with which to reënforce these obvious truths. The small percentage of national income represented by the debt payments tells the whole story: namely, that the profound importance which the reparation problem possesses is attributable to other than economic causes. If the debt is hard for Germany to pay, and if the payment of it is reasonably to be regarded as a threat to the peace and therefore to the economic prosperity of the world, the reason is not that it is economically difficult (except in a time of depression) for Germany to pay. And if we insist on its payment, it is not because of any real economic advantage to be gained by our insistence.

Nor, obviously, is there any real force in the argument for cancellation on the ground of direct economic advantage to the United States. The amount involved is too small to count.

V

If we still bear in mind the relative insignificance of the debt payments as compared with the great movements of trade and commerce, it seems impossible to admit the idea that the payments had any important causal relation to the world economic depression which was precipitated last year. So many other more significant causes are discernible that it seems superfluous, indeed somewhat ridiculous, to lug in the payments on the war debts as a contributing economic cause. In the boom stage that preceded the crash, the economic burden of the payments on Germany was even less than the moderate burden which they can be said normally to entail — it approached the negligible.

This, of course, is not to say that the existence of the reparation debt as a political factor, rather than the process of payment as an economic phenomenon, may not retard recovery from the present depression, perhaps seriously, despite the moratorium, or may not in the future precipitate a new crisis. Decidedly to the contrary, the former contingency appears to be a serious possibility and the latter contingency a strong probability. In short, it is these contingencies that in my view constitute the wholly convincing and the only reason for cancellation. We have immeasurably more at stake in the matter than the preservation of our rights to a trifling $317,000,000 a year, and if we possess the mental maturity necessary for looking out for our own interests we will on our own motion do away with this dangerous irritant in international relations.

No thoughtful person can have observed the rise of the Hitlerites to a position of importance in the political life of Germany without grave foreboding as to the consequences to the economic life of the world if that party, pledged to repudiation of the reparation debt, should come to power. It is idle to suggest that they have not succeeded. They succeeded in 1930 in dealing a heavy blow to Germany's credit, and as much, perhaps, as any other one factor the agitation of their doctrines brought on the recent crisis. The consequent injuries to world economy have been of great severity, deepening the trade depression, causing an enormous shrinkage in values of foreign securities held in the United States and elsewhere, and entailing substantial losses to those who disposed of their holdings on a falling market.

Even more significant for the long future is the fact that 65,000,000 Germans, whether or not they are now prepared to turn the administration of their public affairs over to the Hitlerites, are as one in thinking of the reparation debt as a hateful indemnity saddled on the defeated. It advances the solution not at all to say that they must learn to change their thinking. They cannot. There are too many facts on their side of the argument. It is too plain that so long as the reparation debt stands, the war is still on, and the peace, in the sense of a real tranquillity, is only a fitful one.

We, on our side of the Atlantic, are 120,000,000 people, many of us thinking, mistakenly, that $317,000,000 a year is important to us; thinking, childishly, that Europe is to be taught by debt collection to mend its ways for the future; thinking, as pious creditors, of the 'sanctity of debts' — in short, not thinking at all.

Which nation is to change its attitude? The German people have been told that the burden of the debt is a cruel one. The power of facts may perhaps dispel that illusion. But what is to persuade them that they are not paying a tribute, as they call it? What, as a practical matter, is to prevent that idea from being whipped up periodically, as it has been in the past, into a furious agitation, destructive of the peace and confidence upon which the economic prosperity of the world must depend?

VI

For our part, it should not be beyond our capacity to understand that $2.60 a year apiece is nothing in comparison with our stake in the stability of Europe. Whether we can change our mode of thinking in the moralistic plane is another question. If we are thinking in terms of teaching all Europe a lesson, the whole background of our history is such as may prevent our soon learning wisdom. But if the only obstacle to remission of the debt lies in the dregs of our war-time anti-Germanism, the matter should not be so difficult. The war is over for most of us, and, quite apart from the merits of the controversy over national war guilt, so called, a sound distinction is drawn in the minds of millions of us between the aspirations of the late Prussian monarchy of ill repute and the ideals of the present German republic.

Our country, and only our country, has the power to liquidate the war by putting an end to a problem that has racked all Europe and some of the best brains of America like a nightmare. For our legislators, as for the rest of us, it should now be much less difficult — particularly with the events of the past few months in mind — to see where our interests lie, though admittedly it is simpler to whip up indignation on the subject of dollars, however few, to be permanently presented to Europe, than it is to be convincing on the indirect benefits, however great, of an act of wise and farseeing statesmanship. Many of our manufacturers now see the problem whole. If the representatives in Congress of our suffering agricultural belt could once get a vision of what a stable Europe can mean to the farm problem, we ought soon to see an end of the war debts.

THE TARIFF AND SOCIAL CONTROL

BY RALPH E. FLANDERS

For nearly a century, assent to the doctrine of free trade has been the accepted test of economic orthodoxy. If the student does not comprehend or subscribe to it, the fact is evidence of his laziness or stupidity. If a teacher or textbook writer falters in the faith, the same charges can be brought against him — elaborated, perhaps, with the additional suspicion of unconscious bias or outright venality. When legislators and governmental executives champion the tariff principle, they, needless to say, are victims of abysmal ignorance or cowardice. Manufacturers, of course, are defenders of purely private interests. And the ordinary voter is a dupe.

At the present moment this long-familiar attitude of the professional free-traders has attained new strength. The scandalous logrolling which preceded the passage of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill has become common knowledge; it has been easy to picture that piece of legislation as the tangible cause of all our subsequent economic distress, and to see in the removal of tariff walls the mirage of increased sales abroad, operating to counteract the evil effects of our own ineptitudes at home. For these reasons educators and specialists are winning to their free-trade dogmas many new converts among the common citizenry; even the business men, who alone are supposed to benefit by protection, are beginning to have their doubts.

It seems to me, then, that the time has come to challenge the impregnability of the free-trade doctrine, and to do so on grounds which are new, or which have come into prominence only within the last decade. Let me make it clear, however, that in undertaking to present the other side of the case I am not for a moment upholding our present tariff or any of its particular provisions.

I

The assumptions underlying the successful application of free trade may be summed up as follows: —

1. Freedom of competition is the most desirable state of affairs in the internal business activities of separate nations; hence it is also desirable in the prosecution of international commerce

2. Wealth is the end of economic activity; factors such as national pride, preservation of ancient customs, and so on, do not enter into the equation.

3. It follows that the attainment of a maximum of wealth is the final object of commercial policies, both domestic and international.

4. There are differences in the resources and abilities of the various regions and populations of the earth; these lead to natural and desirable specializations of activity.

On the basis of these assumptions the economist has pictured a world economy as the ultimate and not unattainable ideal. For him the globe itself is the only economic unit that counts. All the innumerable varieties of occupations — whether of extraction, manufacture, transportation, distribution, or finance — are free to establish themselves in those regions or among those peoples best adapted by nature to carry them on. If it were not for artificial barriers, such as tariffs, human activities would fall into a perfect balance automatically, and the result would be a maximum of the consumption or enjoyment of wealth for the earth as a whole, as well as for the separate nations and peoples of which it is composed.

One may raise objections against minor details of this argument, particularly the assumptions on which it rests; yet it seems clear that, given these premises, the economist has made his case.

In actual practice it has always been customary to admit certain exceptions to these counsels of perfection. When the resources and abilities of a nation are such that certain industries, not yet established, would be sure to prosper if they could be nursed to a point where their scale of operations would permit the required economies of production — in such cases temporary protection is considered advisable. There have been some noteworthy examples of this in the United States — tin plate, for instance; but the most notable case was the complete development of Germany from a low-scale agricultural country to a triumphantly industrial nation in the half century between Bismarck's rise to power and the World War. Native capacities and resources were favorable; protecting tariffs and deliberate planning did the rest.

Practical realities have forced the champions of free trade to grant exceptions in still other directions. There is a certain human value in breadth of skill and diversification of activity. National pride and self-respect are involved, as well as the lower advantages of mere convenience. Then there is the vital question of national self-sufficiency from the military point of view, and this has always restrained the free distribution of economic activities. These exceptions, however, are not overwhelmingly important. How comes it, then, that free trade, with all the logic at its command, has made so little progress?

The forces which have withstood the logic of free trade may be seen in clear outline if we will glance for a moment at our own history. It has been repeatedly demonstrated in our many experiments with the tariff that the benefits derived from a particular rate or schedule flow in concentrated and evident channels to businesses and individuals that cannot help being acutely conscious of the advantages they receive. The cost of any given tariff item may far exceed the benefits conferred, but this cost is diffused over the whole body of consumers without placing any appreciable burden upon any one of them. Even if the total burden of all the items of an unwise tariff becomes really oppressive in its accumulated effect, still the cause remains concealed in the diffusion of small elements of which the tariff is composed. Since the relation of cause and effect is so difficult to trace, and since the average Congressman is well aware of this fact, tariff legislation is peculiarly subject to abuses — such abuses, for example, as the Hawley-Smoot tariff which is now in force.

Since the World War new factors have emerged to confound the logic of free trade. To provide for national self-sufficiency in war time has always been a serious problem with statesmen; the experiences of the years 1914–1918 served to bring it into sharper relief. In England, for example, the traditional policy of free trade has been modified to allow a protective tariff upon lenses and optical goods in general, for which she had been previously dependent on Germany. Many similar items are included in her 'safeguarding' act. In the United States the development of the nitrate and dyestuff industries goes back, though less purposely, to the same source. Furthermore, many of the provisions of the peace treaties — the drawing of boundaries and the distribution of colonies and mandates — were dictated by the desire to secure domestic sources of military necessities.

The tariff problem has also been affected since the war by the acute attacks of nationalism to which all the new nations have been subject, and many of the old ones as well. The rise of nationalism is, in itself, a challenge to the doctrine that national wealth is the supreme aim of national policy. A higher value is being placed upon national customs and habits of life, on native materials and traditional handicrafts. This definition of national well-being has been particularly stressed by Gandhi in India. Something of the same feeling obtains in Ireland. It is appearing in Mexico and Latin America in general, as well as in the new European states. To-day it is not so clear as it once seemed that the sum of human satisfactions can be adequately expressed in monetary symbols. To the extent that this sentiment prevails, it is inevitable that it should be reflected in the practical form of tariff rates.

The most serious of the new factors still remains to be named. Only since the war has it become evident that any thoroughgoing approach to free trade, or even a near approach to it, involves tremendous and cataclysmic readjustments in even the most commonplace occupations of a nation's life. Of this truth the present condition of England stands as the finished and evident example, while the increasing embarrassment of staple agriculture in the United States represents the same thing in a formative stage.

II

For nearly three generations England's policy of free trade has been vigorously maintained. Under it she has, until recently, reaped all the rewards which traditional economics has ascribed to the practice. Her natural resources have been an abundant supply of coal and iron. Her climate has been conducive to thought and action. Her people have been intelligent, enterprising, adaptable, reliable, and energetic. Nature, in short, had loaded the dice heavily in her favor. With these advantages, and with the added resource of vast colonial dependencies, she boldly abandoned a self-supporting agriculture, imported her food across the seas from the cheapest sources, drew her rural population into the manufacturing centres, attracted the raw materials of the whole earth to her docks and quays, and equipped her workshops to transform them into every imaginable object of beauty or use for distribution to the very outposts of civilization.

This policy brought her wealth and power — more than has fallen to the lot of any other nation in the whole course of history. Is it any wonder that her economists — as well as those of other nations who looked upon her as an object lesson — should elaborate her free-trade policy into a theory which was logically impregnable?

But where stands England now, after the menopause of the World War? Her natural resources, though still great, are visibly diminishing. Her markets are narrowing, while competition grows sharper. Her people show signs of discouragement, and for ten years without intermission millions of them have been without employment. Her monetary resources are still enormous and her financial integrity remains unquestioned, but this does not serve to correct her maladjustments. For the causes of her calamity are numerous and varied. Among them may be included the growth, among her former customers, of that sentiment of nationalism, that desire for self-sufficiency, which I have already mentioned. But the chief cause lies in the very effectiveness and whole-heartedness with which England has served the world in the decades just passed.

Since the early years of the nineteenth century she has placed no embargo on her capital and her machines, and she never did on her skill. For long years past these have been available at the going price for the benefit of mankind. Steel works in America and cotton mills in India, China, and Japan — and these were the very bone and marrow of her own economic framework — were financed by British capital, equipped with British machinery, their staffs trained by British executives. Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, and Russia, each in turn learned from her teaching, buying from her seemingly inexhaustible store the fundamentals of successful competition in the industrial age. And at last that tutelage has come to its appropriate fruition in the mature self-sufficiency of her beneficiaries.

Such is England's present state. It is by no means hopeless, but the readjustments that are now required of her will be difficult and painful. In relinquishing her preëminent place of leadership in industry and commerce to become merely one among several eager contenders for the world's trade, her people will be required to change their occupations, to redistribute themselves geographically, and possibly to decrease their actual numbers. The mental changes — changes in position and outlook — will be still more distressing, but they are even now under way and will eventually be effected.

There is here no refutation of the inexorable logic behind the doctrine of free trade. The apostles of free trade have always recognized the necessity of readjustment to changing conditions, the shift of industries and activities to regions where newly discovered resources and newly developed abilities offer a preponderant competitive advantage. But who foresaw the immensity of the adjustment required? Who could have believed that it would involve the fate of an empire and the happiness of its sovereign people? The truth of the economic doctrine remains, but in how ironic and disheartening a sense!

III

All this has quite a definite bearing upon our own present policies and future prospects. There is no indication that we are soon to find ourselves in England's delicate and unstable position. We have never had, nor can we ever expect to have, so preponderant a place in the world's commerce as she once occupied. The division in the future will be among a greater number of more nearly equal competitors. How, in any event, could the proportion of exports to total manufactures ever be so high with us? Our principal market has always been at home. The size of our population, our high standard of living, and the homogeneity of our tastes have given us a large-scale, self-supported production which must always be the backbone of our industry.

Yet there are some dangerous tendencies in evidence. One of the favorite remedies for dull business at home has been to demand an aggressive and highly organized effort in foreign markets. We are largely and profitably engaged in this endeavor at the present moment. It is possible that vigorous, concerted action would greatly increase our share of this commerce. But can we, in self-defense, allow foreign trade to absorb too much of our energies?

We are already, and quite as definitely as was England, engaged in sapping our own foundations. Our machines are now a principal item of our export. Our financial resources are freely lent for the purchase of this machinery by foreign manufacturers, as well as for the provision of other equipment and working capital. Our technical methods, at the moment the most advanced in the world, are being carefully studied and imitated by foreign groups. American sales and service engineers range freely over the six continents. As for the refinements of scientific management, the Taylor Society has long and assiduously cultivated its foreign connections; such men as Wallace Clark and the late Frank Gilbreth have carried the gospel in person to alien soils where it has been brought to profitable fruitage.

In agriculture there are signs of fundamental realignments of an international order. Unlike England, we did not abandon agriculture in taking up industry. The fertility, arability, and broad extent of our soil rendered such a course both undesirable and impossible. In consequence, our export of the great staples, such as wheat and cotton, remained as the prime factor in our trade while we were building up our foreign markets for manufactured goods. But the time is coming when a major, world-wide adjustment may require us to give up this element of our prosperity, at least in part; and the process will not be an easy one. With cotton partly superseded by rayon, and with Egypt, the Sudan, and Turkestan, among other regions, coming into ever-larger production, the cotton grower in our South faces a dismal prospect.

The most serious conditions, however, are those which affect our wheat growers; here tariff policy has made its appearance as a practical problem. In the last generation enormous acreages of this cereal have been opened to cultivation in the Canadian Northwest. These lands, largely occupied by settlers from the United States, are farmed in large units and by power — therefore cheaply. In the United States the yield per acre is rising while the consumption per capita is falling; hence the exportable surplus tends to increase. We have invented an astonishingly efficient array of wheat-farming machinery — tractors, disk ploughs, seeders, and especially the combine, which harvests and threshes in one operation without requiring a threshing crew. As if all this were not enough, we have invented a new science of 'dry farming,' by which we have added thousands of square miles to the available wheat area of the earth.

Added to all this, Russia, after an absence of sixteen years from world markets, has appeared again upon the scene under extremely unsettling conditions. For she is a debtor, and has to sell at any price; the standard of living of her farmers is low; and she is using the most effective machinery and methods known, thanks to our own Mr. T. D. Campbell and Professor M. L. Wilson, who have instructed the Russians in our technique of large-scale, mechanized farming. It is evident that the embarrassment of the wheat farmer is not temporary, since the disturbing factors which I have mentioned are permanent and increasing.

Here we have, in the agricultural field, almost exactly the same problem that is facing British industry. The only tenable solution seems to lie in the combination of tariff protection on the one hand and a reduction of acreage on the other. It is true, of course, that the tariff will have no effect so long as we have an exportable surplus and world markets remain low. (They will probably continue to be low.) But during the process of adjustment, when the less efficient farms are being abandoned, a tariff on wheat must be maintained, and it may prove necessary to maintain it indefinitely. It will become effective as soon as production is reduced to the point where the exportable surplus becomes unimportant. It is highly imperative that that point should be reached as soon as possible.

Of course, there is another solution of the wheat grower's difficulties — that followed by England: deny the tariff and let nature take its course. So far as we can judge of present world movements, this would lead to the increasing embarrassment of the wheat growers and perhaps to the eventual destruction of the industry. Meanwhile a large part of our population would have to endure personal distress and diminishing purchasing power.

IV

The net effect of the kind of thought and action suggested for meeting the wheat problem is to concentrate attention upon domestic difficulties rather than on world-wide markets, except as the latter affect the former. There are other quite definite and fundamental reasons for cultivating this point of view. Being an engineer by profession, I am perpetually and instinctively impressed with the fact that man has conquered the elements of material well-being. The material satisfactions of life are now made physically possible for all mankind. I am also convinced that they can be made humanly possible. Toward this end a constructive programme may be clearly envisioned in its broad outlines; it will include the stabilization of monetary values, stabilization of employment, a raised standard of living, increased leisure, and the elimination of economic fear. There is no space to consider here the details of this programme; I can only point out that two fundamental requirements will be absolutely essential to its success: to avoid unnecessary and fruitless entanglements with world economy, and to concentrate on the well-being of our own citizens as the prime requisite of a healthy and profitable state of our industry as a whole.

With its dependencies, the territory of the United States forms one of the potential 'economic empires' into which the earth's surface naturally falls. We are far from being completely self-sustaining, and it is not necessary that we should be; but we are so nearly self-contained that we ought to be able to assure the material well-being of our citizens even in the face of any ordinary disturbances in the world at large. To say that we cannot work out our own salvation without first settling the difficulties of the rest of the world is to repeat a counsel of despair. We can do it, and in the very process our actions will benefit other nations also. But we must first isolate our problem as much as possible from world-wide disturbances, and to this end a moderate and judicious use of the tariff will be necessary.

Under our favorable industrial conditions the amount of tariff required for this purpose should not be large. It *might* be large if business men made the rates in collaboration with the committee members of the House, as has been the immemorial custom. But perhaps there is a better way. Under an entirely new conception of the functions of the Tariff Commission, a bill might be drawn up to regulate the whole desired flow of business on a self-contained basis, proper account being taken of the volume of needed imports, the amount of payments on the foreign debt, the invisible items in the balance of trade, and those of our exports which would be welcomed by other nations. A tariff so drawn would probably provide less protection than the Hawley-Smoot Bill. If the balance — for a balance should be sought — required extensive foreign travel on our part, so much the better. If the debt payments threw all the rest out of equilibrium, there would be no harm in looking with an open mind at that question also. The final aim should be to arrive at a balanced international account.

Once a scientific tariff is achieved, we shall also have to undertake certain other measures if the standard of living is to be raised to the point which is now physically possible. We shall have to restrain the expansion of industries which are already overbuilt. We shall have to work out a better control of selling costs, which, by their increase, now tend to offset all improvements in manufacture. Perhaps we may even be able to perfect a plan for selling staple articles on the basis of an official grading to standard specifications, thus eliminating a great deal of expensive and unnecessary advertising. None of these expedients is impossible. Each would tend to reduce the cost of finished goods to the consumer. The cumulative effect of all of them, successfully applied, would be to reduce the cost of many of our manufactured goods to the point where tariff protection would no longer be necessary. In the end we should be able to enjoy those fruits of our high efficiency in manufacture which are now withheld from us in large measure by unwise capital investments and wasteful selling methods.

V

The final reason which should compel us to concentrate our attention upon our own American problem is a spiritual one, in one sense of that ambiguous word. At the beginning of this article I pointed out that the advocates of free trade have always maintained that the ultimate criterion of a sound economic policy is the increase of national wealth. But a nation has no corporeal existence. It is made up of persons. When we lay careful plans to increase the national wealth, the important question to ask, therefore, is: Whose wealth is to be increased?

At the height of her success, England was incredibly wealthy, with hundreds of people in the higher income brackets and tens of thousands who were comfortably prosperous. In fact, the average scale of living of her whole population was exceeded only by that of the United States. Yet it would be a rash man who would argue that the distribution of wealth was equitable. The average was compounded of wide extremes. The poverty of London's East End was proverbial. Underlying this situation we can detect a psychological factor. England was a workshop, and her markets were the world. To the great financiers and industrialists her home people were merely means to an end, a part of the machinery of manufacture and distribution upon which her world-wide enterprise depended. The people in distant lands who were the ultimate human sources and destinations of her commerce were doubly impersonal.

Contrast the situation of England in this respect with that of America as it has developed since the war. We send abroad innumerable shiploads from the abundant products of our mines, farms, and factories, but it still remains true that our principal market is at home. Our best customer is our fellow citizen — our friend, our neighbor, our employee. This purely physical fact has lent to our economic thinking a tinge of moral sentiment. It has given rise to a growing community of interest between employer and employee, a better understanding of their interdependence, and an increasing mutual confidence.

Recent incidents have emphasized the truth of this statement beyond any possibility of doubt. Last fall the American Federation of Labor met in Boston and presented its industrial programme. Look it up in the newspapers and try to read it in the light of the prejudices of fifteen or twenty years ago; you will be stunned by the sheer incredibility of it. Except for occasional phrases, it might have been issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce. Again, consider the reaction of American industry to President Hoover's urgent plea of a year ago that wages be maintained. This appeal met with immediate, unforced, and general acceptance. Then, after the lapse of a year of difficulty and disappointment, a group of bankers suggested that wage rates be scaled down. And what was the result? The bankers' proposal drew forth a volley of impetuous and resentful objections — from employers!

All of this would have been impossible a decade ago. What has happened in the meantime? We have simply discovered that there is an inseparable community of interest between the American employer and the American laborer. Employers as a class have come to see that there can be no hope of maintaining prosperity unless the purchasing power of the workers is maintained. The laboring classes have also come to understand that they cannot continue to earn high wages unless their employers are prosperous. From the point of view of the pure moralist, these sentiments are vitiated, perhaps, by the material interests on which they rest. But we need not trouble ourselves too much about this. It is enough for us that such sentiments exist and that they are sufficiently strong to weigh very heavily in the scale of conflicting interests out of which we must strike the balance that is so essential to our national well-being.

In this new discovery of a common bond uniting capital and labor we have, then, the needed and hitherto missing element upon which we can build our plans for a new and more substantial prosperity. With it, the programme which I have sketched in this article may be undertaken with confidence; without it, the prospect is hopeless.

Our dissatisfaction with the present tariff is tending to overshoot the mark by creating disillusionment with the idea of protection in general. Unless we think clearly about the matter, we are in danger of duplicating the mistakes which have brought England to her present impasse. The idea is already gaining ground that we must look for our economic recovery to an increased foreign trade, and that wages will have to be cut to the point where we can compete more favorably with other nations. Some of our foreign friends tell us flatly that we cannot hope to maintain our standard of living against the rest of the world.

These are false and dangerous doctrines. There is no access to our markets, now denied to other nations, which could ever compensate them for the losses which they would suffer if we should enter the low-scale competition in world markets to which they are inviting us. And for our part, we simply cannot resign ourselves with safety and self-respect to accept the lower standards of living which would inevitably follow in the wake of such competition. Instead of rushing to embrace the anarchy into which world economy is now plunged, we ought rather to bend all our energies to the formulation of a plan for a wisely guided national economy. This happy consummation is now within our reach. We cannot afford to ignore the opportunity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY LADY POVERTY

THE American traveler in Europe constantly encounters the flattering notion that all Americans are rich. This is of course not quite true. That we all mean to be rich would be nearer the truth; and that all of us hope to be rich would be truer still.

But this is not to be. It must be evident by this time, by reason of the low prices of what used to be called securities and the high prices of what are still known as commodities, that the only hope for the most of us lies in the rediscovery of the beauties of poverty. We have been apostates from her. We must be reconverted. What the times demand is a new Saint Francis to preach this gospel to a distracted world. I do not put myself forward as such a preacher. The most I would aspire to is acting perhaps as his Forerunner.

Captious critics may interrupt to call upon us to stand and deliver a definition of poverty and riches, but we reply that these reflections are only for persons mature enough to know the difference. If any reader really does not know being rich from being poor, or cannot tell a rich man from a poor one, this parable is not for him. Even children understand this distinction and begin the categories of perhaps the most familiar of social analyses, 'Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.' To be incapable of these elementary social distinctions is to be a moron and with the morons stand. We accept also the distinction between poor man and beggar man; we see no beauty in beggary. The poverty we would defend is that which cannot have nearly all it thinks it wants.

The best approach to the advantages of poverty is doubtless by way of the drawbacks of wealth. Who has not observed the agony endured by wealthy persons who see 50, 65, or even 77 per cent of their comfortable incomes wrung from them by a socialistic state masquerading as the very stronghold of capitalism? Does poverty smart under any greater sense of wrong? Indeed an ingenious Englishman has recently shown that that mythical being, the man with an unlimited income, would under modern conditions have literally nothing to live on, since he would have to pay an unlimited income tax.

Consider the rich man. Keen, rapacious individuals interested in promoting investment and speculation haunt his pathway with designs upon his purse. Meantime charitable people are gathered in groups out in suburban drawing-rooms or high up in metropolitan office buildings plotting how to approach him. He is a hunted thing, a focus of attack for the inventor and the promoter, the swindler and the philanthropist. No wonder that instead of living in care-free accessibility like you or me he has to be hedged about with mahogany rails, glass partitions, secretaries, clerks, and telephone operators. For he dare not even answer the telephone. He might by so doing be suddenly precipitated into the undesirable presence of one of his natural enemies above mentioned. He cannot know the thrill of curiosity, sometimes almost pleasurable, with which you and I unhook the receiver.

The rich man has to ride perilously

along the crowded street among ponderous trucks and reckless taxis while we walk safely on the solid pavement or ride securely with sixty or eighty of our peers in the intimate social contact of a spacious modern street car, with a coachman and footman (democratically designated as motorman and conductor) to anticipate our every wish. Having sat all the morning in a swivel chair in his office or an easy-chair at his club, he now sits on luxurious cushions, the very thing he ought not to do, for it is precisely this continued sedentary life that is throwing him inevitably into the arms of the specialist. It would be far better for him if he were with us in the street car, hanging athletically on to a strap and now and then swaying pleasantly out of the perpendicular. But that expeditious and economical reducing exercise is forever closed to him, like answering the telephone.

And this is only the beginning. Consider his distractions. How enormously life's problems are simplified through limitation! Your purse is limited; then so are your problems. You do not have to decide whether you will go to the North Cape or make the Alaska trip or go to Lake George or Palm Beach or Coronado or a dozen other places. If you could really go anywhere absolutely regardless, how hard it would be to choose! And this hardship the rich actually experience.

Nor can wealth so fully rejoice in the simplicity of friendship. It has not the freedom of expression allowed to poverty. For one thing, there are the newspapers continually nosing about. Then the rich are oppressed with the apprehension of being 'used.' And the estate of affluence does not invite the social relation of friendship so readily as does the intimate, heroic adventure of poverty. The rich are, moreover, constantly belabored by socialists, economists, industrialists, publicists, and fanatics of all kinds, who do not know any of them, or they would have seen what thoroughly inoffensive people most of them are — and all for no earthly reason except that they are rich, for which in most cases they are of course in no wise responsible.

What, after all, is the good of being rich? Suppose you have a wardrobe full of raiment. You can wear but one suit at a time, except in the coldest weather. The possession of scores of others, as even Epictetus observed, is a purely mental matter. You are pleasantly conscious that you have others, one of which you might have been wearing or may wear another time. But this is a mere state of mind. In point of fact you have on but one costume, just like everybody else. You may even be harassed by the thought that you should have worn one of the others, in which case even the mental balance is against you. Or even that moths or burglars are after them, or that while you are wearing this one the others are going out of style.

There is no denying that some rich people are happy. But does not this disconcerting fact prove upon examination to be explained by their having retained, even amid the disadvantages of wealth, the point of view of poverty? This is probably why some very rich men down to old age cling to the fiction that they are poor. The honor and the worth of poverty have no more enthusiastic endorsers than the rich. Nowhere are there such firm believers in it as they. They know and do not hesitate to declare that it is good for us. This is not because they do not wish us well, but solely because they have experienced, some of them, the sterling worth of being poor. (It is a curious fact that those of them who were never poor are not nearly so certain about this.) What, if anything, do rich men brag about? Not how rich they are, but how poor they once were. Caddies tell me that affluent golfers freely dilate to them, in the privacy of the fairway, on how they used to work for fifty cents a day and with what difficulty they got what they call their 'start.' This striking endorsement of poverty from an unexpected and unprejudiced quarter should convince the most dubious.

The very achievement of wealth, which is its chief distinction, is made from a starting point of poverty, and is itself in reality just one more proof of the worth of being poor. Is it not precisely out of being poor that men grow rich? Human energy, like gas, has to be condensed to be utilized; and poverty is the great condenser. Under its powerful pressure we push, pull, lift, pound, drive, and develop a degree of power of which we did not dream. And, in all candor, where had you rather be, in a silken box with the proconsul, or on scratch in the arena?

Poverty speaks a universal language. Hunger and thirst are alike the world over, and he is to be pitied who has not experienced them in a measure. And of course the rich, having most of them been poor, know this and, when they wish to enjoy themselves, play at being poor, and strive, by camping or touring, to find hunger, fatigue, and thirst. It is not much fun eating if you are never hungry.

Is it not the simple truth that the rich find their chief happiness in importing into their existence the joys of poverty? The competitions of sport are designed to recover some of the conditions of poverty. What would sport be if the richer man always won at golf or tennis? It is because the decision is sought on terms of sheer personal prowess, irrespective of Dun's or Bradstreet's, that sport attracts the rich as it does the poor. But this is simply returning to the conditions of poverty. We have heard much of aping the rich, but one of the chief enjoyments of wealth may be described as aping the poor.

But why speak of camping out? In pursuit of hardship the rich have long since sailed past that star. The other night a distinguished soldier informed me that there was nothing like a tent to live in, and the very next day a spirited woman said with an air of conviction that a tent was altogether too stuffy a place to sleep in and the truest happiness was found in a pack trip through Western mountains with nothing overhead at night but stars. Why do the rich insist upon exchanging the comforts of home for such hardships? It is because there is a charm about the conditions of poverty which even wealth cannot dispense with.

But it would be a mistake to go on and, taking advantage of the reader's overwrought nerves, rouse in his breast a positive pity for the rich, and a deep but hopeless yearning to do something to relieve their condition. They too have their pride; they do not want our pity. The thing about them, in fact, that I find most wearing is the violence with which they hold their prejudices; but perhaps this is because I hold my own so violently.

A few years ago there lived in the Middle West an energetic and promising young brakeman. He was a steady fellow, was happily married and had a good home. Unfortunately his father, who was a railroad engineer, instead of attending strictly to his duties became interested in devising some kind of attachment for Pullman cars, and produced an invention. The consequence is that his son is now an idle vagrant. He leads a roaming, restless life. His summers he spends at a cottage with seven bathrooms which he has built in the North woods. In the winter he occupies a furnished flat in town, except for an occasional visit to Palm Beach or when he takes his wife North for the hunting season. I cannot learn that he has any occupation. He can hardly be said to have even a home; and all through no fault of his, but simply because his father's mind wandered — a very dangerous habit, most of all in a locomotive engineer.

THE FAMILY TREE OF FAMILY NAMES

WHO has not at some time speculated on the derivation of his own name or noted the oddities and contradictions of those of his neighbors? For my own part I have followed this hobby of family names ever since, as a schoolboy, I noted among my companions the surnames White, Brown, Black, Blue, and wondered why there was no Red, since ruddy complexions and carroty hair must have been as common among our ancestors as among ourselves. I did not then know that Reade (and its various spellings, Reed, Reid, and so on) was the form that the nickname took when it became a family name. Neither then nor until long afterward did I have any opportunity for research into the devious ways of words. As others collected and classified postage stamps, I collected and classified names. The task seems endless, but there are a few guiding principles that will smooth the way for anyone.

Here in America, which is peopled by representatives of every race and tongue, the number of strange and perplexing names in our directories appears overwhelming. Yet the kinds of surnames, so far as their origin is concerned, are few. They all arose from the need of distinguishing persons of the same baptismal name. We fall back on a similar device when the circumstances are such that we cannot use personal names, either family or baptismal. In directing a stranger, we say, 'Ask the man in the blue coat,' 'See the man who is driving the cart,' or 'The man standing over by the hillside will know.' That is, we describe him, give his location, or tell what he is doing. That is just what surnames did originally. Blue was applied to a person on account of his dress, Carter on account of his occupation, and Hill or Underhill on account of his position. Surnames may be classed, then, as descriptive epithets or nicknames, as occupational or trade names, and as topographical or place names. This classification is seemingly exhaustive, for how can we point a person out verbally except by telling what he looks like, what he is doing, or where he is?

Yet there is a fourth method of identification. In a settled community, where degrees of kinship are known, a reference to a relative of the person we have in mind, as 'Tom's (boy) Dick,' 'Samanthy's Jane,' is enough to specify the particular Dick or Jane intended. Usually the reference is to the father; hence these surnames are called patronymics. Names of this class are so common in all languages that they hardly need illustration: Harrison is the son of Harry, and Wilson is Will's son. Within a square of where I am now writing are the families of Jackson, Jansen, Ivorson, and — a little farther away — Jones, their names all derivatives of John and equivalent to our English Johnson.

While it is agreed that fixed and permanent family names were brought into England by the followers of William the Conqueror and gradually spread over that country in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, no date can be set for their first appearance on the Continent. It is a mistake to assume that, before the vogue of hereditary surnames, our ancestors were unable to distinguish definitely such of their acquaintances as, by chance, bore the same baptismal name. Where language exists at all, description is possible, and a descriptive term joined to the given name was all that was needed. Freeman says that such added names were as common in England before the Conquest as after, but among the Saxons these additional names were not hereditary. A man did not share them with his wife and children; they were still individual and not family names. If not surnames, however, they were the material out of which surnames were formed. From which of the four classes of names were hereditary or entailed surnames first derived?

Under the patronymic system, the son took, in addition to his own baptismal name, the baptismal (or occupational) name of his father. Thomas would be known as the son of John, or Thomas Johnson. At first such names were not hereditary, but were surnames only in the original sense of that word — that is, designations 'over and above' the Christian name for purposes of identification. The name was handed down, but handed down for only one generation. In the next, Thomas Johnson's son, who had been christened James, would be called, not James Johnson, but James Thompson. In Iceland, which was settled by the Norsemen in the ninth century, such alternation in names persists to this day. Eric, son of Magnus, is known as Eric Magnussen, but Eric's own son, Olaf, will be known in his community as Olaf Ericsen. But in other ways than inheritance patronymics fall short of becoming family names in the full sense. The entire family did not share in them. The sons, as we have seen, found a common cognomen in their father's personal name: John, the son of Andrew, became John Anderson. But what of his sister Mary? She, by all the rules of logic, could not be known as the son of Andrew, or as Mary Anderson. Equally absurd would be the extension of the name to John's wife.

Nicknames do not seem any more likely than patronymics to have been the first to develop into hereditary surnames. A man may be known as the 'Red Fox,' but his sons, unless they inherit the complexion or traits that won him that sobriquet, will not inherit his name. They in their turn may acquire nicknames of their own, and these will be no more permanent than that of their father. Similarly with occupational names. A mountaineer who tends sheep may be known as 'Jack the Shepherd,' but his son who becomes a miner or goes to a distant city to learn a trade will not be called a shepherd. He will take his name from his own calling, or be designated by a nickname, or, as likely as not, take the name of the village from which he came. Nor will the shepherd's daughter who keeps house for him be known by any term descriptive of her father's vocation. None of these three classes of names show any decided tendency to become fixed and hereditary.

With place names it is different. There could have been nothing deliberate in the change in names by which they acquired a new function — that of tracing descent on the male line, from generation to generation. It happened, as it were, by the logic of events. If the early owner of an estate, say 'The Hedges,' took his name from his residence, and his descendants, several generations later, were found occupying the same homestead and were known by the same affixed name, Hedges, it would be assumed that they had inherited the name as well as the property. The name came to *mean* a descendant of the earliest Hedges; it traced lineage because it traced property.

At a time when feudalism with its special class privileges was spreading over Europe, men found it an advantage to bear the name of their grandfather or of some noted ancestor. The other three classes — patronymics, nicknames, and occupational names — were remodeled after the new pattern. The step, however, was not taken without some hesitation; for a long time entries like 'Mary, Tom's daughter' were found in the English parish registries. The title of one of Sigrid Undset's novels, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, reminds us that the same objections once prevailed in Scandinavia. But people finally came to ignore the verbal contradiction in Mary Thompson just as they did in the name John White, whose owner was a dark man, or John Castle, whose home was a hovel, or John Carpenter, who was a grocer. People no longer took their words too literally. And for many of us there has been progress in forgetfulness.

REJECTIONIANA

WHEN I commenced to write 'for the magazines,' according to my own broad statement, my only idea was to sell the material I wrote to the magazines for which I wrote it. That was ten years or more ago. In all that time I have not ceased my efforts, but they have gradually turned in a different and more profitable direction.

At first, when my material was unanimously rejected by the various journals to which it was consigned (and it was offered generously and unstintingly, I assure you), I suffered a deep disappointment. What was the matter, that the editors could not recognize the worth of the stories I was writing? How could my stories, so far superior to those already in print — but if you've written, you know all of the questions that arose in my mind. It was only after four or five years of uncompensated effort that I realized, one day, that I was missing a Golden Opportunity. I was overlooking the decorative possibilities in those very rejection slips that accompanied each returned manuscript! I had hoarded my slips, much as a miser hoards his gold, so now I went to the envelope marked 'Graveyard,' shook them out upon my desk, and looked them over. They lay in confusing and motley array. I was not mistaken! They would, when I had enough of them, make a unique and delightful decorative feature of my study. Already I could see them glued to a background, in a bewilderment of geometric design, shellacked to preserve their surfaces, adorning a most unique screen! *There* was an idea.

As I say, it changed my entire attitude toward my writing — I might even say toward the editors who read my efforts. Now, when I sent out a manuscript, I experienced a new fear. Suppose that the thing should be kept by some mean editor, and published in his awful magazine! Suppose — dire possibility — that for my efforts I should this time receive no rejection slip at all! I was suffering, you see, from that most virulent of all diseases — Collector's Fever. As time went on, the fear subsided. One editor after another showed his willingness to coöperate with me (unwittingly, it must be admitted) in the amassing of enough slips for the screen I had planned.

Now I wrote more feverishly than ever. I did not overlook an idea, an opportunity. I wrote short stories, short short stories, articles, essays — anything, in fact, that came within my grasp. For I realized that the more widely I wrote, the greater would be the decorative scope of the screen I planned. I wrote juvenile stories, and received in return for my efforts the pleasant, sepia-toned slip of *St. Nicholas*. I especially prized this, for the editors had devised one that resembled a personal letter, to which they cunningly affixed the author's name, so that only the initiate would know the missive was not personal. I wrote for *Child Life*, and realized the narrowness of my escape when, on the neat little brown card they returned with my effort, I read the word, penned in a precise backhand, 'Almost'! I must be careful. I was evidently approaching a perfection in style against which I must guard. A few more 'almosts,' and my fear of an acceptance would be realized. I decided to give up the juvenile market.

Still the mania persisted. I was as unable to stop as though I were writing — as I once had been — in the hope of acceptance. I wrote some short short stories, and, knowing that *Liberty* must be flooded with such things, sent them there. Sure enough, back they came — accompanied by a half sheet, on which (again in imitation of typewriting) was a neat little note designed to soften the blow of the rejection. Editors, I learn, almost invariably try to soften the blow as much as is within their power.

I wrote a household article, and sent it to the *Woman's Home Companion*. This time my efforts were rewarded with a really personal letter. That, of course, shall have a centre place on my screen. Personal letters, I have discovered, are rare rewards. Another article of the sort brought me a double remuneration from *Better Homes and Gardens*. First arrived a postcard on which was printed the message that the magazine had received my material (for which I was thanked — the editors always thank the sender), and that as soon as possible they would read my manuscript and report. I was artfully led to believe that the editors were wading through manuscripts waist high, in a feverish energy to reach my own. At any rate, they were true to their promise — and in due time I received a double-page rejection slip, with the most delightfully couched 'hints' to aspiring contributors. Naturally, when I assemble the materials for my screen, I shall use both communications from that magazine — giving it, as it were, a double place of honor.

Short Stories contributed a small gray card, attractively gotten up, that will lend variety to the screen. In it the editors 'regret,' but they stoop to no subterfuge of leading the writer to suppose their regret is at all personal. Far from it. They come right out, in honest print, and give a number of tactful reasons (from which the writer is at liberty to take his choice) for the rejection of his manuscript.

I wrote a play, and sent it to *Theatre Arts Monthly*. The card I received in return is a work of art, done in the manner of a formal invitation. Again the editor 'regretted,' but again the regret was abstract, for the card had been set up in type, with no effort to camouflage its impersonality. To the *Forum* I sent the play next, being virtually sure that it would find no haven, as I had never seen a play published in that magazine. I was right! The play came back, accompanied by a most attractive half sheet in blue, with a delightful little footnote penned in microscopic characters. I prize that footnote. It says, 'Afraid plays are not for us.' But I shall be careful of what I send to the *Forum* hereafter. That footnote, kind as it was, shows that it may have been only the nature of the material, and not its style, that kept my manuscript out of the pages of that magazine. And I need more slips from the *Forum*. It is one of the few magazines that rejects in blue. And for my screen I must have color, as well as design.

Collier's is much like *Liberty* in its style of rejection. Still, I shall use its slip, if only for diversity. *Good Housekeeping* will be commemorated with a truly personal letter. It is quite long, and very kind. (As I have said, kindness is one of the outstanding features of these missives.) *California Arts and Architecture,* too, sends a personal letter. No fooling about this. It is neither printed nor mimeographed, but typed to me in person, with the stenographer's initials in the left-hand lower corner. There can be no doubt about the authenticity of that.

The *Atlantic* (I feel a delicacy about mentioning this, since the piece I am writing now is intended for that publication) sends a simple folded sheet, in correspondence size. It will lend dignity, I feel, to my helter-skelter screen. I treasure one rejection each from *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. I can see my screen growing, through my own unremitting efforts.

Only one editor disappoints me. Mr. Mencken, of the *Mercury,* sends a plain white card, in the lower right-hand corner of which is inscribed the legend,

With the thanks of
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Nothing more. And all that space on the rest of the card left blank. I should write to Mr. Mencken, but the subject, as anyone can appreciate, is a delicate one. I am only hoping that someone who reads this article will take the matter up with him, pointing out the intrinsic lack of beauty in the rejection cards he uses. Yet I want to use the card.

My collection grows apace, and today, I am happy to say, I have nearly enough material for my projected screen. Perhaps, before my dream is fulfilled, Mr. Mencken will have changed his policy. And in the meantime I have experienced that greatest of all pursuits — collecting. I don't know what I shall do with my manuscripts when the screen is finally made. Certainly two such screens would look silly.

Addendum. — I have just received a letter from the *Atlantic.* And with it my worst fears are realized. I should never have written for the Contributors' Club. But how was I to know that my little essay (I suppose that is what it might be called) would be accepted? I had only hoped that for that department of the magazine the *Atlantic* might employ a different style of rejection. And, as I have pointed out, I was seeking diversity for my screen. At any rate, the worst has happened. I have, as the expression goes, 'arrived.' But I am not disheartened. Looking over my already accumulated rejection notices, I find that I have enough, by using them sparingly, to make the proposed screen. I could use a few more, but I shall be content with those I have.

There is, of course, an alternative. I could go about now to amass letters of acceptance for a second screen — a sort of companion to my first. Somehow, though, that lacks the thrill — and, I might add, the certainty — that accompanied my earlier effort. So I am casting about for a new hobby. I am told that stamp collecting has its points. I have closed my typewriter and put it away. Already I have three stamps for my new collection — an early Lindbergh, one from Czechoslovakia, and a third from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I feel a certain pardonable pride in my adaptability.

FINCH'S FORTUNE

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXIV

THEY had not spoken since. News traveled fast at Jalna, and Alayne had already heard, when she met Renny in the hall, an exaggerated account of all that had happened since his return. The Glasgow youth had run all the way to the house to tell his friend Bessie. Bessie had run on tiptoe up two flights of stairs to gasp it out to Alma as she was giving Mooey his bath. Alma had repeated it with whispered embellishment to Pheasant when she carried some toast and tea to her. Pheasant had told Alayne. . . . When Alayne and Renny met in the hall, she had already heard how he had gone into a terrible rage, threatened the men who had dispatched Barney, insisted on himself unearthing the body, had caressed it, wept over it. The sight of him standing there with the light from the stained-glass window turning his clothes into motley, falling on his red hair in a purple stain, was shocking to her. The frozen grin on his face was repellent. When he said what he said, she drew back with a feeling of repulsion. She made no answer, but stood rigid, her back to the wall, her palms pressed against it while he passed.

He went into the sitting room, shutting the door behind him. A moment later she heard him draw the folding doors between there and the dining room with a bang. She was filled with bitterness and disillusion. And yet, she felt, she had always known he was like this.

As she climbed the stairs with heavy limbs she said to herself, 'I never liked him. That is the trouble. I was mad for him. But I never have liked him.'

In her room she sat by the window looking down on the parched garden. The flowers hung their limp heads. Their foliage separated, showing the dry earth beneath. Her own head ached so that she could scarcely hold it up. She pressed her fingers to the space between her eyebrows where there was a knot of pain. She felt as though she were going to be ill.

She sat with drooping head, going over incident after incident in her life with Renny, trying to discover if she had been at fault in the marked change in their relations. She could not see where she had failed him. She had managed to live peaceably in the house with Piers who hated her, but she could not live peaceably with Renny who — but did he love her? Or had he felt for her only a desire for her body, while she stretched out her hands for the satisfaction of her soul? She could not blame herself. Something stubborn in her refused to accept the blame.

Again the jealousy of Clara Lebraux surged through her like a racking pain. She felt it in her back, in her throat, in the nerves of her stomach. That woman — with her streaked hair, her pale eyelashes, her bony hands — what fascination was there in her that drew him to the fox farm when he might have been with his wife? The thought came to her with a shock that because Barney had come from the fox farm he was doubly dear to Renny — that Renny even suspected her of agreeing only too willingly to his destruction because of that.

When she went down to supper she found that places were laid for only herself and Piers. She was not surprised that Pheasant was unable to come to the table, but where was Wakefield — where that other? Piers, looking at his plate, muttered that Pheasant was still feeling rocky and that young Wake had had a turn with his heart — too much excitement — and was sleeping. He did not speak of Renny, but soon she saw Rags pass through the hall carrying a tray. He went into the sitting room and shut the door cautiously behind him. She saw Piers frowning, the corner of his mouth drawn to one side.

Rags, when he returned to the dining room, wore an expression of profound secrecy, as though torture would not induce him to reveal what was taking place on the other side of the folding doors. Alayne remembered how Meggie had had most of her food carried to her on trays by Rags. Was Renny going to follow Meg's example? She had a hysterical desire to laugh. She could not choke down the cold roast beef, but nibbled a little cress and thin bread. Piers stolidly consumed beef, and peaches and cream. Now and then he cast a frowning look at the door of the sitting room.

Alayne made no attempt to talk to Piers. She did not know what his attitude toward her in the affair was, but she supposed he blamed her. If he brought up the subject of the dog's death she did not think she could endure to remain at the table. However, he did not, but when he had half-finished his meal he began to talk about the sale which he had attended. In a muffled voice he gave her a description of the animals on which he and Renny had bid. He carefully described a Clydesdale stallion he had bought and a nice cobby mare for general use purchased by Renny. The stallion had cost a pretty penny, but Piers hoped to get it out of him again.

Alayne answered in monosyllables, but she was grateful to Piers, for she saw that he was trying to make things easier for her. When he had finished the glass of ale he always had for supper he held his cigarette case out to her, and for the first time during the meal their eyes met. She saw that the look in his was kind and her own filled with tears. He began gruffly and hurriedly to talk of the crowd at the sale, the intense heat, and to describe the mannerisms of the auctioneer. He knew she did not smoke, but he had offered her a cigarette as though he wanted to do something for her. She accepted and puffed at it awkwardly. It was the first time they had ever sat for a while together talking.

Now five days had gone by, and she and Renny had not spoken. She lived in a kind of haze. Sometimes, when she was dressing in the morning, her mind became confused. She would hesitate, look blankly about the room, and begin to take her clothes off again, thinking it was night instead of morning. Then, seeing the sunlight, she would remember and shamefacedly continue her dressing. She had always been proud of the clarity of her mind, of the fact that she could keep her wits about her. She had often been intolerant of Eden's bemused ways. There had been a break in the weather and now the nights were wet, but with each morning came bright sunshine that was continually being darkened by moving clouds. A forlorn look had descended upon the flower beds.

She had never before been in a house with anyone with whom she was not on speaking terms. She was not able to remember a shadow in the cheery attitude of her parents toward each other. Renny addressed all his conversation to Piers, seeming to include Pheasant in his resentment. He was even less indulgent to Wakefield and insisted that he go to his lessons, though it was plain to be seen that the boy was not well. Pheasant seemed absorbed in her own musings. She too was ailing and several times had to leave the breakfast table. On three days of the five Renny did not return to dinner. In the relief of his absence, Pheasant and Wakefield chattered continually, while Rags regarded them with disapproval. Though Alayne discovered that Renny had, in these absences, dined with the Vaughans, she still believed that he spent much of his time with Clara Lebraux.

On the sixth day Rags brought the mail to Renny at the breakfast table. He tore open a letter and, having read it, handed it to Piers.

'You see,' he said, 'it's just as I said. It was scarcely worth the trouble of sending it, but I wanted to prove that it was nothing but callous cruelty.'

Piers read the note and gave a sympathetic grunt.

'Show it to Alayne,' said Renny, looking at his plate.

Piers slid the paper along the table to her. She picked it up and read. It was the report from the Government Analyst stating that the head of the dog had been examined and that no evidence of rabies had been present. She read it dully, feeling nothing more than a quickening of her sense of injury.

'Let me see it, please!' cried Wakefield. 'Is it something interesting?'

Alayne passed on the paper to him.

'I don't think,' said Piers, 'that anyone was to blame for that. The men did just what was natural — seeing a dog in that condition. Alayne did just what was natural. She wanted him put out of the way with the least possible pain. And it was n't Quinn's fault that he did n't understand the gun. . . . If it had been my dog, I'd just try to put it out of my head — forget the whole thing!' He began to draw horizontal lines on the tablecloth with his knife.

'Yes, indeed!' cried Pheasant, revolting against her silence of the week. 'If ever I saw a terrifying object, it was that dog. If he was n't mad he'd no right to act as though he were and frighten darling little Mooey and Alayne and me almost to death!'

'Don't bring me into it, please,' said Alayne coldly.

Renny sprang up from his chair. 'My God!' he exclaimed. 'You make me sick, the lot of you!'

He gave a wild look about the room and then flung out of it and out of the house.

Those who were left exchanged one startled look. Then Piers slit open a letter to himself; Pheasant bent her head over the newspaper, casting a sidelong look at Alayne, who, summoning all her will, picked up a letter in the handwriting of the younger of her aunts and forced herself to read it.

Wakefield kept repeating to himself, over and over, in a gabbling tone, 'You make me sick, the lot of you! . . . You make me sick, the lot of you!'

Piers, suddenly becoming aware of this, scowled at him. 'Shut up,' he said curtly, 'or I'll put you out.'

To hide his chagrin, Wakefield examined his reflection in the hollow of a spoon, making grotesque grimaces at it.

Alayne thought, 'What if Aunt Harriet is writing to say that they are coming at once? I never can endure that with things as they are!'

But there was no word of a visit. Helen, the elder aunt, was ill. Her sister was greatly troubled.

Alayne's first sensation was one of pure relief. Then anxiety for her loved relation swept relief away. There was a note of foreboding in the letter very unlike the cheerful tone with which Aunt Harriet usually faced life's worries. A rather shaky postscript said that if there was any change for the worse Alayne had better come. She could not bear the responsibility alone.

All her life Alayne had been accustomed to make sudden decisions. There was nothing of wavering in her at such moments as this. She would wait for no telegram. She would go at once — to-day. For a moment she considered the idea of allowing the others to believe that Renny's behavior was unendurable to her — of punishing him in this way. But she put that aside. She was too proud for pretense.

She took Pheasant aside after breakfast and told her of her aunt's serious illness. Something skeptical as well as compassionate in the girl's expression made Alayne give her the letter to read. Pheasant threw her arms about her and kissed her.

'Darling Alayne! I do hope it will be only a little visit! I shall miss you so! Jalna is n't very comfortable for a prospective young mother these days. Oh, I do wish Uncle Nick were here! I'm sure he could have kept us out of this tangle!'

At one o'clock Piers came in with the news that Renny had gone off somewhere on business with Maurice. He did not say what the business was and Alayne was of the opinion that Renny was simply spending the day at the Vaughans'. Meg had not been well and Alayne knew he was worried. She packed clothes to last her for a month's visit, then sat down at the writing table in her room to write a note to Renny. She wrote one that sounded so frigid when she read it over that she tore it up. Better nothing than that! She began another on which, in spite of herself, tears fell, and she tore it up, too. He should get no wifely weeping note from her. Better, perhaps, that he should hear the news from the family.

Piers had the car freshly washed for taking her to the station. He sent Wright to drive it and kept out of the way at the moment of good-bye. Pheasant had hovered about her all the afternoon. She had brought two little embroidered handkerchiefs as a gift. She had led Mooey to Alayne and he had said, having evidently rehearsed the words, 'I'm shorry I was a naughty boy, Auntie Alayne,' and held up his face to be kissed.

Wakefield begged to be allowed to see her off. He had so little in the way of change that he was delighted when she agreed. He and Wright carried her things into the Pullman for her. It was the first time the boy had ever seen one.

'How jolly this is!' he exclaimed. 'I wonder if the day will ever come when I'll be going somewhere. I've lived all these years and I've never been anywhere. Is n't it terrible, Alayne?' Yet there was a certain pride in his bearing like the pride of the oldest inhabitant. People about were casting admiring glances at his dark eager face.

All night Alayne tossed in the grip of a nervous headache. She was at the point of exhaustion when she reached the pretty stucco house up the Hudson. Miss Helen was just able to recognize her; in two days she died.

When all was over and order was restored in the house, Alayne and Miss Harriet had many long talks. Alayne's heart was wrung by her aunt's loneliness. She made up her mind that she would remain with her for some time. She had written twice to Pheasant and had had two letters in reply. Things were going on about the same as usual at Jalna. Pheasant wrote, 'R. was very much surprised when you did not appear the next morning. He did not say much, but his look was one of the completest astonishment.'

There was not much time for thought in those first weeks. Miss Archer had many friends eager to condole with her and to see Alayne after her long absence. The friends agreed that marriage had not improved Alayne's looks. She had grown sallow and there were shadows under her eyes.

Miss Helen had left Alayne all her money — not a large sum, but one sufficient to make many things possible for her which had not been possible before. Miss Harriet expressed a desire to own a motor car. Her sister had been content to hire one and had been timid about motoring. Now one was purchased and Alayne took pleasure in driving her aunt over the smooth roads above the river. The autumn weather was delightful.

Alayne accompanied Miss Archer to a small club formed of ladies of the neighborhood. At the meetings in drawing-rooms, where elegance and a certain austerity were combined, literature and questions of the day were discussed. Selected members brought intelligent articles from the best magazines, which they read aloud, enunciating so clearly that not a word was missed by their hearers. Alayne herself read an article of great interest, in which it was demonstrated, with quaint examples, that the rural people of the Southwestern states retain in their dialect many words of Elizabethan English.

She liked the club. She was strangely exhilarated by the mental atmosphere of the place, and began to have the feeling of clear-headed alertness which she had known in the days before her marriage. She was like a plant returned to its native soil. Her complexion cleared, but the shadows beneath her eyes remained. No matter how well she slept during the night, she woke at four o'clock and there was no more sleep for her except a mere snatch, achieved between the time when the maid first stirred about the house and the time when she herself must rise. That snatch of sleep refreshed her. It took the edge off the sharp remembrance of the thoughts that had kept her awake. They were thoughts of how her life was ruined, of how these cool and pleasant days were like a clean pinafore that a child puts on to hide its torn and shabby clothes. They were thoughts of how she had lain in the arms of Renny.

XXV

With the departure of Alayne a change came over the family at Jalna. The spurious order that had afflicted them during the summer was thrown aside like hampering harness, and they ran free. In the basement, where her persistent weekly visits of inspection had been looked forward to with dread, it was as though the lid had been removed from a bubbling pot. The contents of the pot bubbled, boiled over, and the smell of its exuberance rose to the realms above.

'White Wings, they never grow weary,' sang Mrs. Wragge, in a rich contralto, as she threw the remains of a joint, of which she had no desire to make a mince, to the dogs. Her husband, with a cigarette in his lips and his sleeves uprolled, polished the best silver coffeepot, the inside of which had not been washed for many a day. Bessie was plucking a young goose, letting the feathers drift softly where they would.

'What was that the missus called them, that first day she come rampagin' down here?' she called to Rags.

'Plumage, that's wot. It's American for fevvers. She's got a rum way o' talkin'. Puts the haccent on the wrong syllables and drawls out the last word in every sentence. She got on my nerves if ever a lidy did.'

'It's not the way the boss talks,' said Bessie. 'He sort of shoots the talk at you. Makes you jump out of your skin sometimes.'

'And serve you right,' returned Rags, blowing on the coffeepot. 'You're the laziest young Canadjen I've ever seen, and I've seen a good many.'

'Give me a cockney for laziness!' jeered the girl. 'What you *do* know is how to *look* busy! Why, you've been half an hour on that there coffeepot!'

Rags set down the silver pot and advanced toward her. There was a scuffle in which the air was filled with feathers, as though the combatants were two birds. Mrs. Wragge stopped singing to stare at them with disapproval.

'Get on with yer work and stop yer foolin', Bessie,' she ordered. 'Alfred, don't you be makin' so free.'

A baby voice sounded from the tairway. 'Fight some more, p'ease! We're coming.'

It was Mooey. He and his cousin Patience were descending the stairs, carrying their blue china plates in their hands.

Maurice Vaughan and his little daughter had come to stay at Jalna while Meg was at the hospital. The two children had been hungry in the middle of the morning, and Alma had set them down at their little table with bread and butter and brown sugar before them. They had soon devoured that, and, Alma being engaged in trying to hide her freckles under some of Pheasant's face powder, they had stolen from the room and laboriously descended two flights of stairs to the basement.

There they stood, three steps from the bottom, Patience in pink, Mooey in fawn, holding their plates before them like two small mendicants and smiling ingratiatingly. Mrs. Wragge came to them beaming. She had the pneumatic bosom and fat red face that inspire confidence in children.

'Well, I'm blessed,' she declared, 'if I ever seen two lovelier kiddies!' Rags and Bessie also gathered to inspect them.

'She's the spit of 'er mother,' observed Rags. 'Sime complexion. Sime smile.'

'She 'as 'er daddy's gray eyes,' said his wife.

'This one,' continued her husband, placing the tips of his fingers on Mooey's head, 'is the most beautiful blend of two parents I've hever seen. 'E's took the best points off both on 'em.'

Mooey said, 'I want gingerb'ed, p'ease.'

'There is no gingerbread, dearie,' answered Mrs. Wragge.

'Jam, then, and a piece of celery.'

'Patty wants an egg!' said Patience.

'Listen to them! At this hour in the morning!' cried Bessie.

'They're half starved along o' that Alma,' declared the cook. 'Run you to the larder, Bessie, and fetch those two hard-boiled eggs. I cooked too many for the jellied veal.'

While the eggs were being shelled the children ran round and round in a circle, holding their plates before them. They liked the feel of the brick floor under their feet. Presently Patience slipped and fell. The plate flew from her hands and was broken. Mooey tripped over her and fell, too. They sat, shouting with laughter, among the fragments of china.

'Patty wants anozzer p'ate, p'ease,' said Patience, holding up her hands.

'Give 'er that cracked one,' said Rags, 'just to see wot she'll do with it.'

Finding it in her hand, Patty rose and, assuming the classic attitude of the disk thrower, hurled it to the other end of the kitchen. At the crash she looked astonished for a moment, then said, 'Patty wants anozzer p'ate!'

Bessie brought a tin plate this time. Patience took it trustingly and, with a wide gesture, hurled it down the room. It fell with a thin clatter.

'Oh, hell!' said Mooey. 'That won't b'eak!'

'Chips of the old block,' said Rags, sententiously.

At this moment Alma came down the stairs in search of her charges. She was greatly disturbed. She had just discovered that Patience was Mooey's aunt as well as his cousin and it made her head spin round and round. She explained how strange she felt, and Mrs. Wragge suggested that they had all better have a cup of tea.

Maurice Vaughan had had an opportunity to let his house furnished for two months, and Renny had suggested that he take advantage of the offer and make Jalna his home for the period. Meggie would be in the hospital for several weeks, and when she was convalescent she would almost certainly recuperate more quickly in the atmosphere of her old home. Renny thought that Vaughanlands was unhealthy, situated as it was in a hollow and having no basement. The presence of Maurice and Patience in the house would help to distract his mind from the awful fact that Meggie was obliged to undergo an operation. The very word 'hospital' filled the Whiteoaks with loathing and fear. Not one of them had ever entered one as a patient. When their time came they simply took to their beds and died. That was all there was to it. No surgeon's knife had ever cut into their stubborn flesh.

Meggie had come to tell them good-bye, looking pale but sweetly firm and reconciled. She had always had a sense of the dramatic and it now helped her in this trying time. She embraced Mooey, exclaiming, 'And you must always, always be a good boy!' She laid her two hands on Renny's chest and said, deeply, 'You will always guard little Wake, won't you?' She visited her grandmother's room and stroked the silent Boney, murmuring, 'Nevermore' — having evidently confused him in her mind with Poe's Raven.

The most heart-rending thing was that she brought a little gift to each of them. As though they needed anything to remember her by! She brought a gift to even the least of the servants, which was Alma Patch, and adjured her to be kind to Patience, her baby. To Piers she brought a silk handkerchief holder with a pink bow. To Wakefield, a little black lacquer writing case given to her by her grandmother when she was a girl. To Renny, a diary. It had been given to her, she explained, the Christmas before, but she had not had the strength to write in it.

Renny kept several account books, but he had never owned a diary. He carried it darkly to his room that night, lighted his lamp, and sat down at the table with the little book before him. He opened it and read on the flyleaf in a spidery hand, 'To dear Meggie with love from Nellie Pink.' This had been firmly crossed out and underneath, in his sister's bold hand, was written, 'For Renny, with my abiding love, Meggie.' Dubiously he fluttered the narrow pages under his thumb. Three fourths of the year were almost gone, and it was difficult to know how to set about the enterprise.

After giving his fountain pen the severe shake it always required before it would write, he pressed open the diary at January. The only event he could remember in that month (aside from events in the stable, of which a meticulous record was kept in his office) was the death of Lebraux. He wrote, 'Tony Lebraux died. Age 45. Weather very rough.' In the space for the first day of March he wrote, 'Finch of age. Dinner party. Finch spoke.' In May he wrote of the departure of Nicholas, Ernest, and Finch for England. In June he recorded Wakefield's birthday and his height and weight that day. In July he recorded his own birthday, adding the words, 'Getting on.' At the end of August he wrote, 'Barney killed by four brutes with hayforks.' His next entry was, 'Alayne left to visit her aunt, owing to illness (later death) of other aunt.' He stared at this entry for quite a long while before he turned to the space for that day. Herein he wrote, 'Meggie entered hospital to-day for serious operation. Gave me this book.' . . . He heaved a deep sigh, leaned back, and filled his pipe. . . . He never opened the little book again.

Like a sweet rain after a drought, word came that Meggie had not only survived the operation but was progressing famously. Maurice went to see her and returned jubilant. She was weak, but she was out of all danger, her appetite was good, and she was cheerful as could be. Later Piers and Pheasant went to see her and took her jelly and a cake. Wakefield was taken to see her and visited several other patients besides. But Renny did not go. When Maurice suggested it he ordered flowers to be sent her, but he could not go inside that place.

Now that she was safe, his spirits went up with a bound. Above stairs as well as below there were freedom and cheeriness in the house. Without the restraining presence of either Augusta or Alayne, dogs were allowed to make themselves at home in every room. Rags dusted or not as he saw fit. Pheasant was ailing and often did not come down to her meals. More and more frequently certain horsy friends of Renny's came to the house. One of these was a Mr. Crowdy, who had never until now got farther than the hall. Nicholas and Ernest were annoyed by the very sight of him, but now that they were not present to object he formed the habit of dropping in at mealtime. Renny liked him about. He was so burly that he filled the space ordinarily allotted to two people at table. His face was so rubicund and his eyes so twinkling that his mere presence lent an air of jollity to any scene. He bred race horses, and he could watch one of his horses lose a race, even fall and throw its rider, with the same impenetrable, beaming gaze with which he watched a success. He probably understood horses as well as is possible for any human being. Renny valued his opinions as jewels.

He would stand gazing at a horse as though in a kind of trance, then, extending the palm of his left hand, he would, with the forefinger of his right, inscribe on it some hieroglyphic full of mystery to all but himself. After looking at this intently for a space, he would utter his pronouncement in a thick wheezy voice that always had a squeak of merriment in it. You might take his advice or leave it; it was all the same to him. There was no hard feeling in him for any man. He admired fine things cf many sorts. He would stand in the doorway of the drawing-room at Jalna and gaze meditatively at the Chippendale furniture, then, flattening his thick palm, he would inscribe some symbol on it with a massy forefinger, and remark, 'Good stuff. Good stuff. Very nice and showy. Not things you'd ever want to part with, Mr. Whiteoak.'

The other was a civil engineer named Chase. He was a man who had seen hard service in the War, experienced hard luck prospecting in the North, and made barely enough in his profession to keep him; he had no ambition now except to spend as much of his time as possible among horses and dogs. He loved only two human beings, Crowdy and Renny Whiteoak, and disliked all women, from eighteen to eighty. He had a fund of droll and sometimes bawdy stories which he told without moving a muscle of his long, swarthy face.

After supper these two, with Maurice and Renny, would play poker in the sitting room until the early hours of the morning. Maurice and Chase both took a little too much to drink.

Once Crowdy said to Renny, while the cards were being dealt, 'Mrs. Whiteoak is paying quite a long visit in the States, is n't she?'

'Yes,' returned Renny a bit brusquely.

The horse breeder laid his left hand on the table, palm upward, and made a minute memorandum on it with the forefinger of his right. Then he looked beamingly into the faces of the other three.

'A delightful lady,' he said. 'A very delightful lady. Not the kind you meet every day. No, indeed.'

Chase said, 'Well, I've never married and I thank God for that. I count it as the chief among my few blessings.'

XXVI

It was good to be at home again. When Nicholas let himself down into the armchair in his own bedroom, Nip quivering with delight on his knee, he felt that this was the return from his last trip abroad. Every few minutes Nip turned to give his face or his hand a quick lick of the tongue.

The luggage had been carried upstairs and the box which contained the presents had been opened. It was the rule that a returning Whiteoak should not fail to bring presents to the rest of the family. Especially was this the rule when the journey had been to the Old Country. Ernest had now unpacked and distributed the presents. He was beaming happily on his nieces with their scarfs and strings of beads (Meg's a little the handsomer), on his nephews with their gloves and neckties. A flaxen-haired doll had been brought to Patience and a black doll in striped suit and red waistcoat to Mooey.

Ernest had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he was now beginning to feel rather tired. He had arranged that the opening of the box should take place in Nick's room. Now at any moment he might fade away to his own room and relax. He had forgotten what splendid voices his nephews had, how their noise and laughter excited and fatigued one. Meg kept her arm about his shoulders. It was a lovely plump arm, but it weighed on him. In the midst of all the present-giving she was trying to tell him about her operation. Maurice was trying to explain something about having slept in his room which he simply could not take in because of the din. Patience and Mooey were running round and round him in circles, holding their dolls on high.

Ernest glided away to his own room. . . .

Later, when all was quiet, he returned. He found his brother with a glass of whiskey and soda before him and Nip still on his knee.

'I had to have a peg,' explained Nicholas to Ernest's disapproving look toward the glass, 'to buck me up after all that row. What an exciting lot they are! Children getting badly spoiled, too.'

Ernest picked up a doll's shoe from the floor and put it on his finger. 'Yes — but they're very sweet. I have n't seen two prettier children anywhere. It's very good to be home again.'

'Yes. I've taken my last trip. Here I stick till they take me off to lie beside Mamma. Sit down, Ernie, and rest yourself. You must be tired after all the to-do.'

Ernest sat down near enough to stroke the little dog's head. 'Did you notice anything about Pheasant?' he asked.

Nicholas grunted. 'Strange we were n't told of it.'

'We did n't get many letters. Meggie's operation was the subject of most of them. What do you think about it, Nick?'

'I think there are kids enough about the house, but I suppose she is going to have a regular Whiteoak family.'

'Poor child! She looks pale. Much more ailing than Meggie.' He tapped his teeth with the tips of his fingers and added, in a reflective tone, 'Do you know, Nick, that the Vaughans are still staying here? I'd only been in my room a few moments when Maurice came to my door. He said he'd forgotten some of his things. There were his brushes on the dressing table and a coat on the back of the door. I naturally looked a little surprised and he explained, rather apologetically, that Meggie is n't fit yet for the responsibility of housekeeping. I remarked how well she is looking. Then he told me that their house had been let furnished and that the tenants were very keen to have it for another month.'

'H'm. It is rather strange. But not half so strange as Alayne's not being home yet. Why, it must be two months since her aunt died. What did she say in her letter to you?'

'She said she was going to visit Miss Archer for a time, but I certainly expected to find her at Jalna when we returned. Meggie has her room.'

'Well,' growled Nicholas, 'it was Meg's before it was Alayne's.'

'Of course, of course, but if Alayne were suddenly to return it would be awkward.'

'Where is Maurice going to hang out now?'

'In the attic, he said. In Finch's room.' A yawn made Ernest's eyes water. He had slept little on the train. When in a short while the dinner gong sounded, he was almost too tired to respond. Yet he still felt the exhilaration of the return and he was curious to press further inquiries about Alayne.

In the passage they passed Rags carrying a tray, on which were arranged creamed sweetbreads on toast and a glass of sherry, to Meg. The two tall old gentlemen stood aside while the little cockney, with an air mysterious and important, slid past them with the tray.

Nicholas chuckled as he heavily descended the stairs. 'At her old tricks again, I see. I fancy this convalescence will extend through the rest of her life. She's always preferred her little lunches to proper meals and at last she has an authentic excuse.'

Ernest, following, poked him warningly between the shoulders. Maurice was in the hall below. He was talking to Renny and two men who appeared at first to be strangers, but, when they faced round, turned out to be Renny's objectionable friends Crowdy and Chase. Their presence in the hall came as a shock to the returned travelers. Renny was not quite comfortable about their advent, either. He concealed his misgivings under a formal manner, introducing his friends to his uncles as though unaware that they had met before.

Nicholas greeted them in a gruff tone, not claiming any former acquaintanceship. Ernest said, 'I think we have met before,' and went down the hall to look in his mother's room. He was astonished to find Mr. Crowdy at his side. He wondered what he could say to be rude to him, but could think of nothing. It went against the grain to speak to him at all.

The door of the room stood open. It seemed as if his mother had just left it. As the outline of her body was imprinted on the mattress of the old painted bedstead, so her spiritual shape had left its stamp on the atmosphere of the room. It would not be put aside. Though her fiery brown eyes had dried to dust in their sockets, they still kindled in this cherished retreat. The rubies and diamonds on her strong old hands still flashed. Her carven nose, her mobile mouth, around which a few stiff hairs had grown, were as existent in this room as the parrot that had fondly pecked at them.

Boney sat humped on his perch, his pale eyelids updrawn. A piece of cardboard which had been given him to play with lay torn in fragments beneath him. He stood on one scaly foot, while with the other he clutched a bar of the cage.

Mr. Crowdy stared at the parrot over Ernest's shoulder, breathing portentously. When Ernest, with a deep sigh, turned away, Mr. Crowdy extended his left hand toward him, palm upward. With his right forefinger he traced mysterious marks on it. Then, with a piercing look into Ernest's eyes, he observed, 'Rare old bird.'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, polite in spite of himself, 'and he used to talk quite wonderfully.'

'Has n't spoke a word,' Mr. Crowdy informed him, 'for over two years. He'll never talk again.'

'I suppose not.'

They moved toward the dining room, where the others were waiting. They gathered, seven men and a boy, about the table. It was all so different from what Ernest and Nicholas had expected. It was their first home-coming without the extended welcome of their mother's arms. Instead, there were present these objectionable strangers. Yet, how delicious the roast beef was! They had tasted none like it — so juicy and so rare — since they had left Jalna. Renny drew them on to talk of their trip. There was a propitiatory air about him. Plainly he knew very well what they thought of such company. But nothing could have been more deferential than the manners of Messrs. Crowdy and Chase. After the elderly men had had their say, Mr. Crowdy told of his one and only trip to the Old Land in his young days, when he had gone — though he did not clearly explain in what capacity — with a rich American gentleman who had crossed to buy some thoroughbreds.

Chase had been born in Leicestershire, but he had not a good word to say of his own country. He never wanted to set eyes on it again. However, at the close of the meal he told several stories so amusing that Nicholas and Ernest forgot for the moment their dislike.

But when they had returned to their rooms it all came back. They drew each other's attention to a number of things that had jarred on their sensibilities. Had Nicholas noticed Crowdy's nails? Had Ernest noticed the way Chase sat side-ways in his chair with his legs crossed? And Renny's ill-groomed appearance? And Wakefield's actual rags? And the general air of rakishness about the whole establishment? Where were Meggie's eyes? Even Pheasant, poor child, should know better!

'Nicholas,' said Ernest, in deep solemnity, 'everything in Mamma's room was gray with dust!'

They captured Piers, who was passing the door, and brought him into Nicholas's room. He came somewhat reluctantly.

'Are you,' asked Nicholas petulantly, 'in a very great rush? We should like very much to have a word with you.'

Piers seated himself on the piano stool and looked at them questioningly out of his prominent blue eyes. He at any rate, they thought, looked just as he should.

'Now,' growled his elder uncle, 'what does it all mean? How does it come about that those two ruffians are making themselves at home in Jalna? Why are the Vaughans still here? And why is Alayne not here?'

Piers blew out his cheeks and expelled his breath through his lips. 'Damned if I know,' he said.

'Nonsense! Of course you know all about it!' Nicholas spoke sternly.

Ernest put in, 'Don't bombard the boy with questions, Nick! Ask him one thing at a time. I'll begin. Piers, can you tell me why the care of my mother's room has been neglected during my absence? There is a film of dust over all the furniture. In fact, every room I have seen looks as though it needed a thorough cleaning.'

'I should n't think you'd need to ask that question,' returned Piers. 'You and Uncle Nick have been away. Renny always spoils servants. If Mrs. Wragge cooks good meals and Rags falls over himself serving them, it's all that Renny asks. Renny does n't mind disorder in the house. He rather likes it. Lots of food — plenty of company — and no one to criticize him or his dogs!'

'How long has this been going on?' asked Nicholas. 'Did n't Alayne object?'

'Rather! Latterly, her life was just one long objection, I think. Once a week she stirred things up in the basement so that the Wragges were on the point of leaving. And she was after Wake, and after Mooey, and even after Renny and his dogs. Pheasant heard her tell Renny that he talked like a fool, and heard him tell her that she was the worst-tempered woman he'd ever met. I never expected that marriage to turn out well. Then there was the affair of that dog. I don't suppose anyone wrote to you about that. But, anyhow, Alayne and Pheasant and the house servants and Quinn, a man I took on since you left, all thought the dog was mad and Alayne got Renny's gun and they stabbed him with pitchforks. Soon after that Alayne left.'

During this quick recital Piers's full lips had scarcely moved. He sat regarding his uncles with an imperturbable expression while the tale of horrors that had wrecked the life of Jalna gushed from him as from a fountain. Ernest, who had been prepared to probe the matter with question after guarded question, felt slightly sick. Nicholas, with dropped jaw, sat dumbfounded. If the faded medallions of the carpet had parted, disclosing a chasm beneath, they could scarcely have been more aghast.

'But — but I thought Alayne's aunt had died!' stammered Ernest.

'So she did. Most opportunely. It gave Alayne an excuse for cutting out.'

'Piers, I don't think you know what you are saying. If you are trying to — to pull our leg — I think you have chosen a very unfortunate time. As you have told it, the whole affair sounds a dreadful muddle to me. Can you understand it, Nick?'

'I only understand that if I had been here things would never have got into such a mess.'

'Just what I was saying to Pheasant the other day,' agreed Piers heartily. 'We've never been without an old person in the house before. It was as though we'd thrown our ballast overboard.'

Nicholas pulled at his gray moustache grimly. 'I should have been something more than mere ballast if I had been here. Your explanation has been very incoherent, Piers. I wish you would tell me one thing clearly. What does Renny think about Alayne's leaving him?'

'I don't think he realizes it.'

'Does n't realize,' — Ernest spoke in a bass voice for the first time in his life, —

'does n't realize that his wife has left him?'

'No. I don't think he does. Pheasant and I both think that he believes she's just in a tantrum and that she'll get over it. But she won't. You can take it from me. She's found a second Whiteoak too much for her.'

Nicholas and Ernest looked at each other. Ernest wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead and Nicholas reached for the soda-water siphon.

Piers rose from the piano stool. 'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'I must be off!'

'Sit down!' ejaculated his uncles simultaneously.

Piers obeyed, with a smile, sweet as Meggie's, curving his lips.

Ernest demanded, 'When did the trouble begin? As soon as we had left?'

'I can't quite remember. Yes — I think it did.'

'You say,' put in Nicholas broodingly, 'that Alayne got Renny's gun, in order to do away with some dog, and that they killed the dog with hayforks. I can't make it out.'

'No wonder,' answered Piers. 'When the poor brute's head was examined, not a trace of rabies was found.'

'But what was the quarrel about?'

'Well, it began with Ben's getting on Alayne's nerves. Actually on her bedspread.'

'Good heavens!' Nicholas turned red with anger. 'They've killed poor old Ben, Ernie.'

'Oh, no,' Piers reassured them. 'It was quite another dog. It's my opinion that he was inbred. But Renny won a fiver of me because he made friends inside of the month.'

The uncles looked into his fresh-colored face with positive distaste. He made them feel travel-worn and baffled. They wished he would take off that enigmatic smile.

'What I cannot get into my head,' Ernest said wearily, 'is why Mamma's room should be neglected, and why Maurice should have been sleeping in my bed.'

'Because Nip would n't let him sleep here,' answered Piers.

'How long are the Vaughans staying on?' asked Nicholas, gratefully stroking Nip.

'Well, you know, Uncle Nick, that Maurice never minds taking favors. He'll never stop talking about the cost of Meg's operation. He has let his house, and if he can keep the tenants I venture to say that he and his will settle down here for the rest of their days.'

The brothers exchanged a look. They liked Maurice; they were deeply fond of Meg and her little one; but to have them always in the house! And with Pheasant obviously bent on increasing the tribe!

'It would be intolerable,' said Ernest vehemently. 'Alayne must be mad to have flown off like this. Her love for Renny is too strong, too fine, to be embittered by — by the events you've been telling us of. As a matter of truth, I have n't got it into my head yet. The cause of their quarrel, I mean.'

Piers regarded him pityingly. 'I suppose it is confusing for you, but you can take it from me that the real cause of the trouble is Clara Lebraux.'

'Aha!' exclaimed Nicholas. 'I remember very well that at Finch's birthday party Renny sat by Mrs. Lebraux most of the evening and Alayne did n't trouble to hide her annoyance.'

'And no wonder,' said Ernest. 'Mrs. Lebraux is n't at all the sort of woman we are accustomed to. She is one of these very modern women, in my opinion.'

'She would have suited Renny as a wife,' returned Piers, 'much better than the one he got. He spends half his time there now. He's looking to you, Uncle Ernest, to help him educate her youngster.'

'I shall never stay away from home so long again,' observed Ernest. 'Too many new situations develop in so long an absence.'

'No more traveling for me,' said Nicholas. 'Here I stick till they carry me out.'

In the evening Nicholas found himself alone with Renny. He said, 'I'm very much disappointed not to find Alayne here. I had no idea her visit would be such a long one.'

He had a feeling that Renny stiffened, that a wary look had come into his eyes, as though he realized that his affairs were the subject of warm conjecture in the household.

'Miss Archer is Alayne's only relative,' Renny answered. 'She could not leave her until her affairs are in order and some sort of companion got for her.' As though by an effort he turned his gaze to Nicholas's face and looked steadily into his eyes.

'I have wondered sometimes,' Nicholas went on, 'if it would be better if you and Alayne had not quite so many of your family about you. It does n't suit everyone, you know, to be mixed up together in the way we are accustomed to. Alayne's life must have been singularly quiet. I can't help wondering if the presence of all your people about her may not be rather overpowering.'

'She's never hinted at anything of the sort.'

'She's an unusual woman, then. I don't want you to be afraid of hurting my feelings. Has she never said that she wished she could see more of you without so many of us about?'

'Never that I can remember. I think Alayne is happy. That is, as happy as it's possible for me to make a woman of her sort. I know there's a great lack in me. But she'll get used to me, I think.'

'I think you should go down to see her. I'm sure Miss Archer would like to meet you.'

'No! She disapproved of our marriage.'

'I am sure she would be charming to you. I think you ought to fetch Alayne — a woman likes these attentions. I made a mess of my own marriage, Renny. I'm in a position to give advice.'

'What have they been saying to you, Uncle Nick? There is nothing to worry about. When Alayne's visit is over she will come back.'

Nicholas longed to continue his persuasions, but something in the other's face forbade him. Renny looked on the point of leaping to his high horse. Either he had set his face against interference in his affairs or he was simply, as Piers had said, unaware of their precarious condition. Perhaps he was right and the others wrong. Perhaps there was nothing to worry about. Nicholas made up his mind to one thing, however. He would write to Alayne and sound her on the subject of her return. He missed her presence in the house. She had brought something different into it to which he had become accustomed — her dignity, her interest in the affairs of the world, her half-sad gayety.

XXVII

Miss Archer and Alayne sat in the charming little living room of the house on the Hudson, surrounded by a bright-colored litter of folders advertising a world tour. Outside, it was raining and there was a raw wind, but in the room the gently sizzling radiator diffused a comforting warmth, and the vivid illustrations of the folders lent a touch of the exotic to the somewhat austere effect of the neutral-tinted hangings and the black dresses of the women.

Alayne did not approve of the custom of wearing mourning, but Miss Archer was old-fashioned and insisted that she should. The black accentuated the pallor of her face. It intensified, too, the shadows under her eyes and the compressed line of her lips. She sat regarding her aunt with wonder.

For Miss Archer, after the first prostration of grief over the loss of her sister, had risen most astonishingly to the call of the world from which Miss Helen's delicacy had so long shut her off. First it had been the car. Then excursions in it, farther and farther afield. Visits to New York to view exhibitions of pictures by very modern young painters, over which Miss Archer was unfailingly enthusiastic, for, though conventional in her life, she prided herself on being broad-minded, abreast of the times. No painter, no composer of modern music, scarcely a novelist, could shock her. But her conventional soul had received a shock by Alayne's marriage to Renny. She had taken to Eden at first sight. His air of deference to her, his poetry, the beauty of his person, had charmed her. The breaking of that union had been a disaster. But she had heard nothing of Renny that had drawn her to him. His photograph had, in truth, repelled her. When by signs, rather than by words, she became cognizant of a breach between Alayne and him, she felt gratitude to the good which she was convinced guided mortal affairs, and set about the planning of a world tour.

She had secured congenial companions

in a professor of economics and his wife, old friends of hers and of Alayne's father. She sat now in the clear light from the electric lamp examining a fresh supply of 'literature' concerning a tour which went round the opposite way from the one they had last considered. She was now puzzled as to which one they should take. There remained in her mind only the question of whether they should turn to the right or to the left, both ways leading inevitably back to the house on the Hudson. Professor and Mrs. Card did not seem to care much which way they went so long as they went. Alayne, too, left the choice in her aunt's hands.

Miss Archer sat there now in pleasurable indecision, her abundant white hair smoothly coiled, her large face, with its almost transparent pallor, alert and somewhat excited. Alayne sat watching her, comparing her aunt in her mind to Augusta. Opposed to Miss Archer's indeterminate nose and gentle mouth she pictured Augusta's beak, the majestic curve of her nostril into her lip. Opposed to Miss Archer's white hair and transparent pallor, Augusta's crown of magenta-tinted black, her sallow, speckled skin. She recalled the complications of Augusta's dress, the beads, pins, brooches, and bracelets. In Alayne's mind Augusta compared unfavorably with Miss Archer, and yet there was something about Augusta one could never forget. Alayne remembered how Augusta had shed tears at her wedding in the church at Nymet Crews. What would Augusta think if she knew the turn things had taken?

Then Alayne thought of Professor Card and the intimate information concerning all they saw on the trip that would be diffused from him. She thought of the never-failing interest with which he and Mrs. Card and Miss Archer would view these strange lands, the pleasant curiosity they would feel about all on shipboard. She thought of Nicholas home at Jalna again, his gouty leg propped on an ottoman while he introduced into his system, by sips, more of that which had produced the gout. He and Ernest would have much to say of their trip, but it would be familiar gossip of people and things they knew. That was one of the striking things about the Whiteoaks. They lacked curiosity about things that did not concern themselves. Their own life, the life of the family — that was the important thing, and they would have carried it with them round the world. If they could have been introduced into this room, she thought, with her aunt and Professor and Mrs. Card, all the curiosity, the eagerness, would have been on one side. Augusta would have suggested a game of cards. Renny would perhaps have tried to sell the Professor a horse. . . . Oh, why had she thought of him! For weeks she had scarcely allowed the thought of him to trouble her; now it came in a swift feverish rush, making her feel stifled in the little room, sickened by the sight of the gayly colored folders.

Miss Archer was saying, 'Leaving the Red Sea, we pass through the Strait of Bab el Mandeb. Does n't the very name thrill you? I can reach a peculiar state almost bordering on hallucination by the mere repetition of the name. . . . And Penang! Does n't it make you feel as though you were losing your very identity when you say *Penang?* I am so thankful that even with age and all the ups and downs of life I have never gotten over my enthusiasms.' Her clear gray eyes beamed into Alayne's. She noticed the dark shadows under them, and took Alayne's hand and pressed it close.

'You have been so wonderfully good to me through all this time of trouble, dear Alayne. Now I must think of you, instead of myself. You are not looking as well as you should. But this trip will be highly beneficial; it will bring the color to your cheeks. Just close your eyes and visualize you and me riding in a rickshaw. Or in the bazaars of Cairo. Watching the sunset at Penang. My mind *will* fly back to Penang!' The pressure on Alayne's hand became firmer. 'You are happier, dear, are n't you? I love you too well not to have been aware of your unhappiness. But day by day I see a look of reassurance coming back into your eyes. Am I not right?'

Alayne nodded, clasping her fingers about those of Miss Archer, who continued: —

'We all make mistakes in our lives. You have inherited your father's capacity for self-analysis. I am afraid that you are reproaching yourself for something.'

'No, no. . . . I am just drifting.'

'Alayne, cannot you confide in me? I do not urge it, but it would make me so happy.'

'There is nothing to confide. We cannot get on together — that is all.'

'Must you see him — before we set out on our trip?'

'No. Not necessarily.'

'But you write to him?' Miss Archer's clear mind could not reconcile itself to such a situation, but she clung with tenacity to the hope of a disclosure of feeling.

'Yes. Commonplace notes. To keep the family from guessing.'

'And he replies?'

'Yes. In the same tone.'

'Oh, he has failed you in your need for understanding — I feel that.'

'Perhaps. . . . We are just — not suited. He possibly thinks that I have failed him.'

'But your love for him is — quite gone?'

Alayne withdrew her hand and rose with a gesture of irritation. She went to the window and looked out into the rain. 'There is no use in my trying to explain my feelings for him. Or in trying to describe him to you. He is like no one you know — he is like no one else. I shall never be the same again after having lived with him. I could n't make you understand. . . . If I could think of a comparison — well, this, we'll say. The ground that is torn open by an earthquake will close together again — but its formation will be different. It will not be as it was before.'

'He must be a very peculiar man. From what I have heard of the family I feel that they are the victims of strange complexes and frustrations.' Her ingenuous face was alight with the congenial task of psychological analysis.

When at last Alayne was sitting alone in the living room, it was time for bed and her head ached dreadfully. She was enveloped in a cloak of depression beyond anything she had ever experienced. There was none of the active pain of grief. There was no anger to kindle it. There was only this choking sense of aloneness. She thought of the projected trip with shrinking. How could she ever, she asked herself, have thought of it otherwise? The company in which she was preparing to cast herself for six months now was presented to her as austere and even desiccated. And at the end of the six months, what? She now had an income on which she could live. The world appeared to her as a pallid waste. What had happened to her? Only a week ago she had enjoyed a meeting of the women's club. But — had she enjoyed it? Could the paltry satisfaction of discussing world affairs with others no wiser than herself be called enjoyment? Once it might have been pure enjoyment, but now her sense of values was disarranged. She remembered the expressions of enjoyment she had caught on the faces of Piers, Pheasant, Renny, and even Finch. She thought of Eden's joy in certain things. She remembered the joy she had had in his poetry. She felt that she had had a wide emotional experience in her life. She felt, with a sudden pang, that her response to it, after the first rush of feeling, had been puritanical and prudish!

For the first time in her life she directed sneering thoughts toward herself. At Jalna she had always been considering whether or not things were congenial to her. When she had married Renny she had known exactly what life there was. If he had not given her more of his time, why had she not gone in search of him as Pheasant went in search of Piers? Why had she not followed him to his stables and stood by his side dumb in admiration of the beauties of his beasts? If her clothes had smelled of the stables as well as his, perhaps she would have become impervious to that odor. If she had tramped about with him in the mud, she might not have counted his muddy footsteps on the rug. Good God, those same rugs had been lying on the floors of Jalna before she was born! Mrs. Wragge, or others of her sort, had cracked the glazing on the dishes years ago. Why try to remedy it? What matter if Renny threw burnt matches on the floor or old Ben napped on her silk bedspread or Mooey threw her talcum on his head? Surely she was not such a fool as to expect her life with Renny to pass in an unbroken rhythm of joy! She could not expect continued intimate contact with a soul so aloof and shy as his. 'For he is of finer stuff than I,' she thought in her heart.

If only she might live the past year over again! Her discipline of herself would have produced some richer fruit than a trip round the world with Miss Archer and the Cards.

In the midst of her regrets came the thought that perhaps it was well that she had cast loose from Jalna when she did and had come to the ordered domesticity of her aunt's house. From here she was able to look back on the Whiteoaks and see them as she never could in their midst. During all these weeks she had been dreaming, imagining that she could find tranquillity in sinking back into the subdued pattern of her old life. Now she was broad awake. That pattern appeared to her not only subdued but colorless, its background flimsy.

She went to the window and flung it open. The damp night air swept in. It was heavy with the smell of wet earth, dead leaves. It swept down from the north, bearing the scent of the dead leaves of Jalna. . . . Oh, if she might have a child of Renny's! If, when the new leaves thrust out, she too might quicken!

What had she been doing? Casting sweet love from her. Trying to create chill order in her life out of the entanglements of desire. . . . Out of the darkness his face appeared before her and she felt faint with longing to see him in the flesh. . . .

At breakfast she told Miss Archer that it was necessary for her to return to Jalna before she could make final arrangements for the trip. She had dreaded her aunt's questioning at this announcement, but she need not have dreaded it. Miss Archer was existing in such a daze of preparation, such an enchantment of anticipation, that nothing surprised her. She saw Alayne depart that evening with confident cheerfulness.

Alayne had not sent word that she was coming. She did not quite know how she was to get to Jalna. She hoped that by now the Vaughans would have left the house; from Pheasant she had learned of their prolonged visit. But even if they were not gone — well, she must see Renny, that was all there was to it.

She was, at times, conscious that her headache had not left her. For three days now it had been thudding against the back of her neck. Its thudding mingled with the throbbing of the train. She put up her blind and looked out into the new day, and was surprised to see snow lying in the furrows of the fields and feathering the shrubs alongside the track.

While she was at breakfast they crossed the border, and here there was more snow, but it was soft snow and was soon wet under the sun. The air was clear and bright, but quick-moving clouds cast their shadows on the fields. She sat in her seat with her things about her while the train sped past Weddels', the station nearest Jalna. She saw Wright in the new car waiting for the barrier to be raised so that he might cross the track. The wholesome, kind look of him pleased her. Why, this little village looked like home!

Arrived at the station, she had secured a porter and was waiting for a taxi when her attention was caught by three men who were getting into a shabby car. Her heart missed a beat, seemed to turn in her breast when she saw that one of them was Renny. His companions were Crowdy and Chase. She took a few hurried steps toward him and called his name. In the chill light, faces looked wan. All but Renny's. More than ever his looked fierce and highly colored. He took off his hat and came toward her, laughing in delighted surprise. She had forgotten how red his hair was, how red his face, how tall and thin and sharp and strong he was.

If he had been angry at her when she left, had brooded on what he thought her bad behavior toward him and kept his heart shut against her, he forgot all this when he saw her standing there in the wan light, her face pale, with blue shadows beneath the eyes, her hair bright beneath her close-fitting black hat. He noticed at once that she had bought herself a new fur scarf. It set her off wonderfully, he thought.

They stood facing each other, she in tremulous wildness, he in amazed gratification.

'But why,' he demanded, 'did n't you write?'

'I only made up my mind at the last minute.'

'But you could have telegraphed.'

'I could n't make up my mind to that.'

'Oh, that mind of yours!' he laughed. 'You're always making it up or not being able to make it up, are n't you?'

She drew close to him. She asked, in a choking voice, 'Are you glad I've come?'

'What a question!'

'Oh, if only we could ever be alone! What are those dreadful men doing here with you?'

'We were shipping some horses; I've been in town overnight. I must get rid of that taxi for you. What luck that I should be here with the car! Crowdy and Chase must come with us, though. But they live just outside the city. I'll drop them there.'

The two friends came forward, looking rather crestfallen. Chase vouchsafed no more than a stiff bow, but Crowdy soon recovered himself and beamed at her. Somehow her luggage was stowed in the car. She was in the seat beside Renny. She was glad it was the old car — muddy, with ill-fitting curtains, rattling as though this must surely be its last trip. It had been just as it was now when she had first ridden in it, five years ago. In it Renny had first spoken of his passion for her. She recalled his words. They had been few, and his tone almost matter of fact. It had been at night and it had rained. Neither had had any hope that they could come together. Now it was morning. Rain was beginning to fall. They were together, together — yes, together. . . .

She could not understand herself, yet now she could understand him. She could not understand why it was that she did not mind the presence of Crowdy and Chase in the car. Yet she could sympathize with his feeling for them. They were real — that was it. They were as real as this raw wind that made the curtains flap. They were as real as Professor and Mrs. Card had become unreal to her. She had changed. She was becoming a new person. It had been the birth pangs of this new self that had torn her.

Renny asked her questions about her life with Miss Archer. He seemed to think that it was the natural and proper thing that she should have made a long stay with her aunt. He did not reproach her with the brusqueness of her letters, with her writing so seldom to him. Her heart turned with joy as she slid her eyes toward him. . . . He reached for the cloth he kept for the purpose and wiped the windshield.

When the car was stopped for Crowdy and Chase to alight, Chase bowed and backed away from the curb, but Crowdy drew close to her. He extended his left hand and on its palm, with the forefinger of the right, made cabalistic signs. His shrewd little eyes indicated Renny.

'You have a fine husband, Mrs. Whiteoak. None better. Thoroughbred.'

Alayne put out her hand to shake his. They gazed steadfastly into each other's eyes, she and the horse dealer. She could picture the hideous houses on hideous suburban streets into which he and Chase would disappear.

As they drove on again Renny's face wore a pleased smile at her magnanimity toward his friends. She let her weight rest against his shoulder and relaxed as she had not relaxed for months. Renny talked on and on about the horses they had been shipping that morning.

The heavy branches of the evergreens along the drive seemed to have extended since she had last seen them. They swept the windows of the car, drenching them. After the house on the Hudson this old red brick one looked long and rambling. There was a covering of wet snow on the steps of the porch, and, on the snow, footprints of dogs. He carried her things on to the porch.

She asked suddenly, 'Were you surprised?'

'A little. Not much. I was expecting you any day.' But there was a shyness in his eyes. After a quick glance at her he opened the door and they went into the hall.

She came to him. 'Renny,' she said, with an effort, 'I am so sorry about your dog. It was cruel that it should have been killed unnecessarily.'

For a second there was a look of shrinking in his eyes. Then he exclaimed: —

'You should see how Cora's colt is developing! It is growing into the most charming filly you ever saw.'

'And Cora. . . . Is she well?'

'Fit as can be! She has a heart of gold, that mare!'

(*To be concluded*)

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is a man who has made history since the war. Still in the prime of life and vigor, he is apt to make more during the coming decade. In November 1923, he was a little-known Berlin banker. Then Luther assigned him the task of stabilizing the German currency. As President of the Reichsbank from 1924 to 1930, Dr. Schacht directed an institution to which the Dawes Plan assigned 'an independent responsibility close to that of the political leaders of Germany.' The currency he stabilized in a few weeks, and so gained the unique distinction of having placed the mark on a gold basis when there was no gold. For more than six years he held it stable. During the early days of his presidency, the Reichsbank had less than one half a billion marks of gold. When he resigned, it had almost two and a half billion. In the field of monetary control, he stands without a peer among international bankers.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht

The End of Reparations

[Cape and Smith, $3.00]

Dr. Schacht's book on reparations, which has been ably translated by Lewis Gannett, is by no means a calm, objective discussion of that tangled problem. It is a truculent defense of his record at the Reichsbank and at the Young Conference at Paris. It is also an arraignment of the attitude and conduct of the French at that Conference; and a condemnation of the internal economic policy of the German Government from the Dawes Plan to the present. The author does not mince words, and he tells some tales which have never been revealed before. In the course of his rather headlong narrative he hits almost every head in sight. Owen D. Young and Sir Josiah Stamp are the notable exceptions. So it is an entertaining and diverting book.

His conclusions concerning reparations are not at all vague. It is Germany's duty to cease her payments until the obligations which the Allies assumed in the Young Plan are carried out. Schacht consented to sign that plan as chairman of the German delegation, because it provided that 'the new Plan rests on the principle that the complete and final settlement of the Reparations question is of common interest to all the countries . . . and that the Plan requires the collaboration of all these countries. Without mutual good will and confidence the object of the Plan would not be attained.'

Collaboration is the heart of the obligations assumed by the Allies. Schacht insists that this fundamental requirement has been neglected and violated. Tariff barriers have been raised against Germany's exports. The Bank for International Settlements, he insists, has thus far done nothing to promote world trade in Germany's interest. Since the Allied governments have failed in their covenants, the only course for Germany is to stop paying.

Indeed, he insists that the final act of the Hague Conference already undid the spirit of the experts' report by providing that the creditor powers should resume their full liberty of action in case it was found that the German Government had committed acts revealing its determination to destroy the plan. This injection of political sanctions into the Hague settlement he considers utterly intolerable. So strongly did he feel this that he resigned his post as President of the Reichsbank in the spring of 1930. He holds that this 'sanctions clause' is a deathblow to the basic idea that the reparations problem must be treated as an economic problem. The book is an extended argument for this thesis.

At the time of his resignation many thought that he was making a mountain out of a molehill, and that his emphasis on this point of reintroducing politics into the problem was a mere subterfuge. He has the support of no less a person than Owen D. Young. Two weeks after Schacht's resignation, Mr. Young said, in an address at the University of California: 'At The Hague, politics again appeared. At the second Hague Conference politics again made an effort to substitute military sanctions for Germany's non-performance, and in a most attenuated form such sanctions were provided.' Dr. Schacht quotes this statement. Mr. Young uttered some further words which Schacht does not quote, but which are pertinent here. 'Economics does not like military sanctions. Dr. Schacht protested, and has recently resigned the presidency of the Reichsbank because he was unwilling to assume responsibility for the execution of a plan which carried burdens additional to those imposed at Paris, and which had any color of military sanction. Dr. Schacht has been accused in taking this action of having domestic political ambitions. It is fair to him to say that his protest arose, not because there were politics in Dr. Schacht, but because politics had again crept into the Plan.'

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

The action of the last few months has fulfilled his worst fears. The flight of capital from Germany was exactly the sort of thing which political uncertainty generates. People in Germany have not forgotten the Ruhr invasion of 1921, nor have foreign investors forgotten it.

Schacht had been given a severe object lesson in the use of political pressure during the Paris Conference. It had taught him how disturbing such pressure was to economic planning and control. During that conference there was nothing less than a concerted French manœuvre to attach the German currency in order to intimidate that country's experts and its government. The story is told in *The End of Reparations* for the first time, although everyone who was in Paris and followed the conferences closely was aware of it.

Schacht, who was personally charged, as President of the Reichsbank, with the responsibility of maintaining the integrity of the mark, was filled with resentment at such underhanded tactics. Much of the bitterness which he displays in the present volume is traceable to this episode. The book is worth reading, if only for the restrained account which he gives of this occurrence.

But Schacht does not confine his criticisms to the creditors of Germany. He always protested vigorously against the financial policies of the German Government, and made himself unpopular by doing so. He pays his respects to the shortcomings of that system in violent terms. To the Socialists he attributes the principal share of the blame for the muddle in which the government found itself in 1929. Its financial straits were so dire that his hand was weakened, and he chose as the lesser evil to accept any settlement which would reduce the reparations payments materially below those of the Dawes Plan.

He was always an uncompromising opponent of short-time foreign loans. Here, again, the events of recent months show that his instinct in financial matters was unerring.

The book is well written and excellently translated. During the coming months the subject of reparations will be to the fore in public discussions. Dr. Schacht's book will be a veritable storm centre wherever the topic is raised.

David Friday

To those who love books there is something heady in reading a novel which gives evidence of new powers and a new name to be reckoned with. The race has been to the few rather than to the many books in 1931, but of those few there are certainly six worth talking about. At least one of them, *The Good Earth* by Pearl S. Buck, has, I am glad to say, begun to receive the recognition that was its due.

New Novels

Four Britons — two Scotchmen and two Englishwomen — have enriched the fiction of the current summer with a very diversified quartette of novels.

Dwarf's Blood, by **Edith Olivier** (Viking Press, $2.50), has for its chief distinctions originality, narrative swiftness, and beautiful simplicity of style. In spite of the dreamlike quality of certain chapters, the book is no fantasy, but a novel dealing with a racking human problem.

Out of a subject that might be expected to make a somewhat morbid story — a family taint of blood that comes out now and then in a dwarfed body or a dwarfed spirit — Miss Olivier's curious art makes something almost crystalline. In the first place, there was never a more healthy-minded, a better-balanced, or a pluckier nature than that of the girl who marries, ignorantly and happily, a man with dwarf's blood in his veins, and whose second child soon proves to be unmistakably a dwarf. In the second place, this dwarfed boy proves to be an exquisite creature, beautiful in body and in spirit. Further beauty is given to the book by such pictures as those of the half-ruined English estate and of the cottage garden above the Cornish sea. And the sunny Bavarian interlude has the freshness of a dream.

The conflict of the novel — the battle of the wife to ward off from her little boy all suffering for his abnormal inheritance, and to overcome the father's angry abhorrence of his son — is vivid and real, and the one solution of the apparently insoluble is found. This curiously compounded book does not seem to me a perfect harmony. I think that Miss Olivier's light hand grows somewhat heavy in depicting the pompous neighbor who is the clown of the piece. But the effect of the whole is of something clear, swift, and rare.

'Elizabeth' is 'Elizabeth,' and ***Father*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) runs true to form. The undercurrent of naughty innuendo murmurs a trifle less audibly than usual, but only a trifle, and the other characteristic qualities are present in full force: the mastery of a comedy that is made up of the farcical, the fantastic, and the sharply real; the passionate but reticent love for the beauty of the earth; and the passionate hatred for the coercion of one being by another.

This gay story tells how 'Father,' eminent novelist and household tyrant, marries a young wife, and thus involuntarily liberates his daughter from an almost annihilating compression; how Jennifer, the daughter, wings her ecstatic flight into freedom; how young James Ollier, the sister-ridden curate of Cherry Lidgate, falls wildly in love with her in the course of the innocent interlude on Jennifer's mattress in the moonlit orchard; and how there is forthwith the devil to pay.

I doubt if there is a better preacher against selfishness and spiritual tyranny than the unregenerate 'Elizabeth.'

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The BOOKSHELF

Mr. Bruce Marshall's highly masculine wit snaps its way from end to end of ***Father Malachy's Miracle*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) like a fabulously elongated string of firecrackers that would last a little boy from sunrise to sunset with hardly a muffled fizzle in its whole glorious length.

Father Malachy, devoutest, most large-minded, and most lovable of priests, performs for the glory of God a twentieth-century miracle modeled upon that of the Flying House of Loretto: he 'flits' an Edinburgh dance hall to the top of the Bass Rock. The miracle comes off with faultless precision and smoothness; but the response of Father Malachy's modern world, though various, is consistently grievous to his gentle heart.

In the course of this novel so many things are riddled with mockery that at the end the reader looks about in a daze to see what is left intact. He finds the pure spirit of Father Malachy. And, I think, something else which eludes formulation but which gives this wild satire its depth.

The question of taste being a question of taste, one may not dogmatize regarding Mr. Marshall's endowment of this imponderable possession. My personal opinion is that his cavorting wit now and then gets above itself, not altogether to the enrichment of his satire. This I should deplore if I could.

Hatter's Castle, by **Dr. A. J. Cronin** (Little, Brown, $2.50), which has come to us accompanied by uncommon salvos, is certainly a remarkable first novel. Its faults are obvious: the tendency to melodrama, and the clumsiness of style that results partly from the loose knitting of the sentences and partly from lack of discrimination and self-denial in the use of words. But it shows the great gift never to be had for the striving — power. The reader of to-day does not very eagerly embark upon six hundred pages of fiction; but *Hatter's Castle* sweeps him almost instantly into a strong current with which he must go.

This chronicle of the Brodie family, dwellers by the Clyde, is dominated by the head of the house, James Brodie. Brodie is vastly exaggerated: he seems almost more like a figure in some dark mythological story than a human. Yet the truth with which Dr. Cronin can portray emotion gives reality to this semi-monster. In the scene in which he casts out his disgraced daughter, already seized with her labor pains, into a storm that shrieks far too like an old-style theatrical tempest, James Brodie's conduct must strike the reader as *un peu trop fort*. But in his savage desire to have his little girl win a certain important school prize, — a desire compounded partly of pride in her but more of animosity toward the father of another competing pupil, — in his savage scorn of his invalid wife, his savage hatred for his worthless son, and above all his savage passion for Nancy the barmaid, he is a terribly living figure. The same truth to emotion is found in Mrs. Brodie's adoration of her weak and cowardly boy, and in the desperateness of her muddle-headed efforts to save him from the consequences of his misbehavior; in the dogged misery of little Nessie, overdriven by her father; and in the innocent and ignorant eagerness of the older daughter's abandonment of herself to her lover.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this book is the effect of concentration that it achieves in spite of its great length. This is partly accounted for by the compactness of the plot, but far more, I think, by the success with which the author charges the reader's nerves with the formidableness of the central figure. One watches every episode with a scared wonder. How will James Brodie feel about this? And what violent thing will he do?

Ethel Wallace Hawkins

Portraits in Miniature and Other Essays,
by Lytton Strachey

[Harcourt, Brace, $2.50]

Some readers of Mr. Strachey's books no doubt find their enjoyment flecked by the clamor of 'O Master! Master!' arising from the reviewers. Mr. Strachey is diverting enough; he has read widely in the history and biography of England and France since the Renaissance, and so acquired a great store of curious learning; he writes neatly and with animation. He is not, one would think, a man to get really serious over, but nevertheless a minor figure to rejoice in. But his admirers dub him Sir Oracle, and that provokes a submission of his work to standards higher than those by which it would ordinarily be tried.

It is when Mr. Strachey essays the minor task — the making of vignettes of picturesque subsidiary characters on the stage of history, as in the new book from his pen — that all his good qualities come out and his faults are in abeyance. Such subjects as the Elizabethan wit and sanitary innovator, Sir John Harington, or the Abbé Morellet, friend and disciple of Diderot, or the last of the salon mistresses, Madame de Lieven, are the very subjects for him. He can do the 'prophet' Muggleton or the Reverend Dr. Colbatch of Trinity College to a turn; the anecdote of how the Président de Brosses got the better of Voltaire lends itself perfectly to the Stracheyan treatment. But these and other miniature portraits are followed by six essays on English historians, and as one studies the grounds of Mr. Strachey's approval of Hume and Gibbon and the kind of disapproval he has for Carlyle, Froude, and Bishop Creighton — I leave out his just estimate of Macaulay — the question is raised once more about Mr. Strachey's point of view and powers of penetration.

I cannot think that he penetrates very far into psychology. When in *Eminent Victorians* he remarked of Hurrell Froude that 'the sort of ardour which impels more normal youths to haunt Music Halls and fall in love with actresses took the form, in Froude's case, of a

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romantic devotion to the Deity and an intense interest in the state of his own soul,' one could let it pass as a nasty dig, but, considered as a piece of religious psychology, it had no insight whatever. And Mr. Strachey has not improved in this respect; he asserts in *Portraits in Miniature* that J. A. Froude's 'ethical conceptions, though they were not quite so crude, belonged to the same infantile species as his master's.' Froude's remarkable essay on Reynard the Fox would seem to establish him as more than an infant in morals and ethics.

As for Mr. Strachey's point of view, that is not so much his own as the point of view of the twentieth century — with a difference. It is sham eighteenth century. He cultivates eighteenth-century graces of expression and wit, but he lacks the essence of that masculine time, he lacks gusto and what Coleridge called 'manly reflection' and robustness of mental constitution. Underneath the graces there is a twentieth-century complacency (produced by a sense of progress), a weakness of emotional fibre, the tea-table æstheticism and mockery of a comfortable browsing scholar. But to hang a criticism of Mr. Strachey on so slight a peg as *Portraits in Miniature* is not quite sporting. The book is entertaining in the Henry Jamesian sense of the word, and let the matter rest there.

Gorham Munson

The cool autumn evenings are an ideal time for reading aloud. For parents, and particularly those who are surprised to find how flat some childhood 'classics' fall upon the youngsters of to-day, there may be assistance in this selection of 'juveniles' prepared for us by Miss Anne Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library.

Stories Told to Children

There is a fresh invitation to take a holiday with children at home or abroad in the books published during the spring and summer. ***Alice and Thomas and Jane*** (Knopf, $2.50), written and illustrated by **Enid Bagnold,** assisted in the drawings by her young daughter Laurian, is the most irresistible of new travel books for children. Though most of the scene is laid in England, the book contains more flavor of France in a single chapter than is to be found in any child's book I can recall. This story, invented by Lady Jones for the entertainment of her own children while on a summer holiday at the village of Rottingdean by the sea, — 'a place where all houses are made of cobbles,' — is refreshingly different and exceptionally well written.

Alice, who is five, Jane, seven, and Thomas, eight, talk and plot their adventures as all children talk and plot among themselves. The ideas behind the adventures are children's ideas, and they are carried out in the story as only a close observer of children's ways of thinking and acting, with a novelist's skill in characterization, could carry them out.

Small wonder that the author's children 'hardly breathed' while listening to Thomas's adventure which bore him away from the distressing spectacle of whooping cough at home to France, and a memorable experience of eating snails with French sailors at Dieppe.

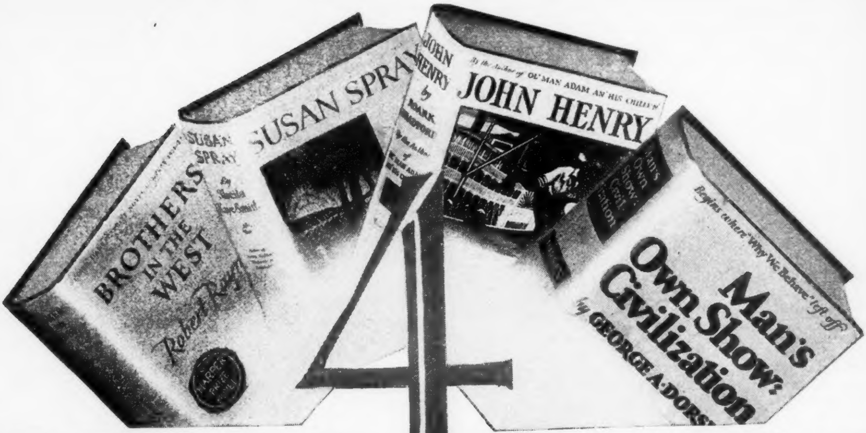
The clarity and charm of the drawings which illustrate the story will fix in the mind of many an American child the coast line of England and that of France in an unforgettable way, while the very smells of Dieppe are stored in Thomas's exploration of the old town before and after dark.

In ***The Terrible Nuisance and Other Stories*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), **Peggy Bacon** has also written and illustrated stories first told to her own children. Juliana, Timothy, and Benjy of these stories live in an American country village, and the inside of the village store and schoolhouse is pictured in characteristic drawings. The five stories are not connected except by association with the same characters. 'The Reward of Virtue' and 'The County Fair' are exceptionally well done. Pictorially the book is uncommonly true to the background depicted and is less exaggerated in conception than some of the earlier work of this interesting artist-author. Peggy Bacon's drawings of children are done with a lively sense of their individuality. One feels that her writing for children is sometimes less effective. What the children do and say in her stories is not so clearly remembered as how they look.

But there is no doubt that the two children and the goat named Anna Marie are very much alive in **Emma Brock's** new picture storybook, ***The Greedy Goat*** (Knopf, $1.75)! The story is told in a manner to delight young children, while the illustrations in violet, black, and green give characteristic impressions of the little village in the Austrian Tyrol where Miss Brock made her sketches. It is as freshly conceived and as well printed a picture book as *To Market, to Market,* which had Holland for a background.

Roundabout Europe (Harpers, $2.50), written and illustrated by **Anne Merriman Peck,** a companion book to her *Storybook Europe* published two years ago, will interest older boys and girls. Spain and Germany are the countries which receive most attention in this volume. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are scantily treated under the heading, 'Three Little Countries,' and there is a section devoted to the Mediterranean and the Gateway to Spain. Miss Peck's text is unpretentious and readable and is accompanied by a suggestive bibliography for more extended reading. Her many drawings contribute to an attractive book.

For those who love horses, ***Buckaroo,*** by **Fjeril Hess** (Macmillan, $2.50), is surely to be recommended. It is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The BOOKSHELF

the true story of a college girl's experience in teaching school in the ranch country of Nevada. The author records her own adventure with a sincerity and virility which make it absorbing. The story is perhaps not as well integrated as one could wish, but it rings true of Nevada, and it will especially interest horse-loving girls. Lee Townsend has made spirited drawings of horses for the end papers and the body of the book.

Digging in Yucatan, by **Ann Axtell Morris** (Doubleday, $3.50), is an uncommonly vivid first-hand account of the explorations of Chichen Itza and the reërection of the Maya Temple of the Warriors by the archæological expedition of which her husband was in charge. It reads in part like a story, and girls and boys of high-school age will appreciate the extent to which it will inform other reading and open up new territory. The many excellent photographs with which the book is illustrated and the drawings by Jean Charlot, who worked with Mrs. Morris on the Temple murals, are in full accord with the text.

A notable biography for girls is an event of importance. **Irene Cooper Willis** has written such a book; ***Florence Nightingale*** (Coward-McCann, $2.00) is a biography of exceptional quality. The picture it presents of the life of women in general and of English history of the period is in full accord with the desire of girls and boys to be treated fairly in these matters.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

SUMMER is the time for casual reading. The flow of new publications has almost ceased, and what with vacations and the long week-ends one can settle down to a literary browsing. I personally have the habit of reading three or four books concurrently; I like the change in taste. But sometimes (happy the day!) a book will take such hold that I can't let it alone; I've got to finish it if I sit up all night.

Such was the case with ***The Grasshoppers Come*** by **David Garnett** (Brewer, Warren, and Putnam), although, since it is a short book, I was able to eat my cake and have my sleep too. Those who remember *Lady into Fox* and *A Man in the Zoo* will know what quality of writing Mr. Garnett is able to invoke within a brief compass. I do not mean that *The Grasshoppers Come* is in any sense a follow-up of what he has written before. It is up to his best, but very different. The story, which I certainly shall not give away, concerns two Englishmen and a woman who set off on a non-stop flight to break a world's record. It is said that Garnett has seen much of his friend T. E. Lawrence (once of Arabia, now in the R. A. F.), who may have helped with the aviation details. Certainly Garnett's gift of description, and the ease and economy with which he realizes his characters, make this long-distance flight an extraordinary performance. And if you don't feel the power of his eloquence when the grasshoppers come, there is no hope in you.

I was sorry not to be quite so excited about ***Amok,*** a narrative of about the same length, by **Stefan Zweig** (Viking Press). A tale about the East, a picture of a German doctor who runs amuck in Java, it seems to me reminiscent of Conrad, without achieving either his depth or his beauty of words. It is, however, more succinct. One must be aware of how the story increases its tension in the second third, only — at least in my case — to miss its full emotional effect at the climax.

A book that is easy to dip in and out of, and certainly worth more than one sitting, is ***Magazine Making,*** by **John Bakeless** (Viking Press). Complete in its particulars, and entertaining in its telling, here are accounted the various phases of an industry singularly American and singularly individual. It is the personal side of editing which gives the work so much of its fascination. To add to his own accurate knowledge of editing, proof and manuscript reading, promotion, and organization, Mr. Bakeless has garnered the anecdotes, the rules of thumb, and the delightful generalizations of other editors of the past. The book will be of assistance to young writers and aspirants in journalism, and I dare say will interest others who have no more than a casual curiosity about the trade.

Finally, if you like secret codes, spies, footsteps in the dark, and charming ladies who intend to rifle your pockets, there is ***The American Black Chamber*** by **Herbert O. Yardley** (Bobbs-Merrill), which may or may not be true, but which certainly makes Washington appear a more dangerous resort than I had ever supposed it to be. Mr. Yardley's knowledge of cryptography is arresting. But his book suffers, as do most volumes on espionage, from failing to tell the whole story. Its shortcomings, a tendency to magnify mystery, and the apparently trivial nature of many of the spies' communications, make one wonder if the villainies of the Secret Agents were quite as deep-dyed as Mr. Yardley would have us believe.

Edward Weeks

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

André Maurois ('Advice to a Frenchman Going to America') served as a liaison officer between the French and English armies during the World War. Since that time his distinguished biographies of Shelley, Disraeli, Dickens, and Byron, written with sympathetic understanding and a Gallic gift of clarity, have made him the outstanding interpreter of British genius to the world at large. Now he essays the same rôle for America, having prepared himself by residing last year at Princeton University, where he gave a course of lectures and collected material for a life of Woodrow Wilson. **Ernest Jerome Hopkins** ('The Lawless Arm of the Law') is a newspaper man of more than twenty years' experience. The present article is the result of a coast-to-coast investigation of police methods which he undertook for the Wickersham Commission. He will shortly publish a book, *Our Lawless Police*, based upon his survey. **Roderick MacEachen** ('The Church and Social Justice') is a Roman Catholic priest whose devoted labors among his parishioners in the coal-mining section of West Virginia have made him loved and respected. Δ Born in Lancashire, **James Stanley Hart** ('The Cart') leads a double life as a journalist in Providence, Rhode Island, and a promising writer of fiction.

One of America's best-known essayists, **Agnes Repplier** ('Actor and Audience') will soon bring out a new volume, *Times and Tendencies*, in which the present paper is included. **Lord Dunsany** ('The Father of Earth,' 'The Wider Lands') is both a poet and the author of many plays and novels. **Simeon Strunsky** ('Jones, His Machines') is a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. Δ A sportsman and collector of specimens for the Field Museum in Chicago, **James E. Baum** ('His Own Medicine') has hunted big game on three continents. **Helena Maxwell Brownell** ('Workless Days') is an American student and writer who has been living for several years in Germany. **Lincoln Hutchinson** ('A Hope') was for many years Professor of Economic Geography at the University of California. He was a member of the War Industries Board Mission sent to Europe to coöperate with the Interallied Munitions Council and later was special investigator for the American Relief Administration in Russia and Germany. He has published several noteworthy books on economic problems. **Alice D. Kelly** ('Too Much Mother') is an authority on child psychology, a subject which she studied academically at the University of Toronto and checked by practical experience in the mothering of her own five children. **Bill Adams** ('The Sailmaker's Yarn') is an old salt who, after sailing the Seven Seas for many a year, has settled down with his memories in a small California town. The *Atlantic's* letter accepting his story drew from him the characteristic response which is reprinted in full below. **Ellery Sedgwick,** editor of the *Atlantic* ('A Castle in Spain'), recently returned from a trip abroad which took him through the fringes of the Spanish Revolution. **George P. Auld** ('That International Millstone') was Assistant Financial Advisor to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in 1919. He worked with Owen D. Young in installing the Dawes Plan and has written numerous articles on reparations and international finance. **Ralph E. Flanders** ('The Tariff and Social Control') is a mechanical engineer who, like many other members of his profession, has lately given much thought to economic matters. He now has in preparation a book entitled *Taming Our Machines*. **Mazo de la Roche** is the author of *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, to which *Finch's Fortune* is a sequel.

The rewards of yarning.

Dutch Flat, California

Dear Atlantic, —

I thank you very much for the check for 'The Sailmaker's Yarn.' I should like to keep it to frame and hang on my wall beside the painting of an old square-rigger in which I spent what I am given to looking back upon as my best days. I see the boatswain, and Chips the carpenter, and Sails, and the able seamen, sitting on the fore hatch in the dogwatch. I hear them yarning again. I hear the gentle slap of the bow wash and the drowsy patter of the reef points, and from far aloft the low complaining of a block that needs a little fresh black lead upon its sheave pin. The sun is setting and the little fleecy trade-wind clouds pass slowly o'er the mastheads. The western glory fades and a star gleams. The boatswain takes his old pipe from his bearded lips and, with a blunt, tarred thumb, pokes at my chest. 'Some day, me boy,' says the bos'n, 'some day maybe ye'll be able to spin a bit of a yarn for yer shipmates, too.'

A matter of twelve dollars or so a month was the wage that able seamen drew in those days. And devil a penny, of course, did they get for their yarning. An apprentice drew no pay at all for four years, barring the three dollars a year that the owners allowed him for his laundry. Such a one was I. Four full years of it. Pea soup and salt pork were a sailor's faring in those days. Once in a while, maybe, a feast of harpooned porpoise, or for breakfast a flying fish that had landed on the deck in the darkness — the prize of the man who was lucky enough to get to it first. And once in a while, perhaps, a good taste of pineapples, or of green coconuts, or bananas, mummy apples, sweet oranges, brought off in calm weather from some little gem of an island by the brown-skinned people of the middle seas.

In 1918, when I was a Y.M.C.A. secretary in an army camp (What a job for a shellback!), I was taken very ill. A kind-hearted old lady to whom I was a total stranger took me in and nursed me and saved my life. She told me, after I had read her some scribblings, that I must write. I told her that if ever I did so I should write under the name that I was known by amongst my comrades at sea — Bill Adams. She was a bit high-toned in her notions and was vastly shocked. No magazine of any standing would ever take anything by a man who wrote under such a terribly common name, she assured me. I told her that if I wrote under the old name some shipmate of my youth might see it and that that would be worth all the world to me. She was adamant, and so was I.

In later days I had a letter from an old sailor who had known me and had come across something of mine. He was sailing from Antwerp to China on the morrow and he begged me to drop him a line. He was very old and had been taken on by a kind-hearted skipper — signed on in a liner as 'sailmaker.' I wrote him to Suez, to Colombo, to Singapore, to Hongkong — to each port at which his vessel would stop. The letters came back. The old chap had died and been buried at sea. Blow high or blow low, I like to think that that old sailor's hand and mine had touched ere he passed.

Did you ever see a sailor's funeral? With a ship under lower topsails? With a thunderous sea running and the decks all awash?

'Our Father which art in Heaven,' reads the old skipper from his little book. Then a lifted finger, a gesture, and we drop our comrade to the sea.

'Our Father which art in Heaven' — no more. No chance for more with each man clutching to a lifeline. And was there ever need of any more, after all?

Bill Adams

The riddle of the cow.

Providence, R. I.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the July *Atlantic* William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings give a very lucid and intelligent explanation of the depression. It is so very clear that all the bankers of the 'not enough deflation' school ought to be compelled to read it.

Unfortunately, however, the article is not at all definite as to what we ought to do about it. Like their own story of the cow, Foster and Catchings state that the animal won't give milk because she does n't get enough to eat. Give her more fodder, they say. But where is the extra food to come from? Well, the food we are talking about is, of course, money. People must have more purchasing power. They must have more jobs, or higher wages for the jobs they now have. We might give the theory of shorter hours or a three- or four-day week a try.

My own belief, however, is that our production is not along the right lines. We go out to get fodder, but we bring back straw instead of hay. More radios, automobiles, electric refrigerators, if produced cheaply enough, could be consumed all right. I could use another automobile and a summer home at the shore right now. The tobacco business holds up pretty well even in a depression. What we seem to need is more production of luxury goods, which lots of people totally lack but want more and more.

Ah, well, I was brought up to believe that thrift is virtuous. Now they tell me that spending is more patriotic.

Philip C. Gifford

Expert testimony on the disadvantages of blindness and deafness.

Ontario School for the Blind
Brantford, Ontario

Dear Atlantic, —

It is true, as Earnest Elmo Calkins says in his interesting discussion with Gordon Lathrop in your July number, that it is the unconscious but unanimous judgment of humanity that deafness is preferable to blindness. But, strange to say, those who have suffered from both handicaps, having previously enjoyed hearing and sight, do not always agree with this opinion.

The personal experience of the late Earl of Leicester, as given in the following quotation from Sir Arthur Pearson's *Victory over Blindness*, may be of interest to your readers: —

'People often ask me my views on the comparative disadvantages of blindness and deafness. A friend of the late Earl of Leicester once told me an interesting fact about him. Lord Leicester was at one time of his life quite blind for five years. He recovered his sight as the result of an operation, but unfortunately, in his later days, he lost his hearing. His friend said to me that Lord Leicester had often told him that,

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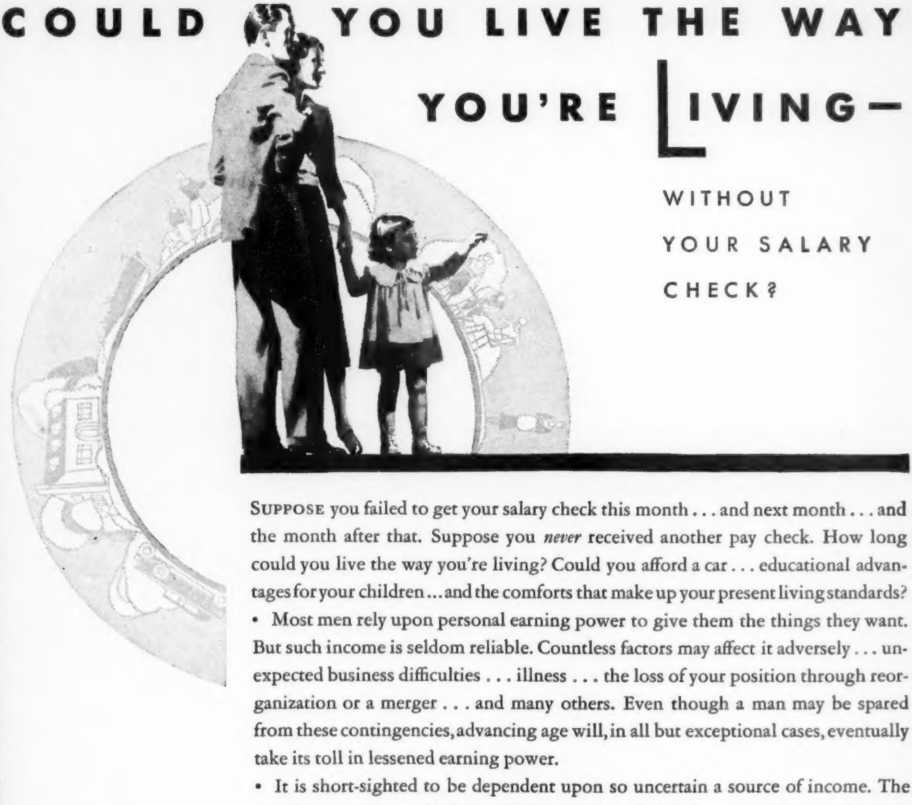

SUPPOSE you failed to get your salary check this month . . . and next month . . . and the month after that. Suppose you *never* received another pay check. How long could you live the way you're living? Could you afford a car . . . educational advantages for your children . . . and the comforts that make up your present living standards?

- Most men rely upon personal earning power to give them the things they want. But such income is seldom reliable. Countless factors may affect it adversely . . . unexpected business difficulties . . . illness . . . the loss of your position through reorganization or a merger . . . and many others. Even though a man may be spared from these contingencies, advancing age will, in all but exceptional cases, eventually take its toll in lessened earning power.
- It is short-sighted to be dependent upon so uncertain a source of income. The sensible way is to establish a solid financial foundation for yourself that will enable you to face the future with confidence. You can build *stand-by* income with sound bonds . . . income that is independent of personal earnings and that will stand by you in times of unexpected reverses, and also in your later years when personal earnings almost inevitably decline.
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from his personal experience of both handicaps, he considered the loss of sight much the lighter of the two. I am sure there is no doubt at all about this. Deaf people are cut off from the world in a manner which, fortunately, does not apply at all to us, and they are in many ways far less fitted to carry on normal life than are blind folk.'

I have heard a similar opinion expressed by a blind deaf man of this city, who formerly had both sight and hearing. Are they not, after all, the only ones who can really make the comparison?

W. B. RACE

Consolation for Mr. Calkins.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Reading the recent exchange of opinions concerning the comparative disadvantages of blindness and deafness, it occurred to me that your readers might be interested in the conclusions of Voltaire, whose eyesight was impaired in his old age. He writes, in his seventy-fourth year (February 26, 1767): 'As one always envies his neighbor, I am jealous of Milord Chesterfield who is deaf. Reading appears to me more necessary in seclusion, than conversation. It is certain that a good book is worth much more than all that is said by chance. It seems to me that he who wishes to instruct himself must prefer his eyes to his ears; but for him who only wishes to amuse himself, I consent with all my heart that he be blind, and that he listen to bagatelles all day long.'

ISABEL WAIT ALLAN

Hearing with a dog's ears.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If I had known that Mr. Lathrop was going to run in a dog story in his reply to me, I could have countered with an instance in my own experience. I had a dog, an Airedale, and a perfect gentleman, named Septimus because he suggested that character in Locke's novel (who was sufficiently amused at the name to write the canine Septimus a letter), who learned — the dog, that is, not Locke — to accommodate himself to my lack of hearing with supercanine intelligence. When I would go out at night in the dark to call him, he learned by experiment that it was not sufficient to answer with a friendly bark. It became his habit to come and put his muzzle in my hand to announce his presence. He always accompanied me on my walks and warned me of approaching motor cars, especially those behind me. In the house, when a bell rang, he always pointed in the direction of the sound, whether telephone or doorbell. I am sure he must have had some conception of my difference from other men and in his doggish mind evolved ways of adapting himself to my deafness.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Yes, but Mr. Hall would be the last man in the world to enjoy reviewing the army of the unemployed.

MONTREAL, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read 'The Art of Loafing' by James Norman Hall in your July issue. This is to suggest that a cable be sent to Mr. Hall, who moved from America to Tahiti because it annoyed him to see so many people working, that he can safely return now.

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Charles D. Stewart sends in these letters to show that the ancients were more careful observers of nature than is commonly supposed.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

DEAR MR. STEWART, —

Your very interesting article, 'The History of the King Bee,' in the May *Atlantic*, raises a point that I have long wished to consult someone about. In Aristotle's *History of Animals* there is the following passage: 'With respect to the generation of bees, however, there are various opinions. For some say that bees neither bring forth nor copulate, but bring their offspring from the honeysuckle. . . . Others, again, assert that drones bring their offspring from some one of the above-mentioned flowers, but that honeybees derive their origin from their leaders, i.e. from the kings. By some likewise they are called mothers, because they are thought to produce the honeybees.'

I believe this last theory was due directly to Aristotle's own brilliant genius. Curiously enough, I have never seen it referred to by any authority ancient or modern, and of course it was not established until after the invention of the microscope in the seventeenth century. I think it quite remarkable and thrilling that the truth was hidden away in records made three hundred years before Virgil wrote the *Georgics* and ignored by everyone down to almost modern times. How do you account for it, and do you not think that more credit should be given to Aristotle?

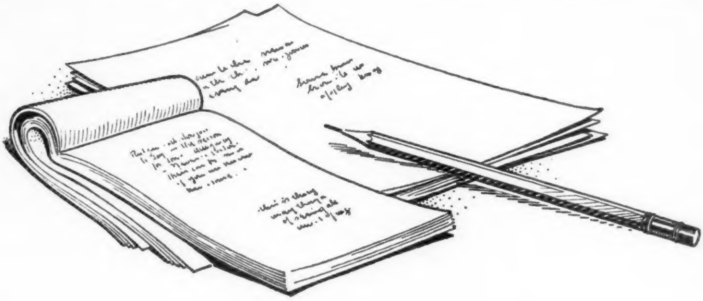
HELEN A. SCRIBNER

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

DEAR MRS. SCRIBNER, —

In your quotation from Aristotle you have brought forth a new and interesting point in the history of the honeybee. I have read all the more lengthy works on bees and I have not seen this passage mentioned. The conjecture that honeybees (excluding the drones) derive their being from the hive leaders, who properly would be called mothers, is almost in line with scientific fact. From this it is evident that Virgil had several theories before him in making choice of one to use in his great poem, and he let the true one slip in favor of the more fanciful and picturesque.

Aristotle, as is evident from your quotation, does not favor one theory above another, simply placing



Notes for the Biography

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These are just a few notes, but they give you an idea of how helpful Fels-Naptha has been, and why so many women prefer it. You'll understand this much more clearly if you will order some Fels-Naptha from your grocer and have your laundress use it for a few washdays. When you've seen how beautifully it washes clothes, you'll feel like adding a grateful chapter of your own to the biography of this useful contemporary — Fels-Naptha!

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them all on record; but he shows plainly that there were some fairly scientific observers of bee life several centuries before Christ. But under the conditions it was impossible for them to bring their theory to the proof.

CHARLES D. STEWART

That Dickens incident.

GREENSBURG, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A story of the expulsion of Charles Dickens from the Galt House in Louisville on the occasion of the visit of the great novelist to that city is related by Dr. Flexner in his interesting article, 'A Vanishing Profession,' in the July *Atlantic*. That story, with variations, has been current around the falls of the Ohio since Dickens's visit. As Dr. Flexner relates it, Major Throckmorton, proprietor of the hotel, finding his distinguished guest had been assigned to an inferior room, hastened to apologize and offer him a better room. His apologies were repulsed and he was told that when Dickens wanted him he would send for him. Naturally indignant, Major Throckmorton ordered Dickens out of his house, bag and baggage, and the novelist went to the Louisville Hotel.

Another version which I once read was that Throckmorton kicked the novelist out of the room. 'In his *American Notes*,' adds Dr. Flexner, referring to Dickens, 'he speaks of the Louisville Hotel, but he does not mention the Galt House and his mortifying encounter with Major Throckmorton.'

A reference to Dickens's *American Notes* shows that what he really wrote was this: 'We slept at the Galt House, a splendid hotel, and were as handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris rather than hundreds of miles beyond the Alleghenies.' There is no reference to the Louisville Hotel. Dickens must have been of a very magnanimous nature to have given the Galt House the best advertisement it ever had, or the story of his incivility and expulsion from the hotel must have been greatly magnified from some trifling incident.

C. L. GOODWIN

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am in receipt of your letter enclosing a copy of Mr. Goodwin's comment upon the Dickens incident. I am confined to bed at St. Luke's Hospital here, hence my delay in answering.

It did not occur to me to verify the Dickens story. I have always thought it a true one and, knowing it to be so held by many people in Louisville, really did not think it necessary. I do believe the story to be true, for I heard it not only from Major Throckmorton's son, John, but from many people who were aware of the incident at the time it occurred. The possibility exists that in publishing his *American Notes* Dickens preferred to ignore the whole affair and did not state the full facts.

JACOB A. FLEXNER

A purely feminine 'racket.'

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'They Want Their Money Back,' in the August *Atlantic*, gives an excellent picture of a situation which no self-respecting merchant should ever tolerate.

I have looked on aghast as one woman insisted on returning a negligee in which she had obviously breakfasted, while another endeavored to convince a polite saleswoman that, although a pack of cards had been opened, it had not been used. As one of those who look upon shopping as a necessary evil rather than a pastime, I should not be sorry to see the shops take drastic action to stop the return of articles once purchased.

Nevertheless I must confess that in one way I should be a distinct loser by such action. While I rarely return an article which I have selected, I have had considerable pleasure and profit in returning bridge prizes and useless gifts. There is a sense of pleasant adventure in starting out with a white elephant under your arm and wondering with what you may return.

In the last few years I have made the following advantageous exchanges: a heavy iron dog (probably meant to be a doorstop, but too large for the purpose) for one dozen attractive iced-tea glasses; a gilded dressing-table tray for six packs of cards; a knocker, embossed with the seal of my sister's college, for a graceful crystal vase; a mat made of light blue China beads for an attractive bit of pottery; a flask of white-rose perfume for two-dozen bars of Pears' soap.

PAULA HENZE

Pleasant fiction.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Allow me to congratulate you on the excellence of the two short stories in your July issue. Most of the fiction that appears in magazines these days fills me with rage and disgust. The authors and editors would think me mentally unbalanced were they to see me take an armful of cushions and go to spend a lovely summer afternoon in a pigpen or on a garbage dump; yet the mental atmosphere of the stories which are so generally published lately is more fetid than that of either of these places.

But here is the July *Atlantic* with two short stories neither of which has a trace of indecency, tragedy, or morbidness. The threatened disaster of the sea story is swallowed up by a happy rescue. Even Mr. Bunting's embarrassing predicament is treated with such light and delicate humor that it could not offend the most squeamish reader. Both stories are as delightfully refreshing as a drink of mountain spring water.

Thank you.

MARGARET FLINT JACOBS

Tonsils and Adenoids

What are tonsils and adenoids? What is their function? When should adenoids be removed? How may tonsils become a focus for infection? When, where, and how should tonsils be removed? Is removal by electric surgery or radium satisfactory? Is there any need of hurry if tonsils must be removed? What should be the after care?

You never know when you or some member of your family may have to part company with a pair of bad tonsils or troublesome adenoids. Wouldn't you feel safer if you knew more about the subject? "Tonsils and Adenoids" in the September HYGEIA is an authoritative article which answers your questions regarding these much discussed organs. In simple nontechnical language it covers the subject thoroughly. And this is only one of the many helpful and fascinating articles on the various aspects of health in the current issue of HYGEIA.

In the September HYGEIA

How we can make life easier for the hard of hearing by a more sympathetic understanding is told in "I'm Hard of Hearing"—an interesting insight into the problems and feelings of the deaf and the partially deafened.

Many elderly persons have tuberculosis without being aware of the fact. Thus loving grandparents may unwittingly expose little children to this disease. "Tuberculosis in Grandparents" will awaken you to this subtle danger.

"Athletics and Your Boy" weighs the importance of the health of growing boys against the winning of the team. There is subject for thoughtful consideration in this timely article.

Scarlet fever creeps stealthily into the home. Are you prepared to meet such an emergency? How to care for a child who has scarlet fever and to protect other members of the household is told in this number of a series of articles on "Communicable Diseases in the Home."

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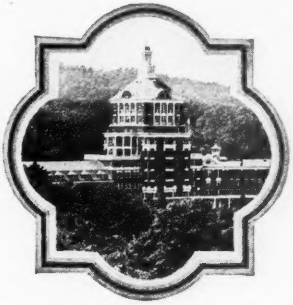

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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

MONEY MUST WORK

by JONATHAN C. ROYLE

GOVERNMENT financing during the first half of the 1931–1932 fiscal year which started July 1 will provide at least temporary jobs for about two billion dollars. But this will give employment to only a minor part of the capital of the country. And money must work, just as labor must work. Unless each is employed at a fair compensation, there can be no lasting prosperity for the country.

Capital has accepted a drastic cut in wages in the last eighteen months. This has been more severe, in most cases, than the reductions in the wage levels of workers. Many dollars have been out of employment entirely, just as many workers have been without occupation. The position of both capital and labor has an equally potent effect on the condition of business. If dollars are idle, it means that men will be thrown out of employment. If men are idle, it means that dollars will flow in business channels less freely.

Each must work, but where labor, in some instances, has had to endure wage reductions of 10 to 12 per cent, capital returns have been cut in certain cases from 40 to 50 per cent when absolute safety was assured. Money has been looking for security in its employment in the last year rather than for high rate of interest. That explains fully the eagerness with which offerings of United States Government securities have been snapped up even at extraordinarily low interest rates.

THE main factor which has produced this situation has not been solely the state of business. It has been 'a state of mind' which has placed emphasis on liquidity rather than on earning power of investments. In other words, capital has felt that United States Government securities were subject to only narrow price fluctuations and could be turned into cash instantly with only slight danger of loss. Capital has not had the same confidence that other investments might not be subject to further fairly wide declines. It was not that investors contemplated liquidating, but that they wished to feel they could do so if necessity arose.

The elements which threaten the security of well-chosen investments to-day are almost entirely psychological. There has been no panic developed from the depression, but there has been fear. Panic is merely fear, raised to the *n*th power. It is a notorious trait of human nature that the ordinary individual never wants to sell when everybody else wants to buy, although sure profits would result. It was this trait which shoved security prices in 1928 and 1929 to absolutely unwarranted heights.

The investor is equally loath to buy when the majority of others wish to sell. It is worthy of note that when Great Britain sought to buy silver during the war and the price rose to $1.23 an ounce, none of the billions of ounces hoarded in India was brought out, but when the price this year dropped to around a quarter of that level, millions of ounces were dug up and thrown on world markets.

THE main threat to the security of money at the present moment is lack of confidence in their own judgment by holders of money. Confidence in the stability of the government of a foreign nation has always brought investment to the securities and industries of that nation. The same is equally true to-day of domestic business.

Money is notoriously timid. When possessors of money saw quotations for stocks and bonds, in which they had had their dollars working, decline steadily, they became frightened and many turned their holdings into cash that they either put into government securities or allowed to lie idle. Some went so far as to hoard their coin in safety-deposit boxes or other modern equivalents of the sock hidden in the mattress. The trend was emphasized when some municipal and state bonds defaulted on their interest and old-established industrial concerns reduced or passed their dividends. This policy lowered the American standard of living as effectively as any labor wage cuts or industrial unemployment could do.

So far, the chief beneficiary of the low money rates has been the government. The treasury has been able to refund its maturing indebtedness and raise money for current needs at a figure so low as almost to be absurd. Some of this money, so loaned by the people, has been passed on for use in Federal construction projects, but the sum total of such work has not been sufficient to change the employment status of either capital or labor.

The two, once enemies, now are inevitably interlocked by mutual interests, for every laborer in this country also is a capitalist or a potential capitalist, and every dollar is a working unit, or should be. 'Easy money,' 'cheap money,' and low interest rates have not inspired business activity or expansion. The banks to-day are full of money which they cannot lend on what they feel is safe security, even at the lowest interest rates in years.

The banks want to lend money, but they desire to lend it to people who they are absolutely sure will repay it without a chance of failure. Clients of that character have not had to borrow money and have not wished to do so until business conditions improved. A stalemate resulted which raised a huge demand for government securities.

The banks of the Federal Reserve System, according to recent figures, have roughly $36,000,000,000 on deposit. They have to put that money to work in order to

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make profits for themselves and their stockholders. How difficult this has been is indicated by the notification of banks to depositors that interest on demand deposits would hereafter be one half of one per cent per annum. There is over $27,250,000,000 in the savings banks of the country. Not only have the savings banks cut down their rates of interest on deposits, but they are declining to receive more deposits. In some instances they have put a limit of $1000 a quarter on the amount any single customer may deposit. This all means that billions of dollars of capital in the United States are idle. They will not be allowed to remain idle. Since the days of the parable of the talents, the business man who buried his talent has been an object of scorn and derision.

The banks have no monopoly of idle money. Those who lived on the interest of their capital, and who saw the securities in which their principal was placed steadily diminishing, liquidated their holdings in many cases. This money has not yet been reëmployed. The same situation is true of the investment trusts which grew up in such numbers after 1927. Their portfolios in many instances are nearly empty.

It applies to the industrial corporations which have placed themselves in such sound financial position that they have excess capital. This they had put into stocks and bonds of other corporations that it might be working until the corporation itself needed it. The selling of these holdings and the decline in dividends of the stocks and bonds retained have materially affected the earnings of many companies and their stockholders. This necessarily must be so in the case of concerns like Du Pont de Nemours, heavy holders of General Motors, and General Electric, which in earlier years obtained no small percentage of earnings from its outside investments.

The insurance companies and trust companies have emphasized safety rather than rate of return, and this in turn has a direct bearing on the policyholders.

All of this idle money must and will be put to work. Money is not lazy; it is merely frightened and timid. Its fear is wearing off and it is ready to go to work again. Capital is beginning to realize that there are still 126,000,000 Americans who must have certain commodities. The concerns which provide such commodities are sure of a market, and as long as they are, there will be well-paid jobs for dollars.

As the factor of insecurity passes, along with business depression, capital is going to seek wages higher than the government security scale. And never were there such opportunities for obtaining these advances, as well as heavy appreciation in prices. There are common stocks of sound corporations to-day selling at prices to yield a high rate of interest and with the practical certainty of increases in value which will mean a doubling or trebling of the investor's money. Not all companies did badly in the last year. Among those which experienced the most profitable annual period they ever had were the Hershey Chocolate Corporation, the Household Finance Corporation, Kirby Petroleum, the American Machine and Foundry Company, and the American Tobacco Company.

Yields of 5 per cent and up have not been infrequent in stocks at various times in the first two quarters of the year. Among such opportunities may be listed American Safety Razor, Hawaiian Pineapple, Industrial Rayon, Chicago and Northwestern, and Warner Bros. Pictures, preferred.

The bonds show opportunities almost equally favorable. The obligations of some of the great railroads which are thoroughly well protected have sold at prices which yielded high rates on the investments. Among such were: Alleghany Corporation 5's, Baltimore and Ohio 4½'s of 1960, Chicago and Northwestern 4's, Erie Refunding 5's, and New York, New Haven, and Hartford 4's.

The great fundamental industries of the country on which securities are based are sound and safe. The present situation is aptly illustrated by Kipling's story 'In the Tangi,' where an entire army corps was blocked in a narrow mountain pass because an elephant lacked confidence in the stability of a bridge. The moment the elephant was induced to cross, the entire force, horse, foot, guns, and commissariat, rolled over safely.

Money is now testing the investment bridge. If it is sound and capital is convinced of its safety, the dollars will roll over in a steadily increasing procession. Investment vision will adjust itself so that the possibilities of gain and the possibilities of loss assume their correct proportions.

It has been the seizing of opportunities during and after depressions which has resulted in the start of many great fortunes, and it is sure that there are sufficient investors with enough faith in the future of the United States to grasp the present opportunities and give the more timid a 'lead.' Corporate security offerings have been exceedingly small for months. These issues will increase as additional money goes back to work, and there undoubtedly will be a new list of offerings in industries now under intensive development which will compare in volume with the output which attended the development of the radio, electrical and gas refrigeration, aviation, and the talking movies.

There surely will be enough timid money to assure oversubscription of all government offerings in 1931. After all, these securities are the safest investment known throughout the world. But when money makes its bid for higher wages, much of the capital put into government bonds and notes will be withdrawn. This does not reflect in the slightest on the value and integrity of government securities, but merely will indicate a normal search for higher interest rates. It has not been forgotten, moreover, that some classifications of Liberty Bonds, probably as sound securities as ever were offered an investor, at one time after the war dropped over fifteen points under par.

But whether money works for the government or a private employer, the lay-off is over. Money will come surging into the mills and factories and punch the time clock with the rest of the employees. Until it does, and until there is a job for every idle dollar that wants to work, this country will not return to the full heights of prosperity.